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Edward Beeston Long

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MISCELLANEOUS

AND

FUGITIVE PIECES.

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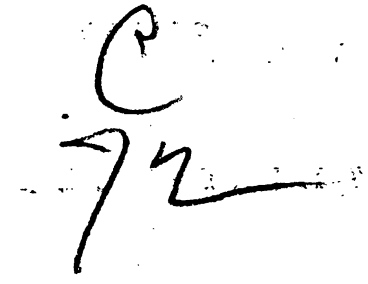

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REVIEW OF MEMOIRS

OF THE

COURT OF AUGUSTUS.

By THOMAS BLACKWELL, J. U. D. Principal of *Marischal-College* in the University of *Aberdeen*.

THE first Effect which this Book has upon the Reader is that of disgusting him with the Author's Vanity. He endeavours to persuade the World, that here are some new Treasures of Literature spread before his Eyes; that something is discovered, which to this happy Day had been concealed in Darkness; that by his Diligence Time had been robbed of some valuable Monument which he was on the Point of devouring; and that Names and Facts doomed to Oblivion are now restored to Fame.

How must the unlearned Reader be surprised, when he shall be told that Mr. *Blackwell* has neither digged in the Ruins of any demolished City, nor found out the Way to the Library of *Fez*; nor had a single Book in his Hands, that has not been in the Possession of every Man that was inclined to read it, for Years and Ages; and that his Book relates to a People who above all others have fur-

niſhed Employment to the Studious, and Amuſements to the Idle; who have ſcarcely left behind them a Coin or a Stone, which has not been examined and explained a thouſand Times, and whoſe Dreſs, and Food, and Houſhold Stuff it has been the Pride of Learning to underſtand.

A Man need not fear to incur the Imputation of vitious Diffidence or affected Humility, who ſhould have forborn to promiſe many Novelties, when he perceived ſuch Multitudes of Writers poſſeſſed of the ſame Materials, and intent upon the ſame Purpoſe. Mr. *Blackwell* knows well the Opinion of *Horace*, concerning thoſe that open their Undertakings with magnificent Promiſes; and he knows likewiſe the Dictates of common Senſe and common Honeſty, Names of greater Authority than that of *Horace*, who direct that no Man ſhould promiſe what he cannot perform.

I do not mean to declare that this Volume has nothing New, or that the Labours of thoſe who have gone before our Author, have made his Performance an uſeleſs Addition to the Burden of Literature. New Works may be conſtructed with old Materials, the Diſpoſition of the Parts may ſhew Contrivance, the Ornaments interſperſed may diſcover Elegance.

It is not always without good Effect that Men of proper Qualifications write in Succeſſion on the ſame Subject, even when the latter add nothing to the Information given by the former; for the ſame Ideas may be delivered more intelligibly or more delightfully by one than by another, or with Attractions that may lure Minds of a different Form. No Writer pleaſes all, and every Writer may pleaſe ſome.

But after all, to inherit is not to acquire; to decorate is not to make; and the Man who had nothing to do but to read the ancient Authors, who mention the *Roman* Affairs, and reduce them to Common-

Common-places, ought not to boaſt himſelf as a great Benefactor to the ſtudious World.

After a Preface of Boaſt, and a Letter of Flattery, in which he ſeems to imitate the Addreſs of *Horace* in his *vile potabis modicis Sabinum*—he opens his Book with telling us, that the '*Roman* Republic, 'after the horrible Proſcription, was no more at '*bleeding Rome*. The regal Power of her Conſuls, 'the Authority of her Senate, and the Majeſty of 'her People, were now trampled under Foot; theſe '[for thoſe] divine Laws and hallowed Cuſtoms, 'that had been the Eſſence of her Conſtitution— 'were ſet at Nought, and her beſt Friends were 'lying expoſed in their Blood.'

Theſe were ſurely very diſmal Times to thoſe who ſuffered; but I know not why any one but a School-boy in his Declamation ſhould whine over the Commonwealth of *Rome*, which grew great only by the Miſery of the reſt of Mankind. The *Romans*, like others, as ſoon as they grew rich grew corrupt, and, in their Corruption, ſold the Lives and Freedoms of themſelves, and of one another.

'About this Time *Brutus* had his Patience put 'to the *higheſt* Trial: He had been married to '*Clodia*; but whether the Family did not pleaſe 'him, or whether he was diſſatisfied with the Lady's 'Behaviour during his Abſence, he ſoon enter-'tained Thoughts of a Separation. *This raiſed a* '*good Deal of Talk*, and the Women of the *Clodian* 'Family inveighed bitterly againſt *Brutus*—but he 'marrjed *Portia*, who was worthy of ſuch a Father 'as *M. Cato*, and ſuch a Huſband as *M. Brutus*. 'She had a Soul capable of an *exalted Paſſion*, and 'found a proper Object to raiſe and give it a Sanc-'tion; ſhe did not only love but adored her Huſ-'band; his Worth, his Truth, his every ſhining and 'heroic Quality, made her gaze on him like a God, 'while the endearing Returns of Eſteem and Ten-

'derneſs ſhe met with, brought her Joy, her Pride, 'her every Wiſh to center in her beloved *Brutus*.'

When the Reader has been awakened by this rapturous Preparation, he hears the whole Story of *Portia* in the ſame luxuriant Stile, till ſhe breathed out her laſt, a little before the *bloody Proſcription*, and 'Brutus complained heavily of his Friends at 'Rome, as not having paid due Attention to his 'Lady in the declining State of her Health.'

He is a great Lover of modern Terms. His Senators and their Wives are *Gentlemen* and *Ladies*. In this Review of *Brutus*'s Army, who *was under the Command of gallant Men, not braver Officers, than true Patriots*, he tells us 'that *Sextus the Queſtor was* 'Paymaſter, Secretary at War, and Commiſſary Ge-'neral, and that the *ſacred Diſcipline* of the *Romans* 'required the cloſeſt Connection, like that of Fa-'ther and Son, to ſubſiſt between the General of an 'Army and his Queſtor. *Cicero* was *General of the* 'Cavalry, and the next *General Officer* was *Flavius*, 'Maſter of the Artillery, the elder *Lentulus* was *Ad-'miral*, and the younger *rode* in the *Band of Volun-'teers*; under theſe the Tribunes, *with many others* 'too tedious to name.' *Lentulus*, however, was but a ſubordinate Officer; for we are informed afterwards, that the *Romans* had made *Sextus Pompeius Lord High Admiral in all the Seas of their Dominions*.

Among other Affectations of this Writer is a furious and unneceſſary Zeal for Liberty, or rather for one Form of Government as preferable to another. This indeed might be ſuffered, becauſe political Inſtitution is a Subject in which Men have always differed, and if they continue to obey their lawful Governors, and attempt not to make Innovations for the Sake of their favourite Schemes, they may differ for ever without any juſt Reproach from one another. But who can bear the hardy Champion

pion who ventures nothing? Who in full Security undertakes the Defence of the Aſſaſſination of *Cæſar*, and declares his Reſolution *to ſpeak plain?* Yet let not juſt Sentiments be overlooked: He has juſtly obſerved, that the greater Part of Mankind will be naturally prejudiced againſt *Brutus*, for all feel the Benefits of private Friendſhip; but few can diſcern the Advantages of a well conſtituted Government.

We know not whether ſome Apology may not be neceſſary for the Diſtance between the firſt Account of this Book and its Continuation. The Truth is, that this Work not being forced upon our Attention by much public Applauſe or Cenſure, was ſometimes neglected, and ſometimes forgotten; nor would it, perhaps, have been now reſumed, but that we might avoid to diſappoint our Readers by an abrupt Deſertion of any Subject.

It is not our Deſign to criticiſe the Facts of this Hiſtory, but the Style; not the Veracity, but the Addreſs of the Writer; for, an Account of the ancient *Romans*, as it cannot nearly intereſt any preſent Reader, and muſt be drawn from Writings that have been long known, can owe its Value only to the Language in which it is delivered, and the Reflections with which it is accompanied. Dr. *Blackwell*, however, ſeems to have heated his Imagination ſo as to be much affected with every Event, and to believe that he can affect others. Enthuſiaſm is indeed ſufficiently contagious; but I never found any of his Readers much enamoured of the *glorious Pompey*, *the Patriot approv'd*, or much incenſed againſt the *lawleſs Cæſar*, whom this Author probably ſtabs every Day and Night in his ſleeping or waking Dreams.

He is come too late into the World with his Fury for Freedom, with his *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. We have all on this Side of the *Tweed* long ſince ſettled

our Opinions: His Zeal for *Roman* Liberty and Declamations againſt the Violators of the Republican Conſtitution, only ſtand now in the Reader's Way, who wiſhes to proceed in the Narrative without the Interruption of Epithets and Exclamations. It is not eaſy to forbear Laughter at a Man ſo bold in fighting Shadows, ſo buſy in a Diſpute two thouſand Years paſt, and ſo zealous for the Honour of a People who while they were poor robbed Mankind, and as ſoon as they became rich, robbed one another. Of theſe Robberies our Author ſeems to have no very quick Senſe, except when they are committed by *Cæſar*'s Party, for every Act is ſanctified by the Name of a Patriot.

If this Author's Skill in ancient Literature were leſs generally acknowledged, one might ſometimes ſuſpect that he had too frequently conſulted the *French* Writers. He tells us that *Archelaus* the *Rhodian* made a Speech to *Caſſius*, and *in ſo ſaying* dropt ſome Tears, and that *Caſſius* after the Reduction of *Rhodes* was *covered with Glory*. — *Deiotarus* was a keen and happy Spirit. — The ingrate *Caſtor* kept his Court.

His great Delight is to ſhew his univerſal Acquaintance with Terms of Art, with Words that every other polite Writer has avoided and deſpiſed. When *Pompey* conquered the Pirates, he deſtroyed fifteen hundred Ships of the Line. — The *Xanthian* Parapets were tore down. — *Brutus*, ſuſpecting that his Troops were plundering, commanded the Trumpets to ſound to their Colours. — Moſt People underſtood the Act of Attainder paſſed by the Senate. — The *Numidian* Troopers were unlikely in their Appearance. — The *Numidians* beat up one Quarter after another. — *Salvidienus* reſolved to paſs his Men over in Boats of Leather, and he gave Orders for equipping a ſufficient Number of that Sort of ſmall Craft.

Pompey

Pompey had light agile Frigates, and fought in a Strait where the Current and Caverns occaſion Swirls and a Roll.—A ſharp Out-look was kept by the Admiral.—It is a Run of about fifty *Roman* Miles.—*Brutus* broke *Lipella* in the Sight of the Army.—*Mark Antony* garbled the Senate.—He was a brave Man, well qualified for a Commodore.

In his Choice of Phraſes he frequently uſes Words with great Solemnity, which every other Mouth and Pen has appropriated to Jocularity and Levity! The *Rhodians* gave up the Conteſt, and in poor Plight fled back to *Rhodes*.—Boys and Girls were eaſily kidnapped.—*Deiotarus* was a mighty Believer of Augury.—*Deiotarus* deſtroyed his ungracious Progeny.—The Regularity of the *Romans* was their mortal Averſion.—They deſired the Conſuls to curb ſuch heinous Doings.—He had ſuch a ſhrewd Invention, that no Side of a Queſtion came amiſs to him.—*Brutus* found his Miſtreſs a coquettiſh Creature.

He ſometimes, with moſt unlucky Dexterity, mixes the Grand and the Burleſque together; *the Violation of Faith, Sir*, ſays Caſſius, *lies at the Door of the* Rhodians *by reiterated Acts of Perfidy.*—The Iron Grate fell down, cruſhed thoſe under it to Death, and catched the reſt as in a Trap.—When the *Xanthians* heard the military Shout, and ſaw the Flame mount, they concluded there would be no Mercy. It was now about Sun-ſet, and they had been at hot Work ſince Noon.

He has often Words or Phraſes with which our Language has hitherto had no Knowledge.—One was a Heart-friend to the Republic. A Deed was expeded. The *Numidians* begun to reel, and were in Hazard of falling into Confuſion.—The Tutor embraced his Pupil cloſe in his Arms.—Four Hundred Women were taxed who have no doubt been the Wives of the beſt *Roman* Citizens.—Men not

born to Action are inconſequential in Government—collectitious Troops.—The Foot by their violent Attack began the fatal Break in the *Pharſaliac* Field. He and his Brother, with a Politic common to other Countries, had taken oppoſite Sides.

His Epithets are of the gaudy or hyperbolical Kind. The glorious News.—Eager Hopes and diſmal Fears. Bleeding *Rome*—divine Laws and hallowed Cuſtoms—Mercileſs War—intenſe Anxiety.

Sometimes the Reader is ſuddenly raviſhed with a ſonorous Sentence, of which when the Noiſe is paſt the Meaning does not long remain. When *Brutus* ſet his Legions to fill a Moat, inſtead of heavy Dragging and ſlow Toil, they ſet about it with Huzzas and Racing, as if they had been ſtriving at the *Olympic* Games. They hurled impetuous down the huge Trees and Stones, and with Shouts forced them into the Water; ſo that the Work, expected to continue half the Campaign, was with rapid Toil completed in a few Days. *Brutus*'s Soldiers fell to the Gate with reſiſtleſs Fury, it gave Way at laſt with hideous Craſh.—This great and good Man, doing his Duty to his Country, received a mortal Wound, and glorious fell in the Cauſe of *Rome*; may his Memory be ever dear to all Lovers of Liberty, Learning and Humanity!—This Promiſe ought ever to embalm his Memory.—The Queen of Nations was torn by no foreign Invader. *Rome* fell a Sacrifice to her own Sons, and was ravaged by her unnatural Offspring: All the great Men of the State, all the Good, all the Holy, were openly murdered by the wickedeſt and worſt.—Little Iſlands cover the Harbour of *Brindiſi*, and form the narrow Outlet from the numerous Creeks that compoſe its capacious Port—At the Appearance of *Brutus* and *Caſſius* a Shout of Joy rent the Heavens from the ſurrounding Multitudes.

Such

Such are the Flowers which may be gathered by every Hand in every Part of this Garden of Eloquence. But having thus freely mentioned our Author's Faults, it remains that we acknowledge his Merit; and confeſs that this Book is the Work of a Man of Letters, that it is full of Events diſplayed with Accuracy, and related with Vivacity; and though it is ſufficiently defective to cruſh the Vanity of its Author, it is ſufficiently entertaining to invite Readers.

A LETTER

A LETTER FROM A FRENCH REFUGEE in AMERICA to his FRIEND a GENTLEMAN in ENGLAND.

SIR,

THE Loſer muſt be allowed to ſpeak; you will give us Leave therefore, who have already begun to ſuffer, and who know not what is yet behind, to repreſent to you ſome of the Inſtances of Neglect on our own Part, and of Ill-conduct and unkind Uſage towards us, on the Part of our Mother Country.

I ſhall begin with the Policy of the *Engliſh* in appointing us our Governors, who are generally Strangers, and have no landed Intereſt here; and who therefore cannot be ſuppoſed to have that natural Affection for us, or that political Attachment to us, which Natives, or thoſe who have a large landed Intereſt here, may be ſuppoſed to have.

Another Conſideration, which tends to break the Tie between us, is, that they generally reſide but a little While among us; or, at leaſt, have no Views of continuing for Life; and are too often ſent hither only to ſerve a Turn. Is it therefore any Wonder that ſuch Perſons as theſe ſhould be

but

but very indifferent with Regard to our Intereſt, however ſolicitous they may be in cultivating what they may call their own? *

Another Hardſhip is, not being ſuffered to go into thoſe Manufactures which Nature has fitted and deſigned us for. This Reſtraint, you are ſenſible, is laid upon us under the Pretence, leſt we ſhould rival our Mother Country. Whereas God and Nature no doubt deſigned, that every Part of the Globe ſhould contribute its Quota towards the Wants and Advantages of human Life; and to reſtrain any Part of the Earth, in this Reſpect, from political Conſiderations, is nothing leſs than laying an Embargo upon Nature, and ſhackling, as it were, Divine Providence itſelf. If we rival *Europe* in ſome Articles, *Europe* rivals us in others. Nature ought to have its free Courſe in this Reſpect, and not to be checked and put out of the Direction the God of Nature and the great King of Kings has given her. Nor, indeed, are Princes aware what Injuries they do themſelves, as well as what Hardſhips they lay their Subjects under, by Reſtraints of this Kind: How many Countries have revolted, and others been loſt and torn from their Mother Nations by being kept in this Bondage? And it will be well, if, by thus keeping down the *American* Colonies, and not letting us exert our natural Strength, we do not become a Prey to a foreign Power, inſtead of being a Defence to our Mother Country, as we might eaſily have been made ere this in much greater Degrees

* Without an Attendance to the above Conſiderations, it is hard to conceive, how ſuch enormous Encroachments could have been ſuffered to have taken Place on our Territories in *America*, by the *French* and *Spaniards*; more eſpecially by the former, who have in a Manner covered that Country with their Forts, in order to maintain thoſe Encroachments. See a Map publiſhed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for *July*, 1755, where theſe Encroachments appear by Inſpection, as alſo the numerous Forts built in Defence of them, many of which have been erected ſince the Treaty of *Aix la Chapelle*.

grees than we are now capable of being, had we been ſuffered to have exerted ourſelves in our own proper Sphere.

Another Inſtance of groſs Neglect has been the not repelling, immediately and without any Loſs of Time, the firſt Encroachments, whether on the Sea-coaſt, or Inland, or with regard to Iſlands. As ſoon as ever Advice had been received that the *French* or *Spaniards* had invaded our Territories, or neutral Lands or Iſlands, and were beginning to ſettle and fortify themſelves upon them, we ſhould have gone againſt theſe Invaders directly, and have driven them out Sword in Hand; and not pretended to have entered into Treaty with People who will ſpend Year after Year in treating with you, and keep all the while invading you, and fortifying themſelves in thoſe Invaſions, and then you may drive them out of their Encroachments how you can. If the *French* or *Spaniards* had any Demands upon us, they ſhould have propoſed them to us, and made their Claims; and if we would not have heard the Voice of Treaties, of Evidence, Reaſon and Juſtice, it would then have been Time enough for them to have had Recourſe to Arms; but to invade us firſt, and then to talk about treating, is all a mere Joke.*

But once more, our Mother Country has been certainly wanting to us, as well as to herſelf, in not directing long ſince the building a ſtrong Squadron of Ships here, where we have ſo many Materials towards it, and could ſo eaſily have manned them; which would have ſerved as a Fleet of Obſervation to have watched the Sea-coaſts, and prevented all Encroachments upon them, not to ſay on the neutral *American* Iſlands; and even the Landing of the laſt late

* It was as long ago as *July*, 1754, that the *French* had the Inſolence to attack Colonel *Waſhington*, and to drive him out of Fort Neceſſity in *Virginia*, murdering a Number of his Men; at which Time the whole Garriſon narrowly eſcaped being put to the Sword.

late Armament from *France*, which may prove ſo fatal to us, if not counterwrought by a proper Reinforcement from *England*, might, in all Probability, have been prevented.

What ſhall I ſay to the giving up *Cape-Breton*? Had we been ſuffered to keep that important Place, it might have prevented the preſent *American* War, by breaking, in a good Meaſure, the Chain which the *French* have formed between *Canada* and *Louiſiana*. Certainly, as it was an *American* Conqueſt, it ought in Juſtice, and more eſpecially in Policy, to have been left to *America*. And if all the Powers of *Europe* cannot, or will not make Head againſt *France* on the *European* Continent, why muſt *America*, a poor Infant Settlement of but about a Century or two's Standing be the Sacrifice? Had we kept the Iſland of *Cape-Breton*, it would have been a good Step towards driving the *French* intirely out of *America*; and, it is much to be feared, we ſhall never have any ſolid Peace till that is done. In which Caſe, we had been in Condition to have lent our Mother Country incredible Aſſiſtance in a Time of War; whereas, now, by being thus reduced again into Bondage, we ſtand in Need of Aſſiſtance from her. *Louiſburg* is the *Dunkirk* of *America*.

I come now to an Article of much Folly and Guilt: I mean no other than our Management of the *Indians*. Theſe, we ſhould have endeavoured, no doubt by all poſſible Means, to have gained over to, and ſecured in our Intereſt, in Oppoſition to thoſe in the Intereſt of *France* and *Spain*. This ſhould have been attempted by all poſſible Application to their Minds and their Bodies. We ſhould have endeavoured to have given them juſt Notions of Life, natural, civil, and religious; and ſhewn them the Difference between the Friendſhip, the Service, and the Government of the *Engliſh*, and of the *French* and *Spaniards*. Where Reaſon had failed

failed us, I mean where we had found the *Indians* incapable of the Convictions of Reaſon, we ſhould have had Recourſe to ſuch other Conſiderations as are immediate and palpable; and ſuch as, conſidering them as mere Animals only, they could not but have been ſenſible to.

After gaining over as many of the Adult as poſſible into our Intereſt, we ſhould have been particularly attentive to the Education of their Children: In order to have worn out the Race of the wild *Indians*, we ſhould have taught them our Language, and the firſt Principles of our Learning, natural, civil, and religious; initiated them into the mechanical Trades, and ſhewn them the Conveniences and Accommodations of Life, in order to have drawn them off from the ſavage Life of their Parents; and a few of Genius ſelected out from each Nation among them, might have been introduced to an Acquaintance with the liberal Arts, who might have been made Inſtruments to have gained others.

But there is the leſs Neceſſity to enlarge upon this Head; as I have obſerved from Time to Time among the Advertiſements found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* you ſent me, a Treatiſe upon the Importance of gaining and preſerving the Friendſhip of the *Indians* to the *Britiſh* Intereſt; which, however, I ſuppoſe, like Multitudes of your other Books, has lain by neglected among you, as it has done among us.

Laſtly, it is Pity, methinks, that a Scheme, like that obtaining among the *French*, was not ſet on Foot here; by which an immediate Eſtimate might be made of our natural, civil, and military Strength; which, more eſpecially in a Time of War, might be of infinite Service.

I ſay nothing at preſent of the Neglect with Regard to the peopling of us more thoroughly: Tho' there is Room, it is certain, to receive, and Work enough to employ, all the ſpare Hands of the Iſlands

of

of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*: Nor need you have any ſingle Beggar or Stroller left throughout the three Kingdoms.

Nor do I take any Notice of the Deficiencies in the forming and training our Militia, or thoſe already ſettled among us. Theſe, together with ſeveral other Articles natural, civil, and religious, will be the Subject of another Year's Letters, if Providence ſhall permit the Continuance of the Correſpondence; which, however, conſidering my Age and the Troubles in View, is not, I am afraid, very probable.

Thus, Sir, I have laid before you a Specimen of our Grievances; ſome of them occaſioned by our own Indolence, and others by the Neglect of our Mother Country. You compaſſionate us, I do not queſtion, harraſſed by Robbers on either Side, the Inhabitants of *Canada* and *Louiſiana*, not to ſay the *French* and *Spaniards**; but, Sir, Pity alone, give me Leave to tell you, will not do. You muſt ſend us Supplies. Veterans and Engineers are the People that we want to mix with our raw Levies, and to pit againſt the Veterans and Engineers of *France*; without a timely and powerful Supply of which, God only knows what muſt be the Conſequence.

Adieu, dear Sir, and may Heaven avert the melancholy Appearances which now threaten us.

Make my Compliments to all our common Friends, and particularly to the Reverend Mr. —— and his very agreeable Family, letting him know how ſincerely glad I now am, that he did not accept my preſſing Invitations of ſettling here, offered him when I was laſt in *England*. Since, if there are not already enow of us to repel the *French*, there are, however,

* It is not long ſince we had Advice that the *Spaniards* had rebuilt the Forts of Encroachment in *Georgia*, which had been demoliſhed by General *Oglethorpe* during his Government of that Colony; to ſay nothing of their late Conduct in regard to our Settlements in the Bays of *Honduras* and *Campeachy*.

however, enow of us to fall before them, and to be enſlaved by them: One or the other of which muſt certainly be the Fate of all the Inhabitants of every Country, where theſe perfidious and bloody People obtain the Maſtery. I am,

Dear Sir, &c.

America,
Aug. 1, 1755. GALLO-ANGLUS.

P. S. Don't you think me an unhappy Man? Driven out of *France*, as you know I firſt was together with my Parents, in Infancy, by that hoary Tyrant *Louis* XIV. into *Holland:* From thence reſiding ſome Years in *England.* And now ſettling, as I thought, for the laſt Time, in order to ſpend the Remainder of my Days in theſe Solitudes, to have the Repoſe of my old Age broken by Men whom I am aſhamed to call my Countrymen: As they are indeed no other than the common Enemies and ſworn Diſturbers of Mankind, reſolving that no Body ſhall ever have any Enjoyment of Life, till they become their Subjects; when it will be impoſſible they ſhould have any.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

STATE of AFFAIRS in 1756.

THE Time is now come in which every *Engliſh-man* expects to be informed of the National Affairs, and in which he has a Right to have that Expectation gratified. For whatever may be urged by Miniſters, or thoſe whom Vanity or Intereſt make the Followers of Miniſters, concerning the Neceſſity of Confidence in our Governors, and the Preſumption of prying with profane Eyes into the Receſſes of Policy, it is evident, that this Reverence can be claimed only by Counſels yet unexecuted, and Projects ſuſpended in Deliberation. But when a Deſign has ended in Miſcarriage or Succeſs, when every Eye and every Ear is Witneſs to general Diſcontent, or general Satisfaction, it is then a proper Time to diſentangle Confuſion, and illuſtrate Obſcurity, to ſhew by what Cauſes every Event was produced, and in what Effects it is likely to terminate: To lay down with diſtinct Particularity what Rumour always huddles in general Exclamations, or perplexes by undigeſted Narratives; to ſhew whence Happineſs or Calamity is derived, and whence it may be expected; and honeſtly to lay before the People what Inquiry can gather of the Paſt, and Conjecture can eſtimate of the Future.

The general Subject of the preſent War is ſufficiently known. It is allowed on both Sides, that

Hoſtilities began in *America*, and that the *French* and *Engliſh* quarrelled about the Boundaries of their Settlements, about Grounds and Rivers to which, I am afraid, neither can ſhew any other Right than that of Power, and which neither can occupy but by Uſurpation, and the Diſpoſſeſſion of the natural Lords and original Inhabitants. Such is the Conteſt, that no honeſt Man can heartily wiſh Succeſs to either Party.

It may indeed be alledged, that the *Indians* have granted large Tracts of Land both to one and to the other; but theſe Grants can add little to the Validity of our Titles, till it be experienced how they were obtained: For if they were extorted by Violence, or induced by Fraud; by Threats, which the Miſeries of other Nations had ſhewn not to be vain, or by Promiſes of which no Performance was ever intended, what are they but new Modes of Uſurpation, but new Inſtances of Cruelty and Treachery?

And indeed what but falſe Hope or reſiſtleſs Terror can prevail upon a weaker Nation to invite a ſtronger into their Country, to give their Lands to Strangers whom no Affinity of Manners, or Similitude of Opinion, can be ſaid to recommend, to permit them to build Towns from which the Natives are excluded, to raiſe Fortreſſes by which they are intimidated, to ſettle themſelves with ſuch Strength, that they cannot afterwards be expelled, but are for ever to remain the Maſters of the original Inhabitants, the Dictators of their Conduct, and the Arbiters of their Fate?

When we ſee Men acting thus againſt the Precepts of Reaſon, and the Inſtincts of Nature, we cannot heſitate to determine, that by ſome Means or other they were debarred from Choice; that they were lured or frighted into Compliance; that they either granted only what they found impoſſible to keep,

keep, or expected Advantages upon the Faith of their new Inmates, which there was no Purpose to confer upon them. It cannot be said, that the *Indians* originally invited us to their Coasts; we went uncalled and unexpected to Nations who had no Imagination that the Earth contained any Inhabitants so distant and so different from themselves. We astonished them with our Ships, with our Arms, and with our general Superiority. They yielded to us as to Beings of another and higher Race, sent among them from some unknown Regions, with Power which naked *Indians* could not resist, and which they were therefore, by every Act of Humility, to propitiate, that they, who could so easily destroy, might be induced to spare.

To this Influence, and to this only, are to be attributed all the Cessions and Submissions of the *Indian* Princes, if indeed any such Cessions were ever made, of which we have no Witness but those who claim from them, and there is no great Malignity in suspecting, that those who have robbed have also lied.

Some Colonies indeed have been established more peaceably than others. The utmost Extremity of Wrong has not always been practised; but those that have settled in the New World on the fairest Terms, have no other Merit than that of a Scrivener who ruins in Silence, over a Plunderer that seizes by Force; all have taken what had other Owners, and all have had Recourse to Arms, rather than quit the Prey on which they had fastened.

The *American* Dispute between the *French* and us is therefore only the Quarrel of two Robbers for the Spoils of a Passenger; but as Robbers have Terms of Confederacy, which they are obliged to observe as Members of the Gang, so the *English* and *French* may have relative Rights, and do Injustice to each other, while both are injuring the *Indians*. And

ſuch, indeed, is the preſent Conteſt: They have parted the Northern Continent of *America* between them, and are now diſputing about their Boundaries, and each is endeavouring the Deſtruction of the other by the Help of the *Indians*, whoſe Intereſt it is that both ſhould be deſtroyed.

Both Nations clamour with great Vehemence about Infractions of Limits, Violation of Treaties, open Uſurpation, inſidious Artifices, and Breach of Faith. The *Engliſh* rail at the perfidious *French*, and the *French* at the encroaching *Engliſh*; they quote Treaties on each Side, charge each other with aſpiring to univerſal Monarchy, and complain on either Part of the Inſecurity of Poſſeſſion near ſuch turbulent Neighbours.

Through this Miſt of Controverſy it can raiſe no Wonder that the Truth is not eaſily diſcovered. When a Quarrel has been long carried on between Individuals, it is often very hard to tell by whom it was begun. Every Fact is darkened by Diſtance, by Intereſt, and by Multitudes. Information is not eaſily procured from far; thoſe whom the Truth will not favour, will not ſtep voluntarily forth to tell it; and where there are many Agents, it is eaſy for every ſingle Action to be concealed.

All theſe Cauſes concur to the Obſcurity of the Queſtion, "By whom were Hoſtilities in *America* commenced?" Perhaps there never can be remembered a Time in which Hoſtilities had ceaſed. Two powerful Colonies enflamed with immemorial Rivalry, and placed out of the Superintendance of the Mother Nations, were not likely to be long at Reſt. Some Oppoſition was always going forward, ſome Miſchief was every Day done or meditated, and the Borderers were always better pleaſed with what they could ſnatch from their Neighbours, than what they had of their own.

In

In this Diſpoſition to reciprocal Invaſion a Cauſe of Diſpute never could be wanting. The Foreſts and Deſarts of *America* are without Land-marks, and therefore cannot be particularly ſpecified in Stipulations: The Appellations of thoſe wide-extended Regions have in every Mouth a different Meaning, and are underſtood on either Side as Inclination happens to contract or extend them. Who has yet pretended to define how much of *America* is included in *Brazil*, *Mexico*, or *Peru*? It is almoſt as eaſy to divide the *Atlantic* Ocean by a Line, as clearly to aſcertain the Limits of thoſe uncultivated, uninhabitable, unmeaſured Regions.

It is likewiſe to be conſidered, that Contracts concerning Boundaries are often left vague and indefinite without Neceſſity, by the Deſire of each Party, to interpret the Ambiguity to its own Advantage when a fit Opportunity ſhall be found. In forming Stipulations, the Commiſſaries are often ignorant, and often negligent; they are ſometimes weary with Debate, and contract a tedious Diſcuſſion into general Terms, or refer it to a former Treaty, which was never underſtood. The weaker Part is always afraid of requiring Explanations, and the ſtronger always has an Intereſt in leaving the Queſtion undecided: Thus it will happen, without great Caution on either Side, that after long Treaties ſolemnly ratified, the Rights that had been diſputed are ſtill equally open to Controverſy.

In *America*, it may eaſily be ſuppoſed, that there are Tracts of Land not yet claimed by either Party, and therefore mentioned in no Treaties, which yet one or the other may be afterwards inclined to occupy; but to theſe vacant and unſettled Countries each Nation may pretend, as each conceives itſelf intitled to all that is not expreſsly granted to the other.

Here then is a perpetual Ground of Conteſt: Every Enlargement of the Poſſeſſions of either will be conſidered

ſidered as ſomething taken from the other, and each will endeavour to regain what had never been claimed, but that the other occupied it.

Thus obſcure in its Original is the *American* Conteſt. It is difficult to find the firſt Invader, or to tell where Invaſion properly begins; but I ſuppoſe it is not to be doubted, that after the laſt War, when the *French* had made Peace with ſuch apparent Superiority, they naturally began to treat us with leſs Reſpect in diſtant Parts of the World, and to conſider us as a People from whom they had nothing to fear, and who could no longer preſume to contravene their Deſigns, or to check their Progreſs.

The Power of doing wrong with Impunity ſeldom waits long for the Will; and it is reaſonable to believe, that in *America* the *French* would avow their Purpoſe of aggrandizing themſelves with at leaſt as little Reſerve as in *Europe*. We may therefore readily believe, that they were unquiet Neighbours, and had no great Regard to Right, which they believed us no longer able to enforce.

That in forming a Line of Forts behind our Colonies, if in no other Part of their Attempt, they had acted againſt the general Intention, if not againſt the literal Terms of Treaties, can ſcarcely be denied; for it never can be ſuppoſed that we intended to be incloſed between the Sea and the *French* Garriſons, or preclude ourſelves from extending our Plantations backwards to any Length that our Convenience ſhould require.

With Dominion is conferred every Thing that can ſecure Dominion. He that has the Coaſt, has likewiſe the Sea to a certain Diſtance; he that poſſeſſes a Fortreſs, has the Right of prohibiting another Fortreſs to be built within the Command of its Cannon. When therefore we planted the Coaſt of *North-America*, we ſuppoſed the Poſſeſſion of the inland Region granted to an indefinite Extent, and every

every Nation that ſettled in that Part of the World, ſeems, by the Permiſſion of every other Nation, to have made the ſame Suppoſition in its own Favour.

Here then, perhaps, it will be ſafeſt to fix the Juſtice of our Cauſe; here we are apparently and indiſputably injured, and this Injury may, according to the Practice of Nations, be juſtly reſented. Whether we have not in Return made ſome Encroachments upon them, muſt be left doubtful, till our Practices on the *Ohio* ſhall be ſtated and vindicated. There are no two Nations confining on each other, between whom a War may not always be kindled with plauſible Pretences on either Part, as there is always paſſing between them a Reciprocation of Injuries, and Fluctuation of Encroachments.

From the Concluſion of the laſt Peace perpetual Complaints of the Supplantations and Invaſions of the *French* have been ſent to *Europe* from our Colonies, and tranſmitted to our Miniſters at *Paris*, where good Words were ſometimes given us, and the Practices of the *American* Commanders were ſometimes diſowned, but no Redreſs was ever obtained, nor is it probable that any Prohibition was ſent to *America*. We were ſtill amuſed with ſuch doubtful Promiſes as thoſe who are afraid of War are ready to interpret in their own Favour, and the *French* puſhed forward their Line of Fortreſſes, and ſeemed to reſolve that before our Complaints were finally diſmiſſed, all Remedy ſhould be hopeleſs.

We likewiſe endeavoured at the ſame Time to form a Barrier againſt the *Canadians* by ſending a Colony to *New-Scotland*, a cold uncomfortable Tract of Ground, of which we had long the nominal Poſſeſſion before we really began to occupy it. To this thoſe were invited whom the Ceſſation of War deprived of Employment, and made burthenſome to their Country; and Settlers were allured thither by many fallacious Deſcriptions of fertile Vallies and

clear Skies. What Effects theſe Pictures of *American* Happineſs had upon my Countrymen I was never informed, but I ſuppoſe very few ſought Proviſion in thoſe frozen Regions, whom Guilt or Poverty did not drive from their native Country. About the Boundaries of this new Colony there were ſome Diſputes, but as there was nothing yet worth a Conteſt, the Power of the *French* was not much exerted on that Side; ſome Diſturbance was however given, and ſome Skirmiſhes enſued. But perhaps being peopled chiefly with Soldiers, who would rather live by Plunder than by Agriculture, and who conſider War as their beſt Trade, *New-Scotland* would be more obſtinately defended than ſome Settlements of far greater Value; and the *French* are too well informed of their own Intereſt, to provoke Hoſtility for no Advantage, or to ſelect that Country for Invaſion, where they muſt hazard much, and can win little. They therefore preſſed on ſouthward behind our ancient and wealthy Settlements, and built Fort after Fort at ſuch Diſtances that they might conveniently relieve one another, invade our Colonies with ſudden Incurſions, and retire to Places of Safety before our People could unite to oppoſe them.

This Deſign of the *French* has been long formed, and long known, both in *America* and *Europe*, and might at firſt have been eaſily repreſſed, had Force been uſed inſtead of Expoſtulation. When the *Engliſh* attempted a Settlement upon the Iſland of *St. Lucia*, the *French*, whether juſtly or not, conſidering it as neutral and forbidden to be occupied by either Nation, immediately landed upon it, and deſtroyed the Houſes, waſted the Plantations, and drove or carried away the Inhabitants. This was done in the Time of Peace, when mutual Profeſſions of Friendſhip were daily exchanged by the two Courts, and was not conſidered as any Violation of

Treaties,

Treaties, nor was any more than a very ſoft Remonſtrance made on our Part.

The *French* therefore taught us how to act; but an *Hanoverian* Quarrel with the Houſe of *Auſtria* for ſome Time induced us to court, at any Expence, the Alliance of a Nation whoſe very Situation makes them our Enemies. We ſuffered them to deſtroy our Settlements, and to advance their own, which we had an equal Right to attack. The Time however came at laſt, when we ventured to quarrel with *Spain*, and then *France* no longer ſuffered the Appearance of Peace to ſubſiſt between us, but armed in Defence of her Ally.

The Events of the War are well known; we pleaſed ourſelves with a Victory at *Dettingen*, where we left our wounded Men to the Care of our Enemies, but our Army was broken at *Fontenoy* and *Val*; and though after the Diſgrace which we ſuffered in the *Mediterranean*, we had ſome naval Succeſs, and an accidental Dearth made Peace neceſſary for the *French*, yet they preſcribed the Conditions, obliged us to give Hoſtages, and acted as Conquerors, though as Conquerors of Moderation.

In this War the *Americans* diſtinguiſhed themſelves in a Manner unknown and unexpected. The *New-Engliſh* raiſed an Army, and under the Command of *Pepperel* took *Cape-Breton*, with the Aſſiſtance of the Fleet. This is the moſt important Fortreſs in *America*. We pleaſed ourſelves ſo much with the Acquiſition, that we could not think of reſtoring it; and, among the Arguments uſed to enflame the People againſt *Charles Stuart*, it was very clamourouſly urged, that if he gained the Kingdom, he would give *Cape-Breton* back to the *French*.

The *French* however had a more eaſy Expedient to regain *Cape-Breton* than by exalting *Charles Stuart* to the *Engliſh* Throne. They took in their Turn Fort *St. George*, and had our *Eaſt-India* Company wholly

wholly in their Power, whom they reſtored at the Peace to their former Poſſeſſions, that they may continue to export our Silver.

Cape-Breton therefore was reſtored, and the *French* were re-eſtabliſhed in *America*, with equal Power and greater Spirit, having loſt nothing by the War which they had before gained.

To the general Reputation of their Arms, and that habitual Superiority which they derive from it, they owe their Power in *America*, rather than to any real Strength, or Circumſtances of Advantage. Their Numbers are yet not great; their Trade, though daily improved, is not very extenſive; their Country is barren; their Fortreſſes, though numerous, are weak, and rather Shelters from wild Beaſts, or ſavage Nations, than Places built for Defence againſt Bombs or Cannons. *Cape-Breton* has been found not to be impregnable; nor, if we conſider the State of the Places poſſeſſed by the two Nations in *America*, is there any Reaſon upon which the *French* ſhould have preſumed to moleſt us, but that they thought our Spirit ſo broken that we durſt not reſiſt them; and in this Opinion our long Forbearance eaſily confirmed them.

We forgot, or rather avoided to think, that what we delayed to do muſt be done at laſt, and done with more Difficulty, as it was delayed longer; that while we were complaining, and they were eluding, or anſwering our Complaints, Fort was riſing upon Fort, and one Invaſion made a Precedent for another.

This Confidence of the *French* is exalted by ſome real Advantages. If they poſſeſs in thoſe Countries leſs than we, they have more to gain, and leſs to hazard; if they are leſs numerous, they are better united.

The *French* compoſe one Body with one Head. They have all the ſame Intereſt, and agree to purſue

it

it by the ſame Means. They are ſubject to a Governor commiſſioned by an abſolute Monarch, and participating the Authority of his Maſter. Deſigns are therefore formed without Debate, and executed without Impediment. They have yet more martial than mercantile Ambition, and ſeldom ſuffer their military Schemes to be entangled with collateral Projects of Gain: They have no Wiſh but for Conqueſt, of which they juſtly conſider Riches as the Conſequence.

Some Advantages they will always have as Invaders. They make War at the Hazard of their Enemies: The Conteſt being carried on in our Territories, we muſt loſe more by a Victory than they will ſuffer by a Defeat. They will ſubſiſt, while they ſtay, upon our Plantations; and perhaps deſtroy them when they can ſtay no longer. If we purſue them, and carry the War into their Dominions, our Difficulties will increaſe every Step as we advance, for we ſhall leave Plenty behind us, and find nothing in *Canada* but Lakes and Foreſts barren and trackleſs; our Enemies will ſhut themſelves up in their Forts, againſt which it is difficult to bring Cannon through ſo rough a Country, and which, if they are provided with good Magazines, will ſoon ſtarve thoſe who beſiege them.

All theſe are the natural Effects of their Government and Situation; they are accidentally more formidable as they are leſs happy. But the Favour of the *Indians* which they enjoy, with very few Exceptions, among all the Nations of the Northern Continent, we ought to conſider with other Thoughts; this Favour we might have enjoyed, if we had been careful to deſerve it. The *French*, by having theſe ſavage Nations on their Side, are always ſupplied with Spies and Guides, and with Auxiliaries, like the *Tartars* to the *Turks*, or the *Huſſars* to the *Germans*, of no great Uſe againſt Troops ranged in Order

Order of Battle, but very well qualified to maintain a War among Woods and Rivulets, where much Miſchief may be done by unexpected Onſets, and Safety be obtained by quick Retreats. They can waſte a Colony by ſudden Inroads, ſurprize the ſtraggling Planters, frighten the Inhabitants into Towns, hinder the Cultivation of Lands, and ſtarve thoſe whom they are not able to conquer.

A DE-

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DESCRIPTION

OF THE

GROTTO of ANTIPAROS.

ANTIPAROS is one of the ſmalleſt Iſlands of the *Levant*; has but a ſingle Village on it, and very few Inhabitants: It is one continued Maſs of Stone, but covered two or three Feet deep, and very rich in Vegetables. In this Iſland is the famous Grotto, known from the earlieſt Times, and celebrated down to theſe. I heard ſo much of it that I was determined to go down; but I confeſs that I often repented my Curioſity, and often gave myſelf up for loſt. I am apt to ſuſpect no Body will follow my Example, and that my Account will be the laſt that ever will be given from perſonal Obſervation.

We were led about four Miles from the Town to the Place: The Opening into it is by a vaſt Cavern formed into a Kind of natural Arch at the Entrance; this opens in the ſolid Rock, and its Roof and Sides are rough and craggy. There are ſome Pillars the Work of Nature, not of Art, which divide this Entrance into two Parts; on the largeſt of theſe there is the Remains of an Inſcription; it is very ancient, and conſiſts only of ſome proper Names. The *Greeks*, who at preſent inhabit the Iſland, have a Tradition that they are the Names of the Conſpirators

ſpirators againſt *Alexander the Great*, who retired hither as to a Place of the greateſt Security that could be found; but there is nothing to countenance this Suppoſition.

The Deſcent into the Cavern is by a ſloping Walk that begins between two Pillars on the right Hand. 'Tis but a gentle Declivity at firſt; but afterwards it becomes much more ſteep. We were now at the farther Part of the Cavern, and our Guides lighted their Torches, and pointed to an Opening that led to the Receſſes of the Grotto. They were in no Humour to go down before us. I was obliged to walk in firſt with a Flambeau in my Hand, and a Fellow with another juſt behind me; after him followed three more; and there were ſtill two others behind, who were to keep at a little Diſtance, to be ready in caſe of Accidents.

We had not walked far along this narrow Alley, which was too low to admit our ſtanding upright, when I ſaw before me a ſtrong Iron Staple driven into the Rock; the Guides, if I may ſo call the People who went behind, not before us, had told me of this, and one of them had now the Courage to come forward, and faſten a Rope he had brought for that Purpoſe to the Staple. I had ſome Difficulty to perſuade him to make the firſt Deſcent into a frightful Abyſs, which was now immediately before us; I was the ſecond that deſcended; we ſlid down by means of the Rope, and I found myſelf on a level Floor with Walls of rough Rock all about me, and a vaſt arched Roof above. There had been nothing particular in the Sound of my Guide's Voice from below; but that of thoſe who anſwered me from above, was echoed to us in Thunder. When we were all landed, a Gratuity, which I gave the bold Fellow who deſcended firſt, encouraged him to precede us again; he turned to the Right, and led us, after a few Paces, to the Brink of

of another Precipice. This was leſs ſteep, but much deeper than the former. Our Guide placed himſelf on his Breech, and, with his Torch held up in both Hands, ſlid down with a frightful Rapidity: We followed him, and I hoped we were now at the Bottom. Alas! what an Imagination! We had Leiſure here to breathe again, and there was ſomething in the perfect Stillneſs of the Place that appeared awful, and yet pleaſing: It was a frightful Conſideration to think how far we were out of the Reach of Day; but our Torches and Flambeaus burnt well, and all about us was ſufficiently enlightened: The Air was not at all cloſe or diſagreeable as if confined, but warm and pleaſant; and ſo, perfectly out of the Reach of all Interruption, we had Opportunities of examining very favourably all about us.

The Rocks at the Sides of the Cavern in which we now ſtood, were in general of a Kind of Porphyry, with a great deal of Purple in it; a Stone very frequent in theſe Iſlands, and which would certainly be very beautiful if cut: The rough and prominent Edges in ſeveral Parts of theſe, were at once terrible and beautiful. The Roof was out of the Reach of the Eye, at leaſt the Light of the Flambeaux did not reach it with Strength ſufficient to give us any diſtinct View of it. The Floor or Pavement was of a Stone quite different from the Sides, a rough and ſoft grey Flag-ſtone, like thoſe of ſome Parts of *Yorkſhire*, which they uſe in Building; and in this there were lodged a vaſt Number of petrified Shells, *cornua ammonis*, & *conchae anominae*, which ſtood up above the Level, and made it very diſagreeable to the Feet.

From this Place our Conductor led us to the Brink of another Precipice, not deep, but horribly ſteep. He in a Moment flung himſelf down this, and then turned a Ladder, which hung down on one

one Side, and thruſting it up within the Reach of our Feet, held the Bottom ſteady while we deſcended by it: I cannot remember any Thing equal to the Terror I conceived at letting myſelf down with my Breaſt to the Rock, and hanging by my Hands above, to get my Feet to the top Round of this Ladder. From hence I deſcended with leſs Pain: But it was a terrible Proſpect, from the Left Hand to ſee Precipices and opening Caverns ready to ſwallow any one up, who ſhould have the leaſt Slip with the Foot. From the Plain on which we found ourſelves after this laſt Deſcent, we were conducted along narrow and low Paſſages, and ſometimes through broader, but all the Way upon the Deſcent to a conſiderable Diſtance.

Here I was in Hopes we were at the End of our Expedition; but no ſuch Matter: Our Guide, who had been once before down, crept with trembling Feet before us, and warned us of a Precipice more terrible than any of the former: This was no way to be deſcended but by Means of a Ladder, that was brought on Purpoſe by our Guides, and unfortunately it was not quite ſo long as it ſhould have been. We had great Difficulty to let the Fellow down by a Rope, and when he had fixed the Ladder, we had the ſame Difficulty as before to get to the firſt Round. From the Bottom of this Cavern, which was not Rock like the reſt, but Earth, and ſomewhat moiſt, proceeded to another Declivity too deep for our Ladder, but not ſo ſteep as to have abſolute Neceſſity for it. We were reduced to fix our Cord once again here, and one by one to ſlide down the Rock on our Backs, with a firm Hold to the Rope. The Ridge of the Rock on which we made our Way in this Deſcent, terminated on the Right Hand very abruptly, and we could diſtinguiſh Water in the Depth below.

When

When we had got to the Bottom of this laſt Deſcent, the Danger was over, but we were not yet at the End of our Expedition; we had yet a long and uncomfortable Way; we crept ſometimes on all Fours, ſometimes we ſlid on our Backs, and in other Places we were obliged to crawl on our Bellies over very ragged Rocks, where there was not three Feet Height in the Paſſages. All this was continued thro' a gradual Deſcent. We at length arrived at a vaſt Bed of Rock, which threw itſelf in ſuch a Manner before us, as it ſeemed to ſtop all farther Paſſage; but our Guide promiſed better Things. He left us in the Care of one of his Fellows, and taking the reſt with him round the jetting Rock, deſired us to wait his Return a few Minutes. He took that Opportunity to enlighten the Grotto, at the very Entrance of which we now were; they had tied Flambeaux to many Parts of the Rock that ſtood out beyond the reſt, and had fixed ſeveral on the Floor: Theſe were all blazing when he led us in.

The moſt uncomfortable Part of the Expedition had been that we had laſt of all ſuffered, left only with one Guide, enlightened only by one Flambeau, in a narrow Paſſage, and with a Rock before us; but from this the Change was beyond Deſcription amazing. He led us into the Grotto, the Opening of which is behind the prominent Rock: The Light of eight Flambeaux in full Blaze was at firſt too much for the Eyes; the Splendor of the whole Place almoſt intolerable. We found ourſelves in a Cavern the moſt amazing, and at the ſame Time the moſt beautiful that could be conceived.

The Grotto is a vaſt Vault, the Roof arched and irregular, the Pavement in ſome Places very even, and in others rough enough; the Sides, which in ſome Places form Sweeps of Circles, are in ſome of the naked Rock, but in others they are covered with an infinite Variety of Incruſtations. The Height of

the Roof is about eighty Feet, the Length of the Grotto about three Hundred, and its Breadth nearly as much: The greateſt Depth is towards the Middle, but not exactly in the Center. We were now between nine hundred and a thouſand Feet from the Surface of the Ground where we came in; nor is this the Depth of the Deſcent; our Guides told us, that the Paſſages continued between ſeven and eight hundred Feet deeper; but this we took their Words for, as we ſuppoſe they had taken that of ſome others; for it is not probable that any Body went farther than this Place.

I know not where to begin deſcribing it; among ſuch Variety of Splendor what can deſerve firſt Notice? The Dropſtones hanging like Icicles from the Roof of Caverns in the Mines, and in the *Æolian* Hills, the Incruſtations of different Kinds on their Sides, and Maſſes of fine Spar at the Bottom; thoſe who have not ſeen the Grotto of *Antiparos* may think beautiful: But it is here they are found in a Perfection that makes every Thing elſewhere appear contemptible. The Matter which forms theſe Incruſtations in other Places is often very clear and bright; but it is no where ſo pure as in this; it is here perfect bright Cryſtal, and the Surface of the Cavern, Roof, Floor, and Sides, are covered with it. You will think this alone muſt have been fine; but the Form into which it was thrown exceeds the Materials. And think what muſt be the Splendor of an Arch thus covered, and thus illuminated! The Light of the Flambeaux was reflected from above, from below, and from all Sides; and as it was thrown back from Angle to Angle among the Ornaments of the Roof and Sides, gave all the Colours of the Rainbow.

It was long that the Eye was loſt in ſuch a complicated Blaze of Splendor, before I could direct it to any particular Object; at length I began to view the

the Roof, hung with pendant Gems as it appeared: In theſe Caverns there is always an ouzing of Water from the Roof, or there are Vapours aſcending from below, which in the Hollows are condenſed into a Water; either the one or the other of them contains at all Times the Particles of this cryſtalline Matter. The Quantity of Water is ſmall, and its Courſe ſlow; it hangs and trickles in Drops from the Top, or it runs in the ſame ſlow Stream along the Side: In either Caſe it leaves behind it that cryſtalline Matter which it had contained, and ſpreads a little Glazing on either Wall, or forms the Rudiment of a ſtony Icicle from the Roof: Every following Drop extends the Icicle, or enlarges the Glazing; and, in Length of Time, covers the Wall, and forms a thouſand inverted Pyramids from the Roof. Nor is this all: what Drops fall from the Top ſtill contain a little of the cryſtalline Matter, though it had left the greater Part above, and this Remainder ſeparates from it there. By this Means is formed the plain Glazing of the Floor, where the Drops fall faſter; where they ſucceed one another more ſlowly there are formed Congeries of this pure ſtony Matter, of various Forms and Shapes, and in an infinite Variety. This is the general Syſtem of the Incruſtations and Ornaments of Grottoes; and this of *Antiparos*, as one of the largeſt and deepeſt in the World, contains them in the greateſt Perfection.

We entered among a Grove of cryſtal Trees; the Floor was in general of a ſmooth and gloſſy Spar, ſo *M.* called it, but I call it Cryſtal, of which it has all the Appearances. We walked on this bright Pavement in a Kind of ſerpentine Meander, among Shrubs and taller Maſſes of this Cryſtal, riſing from the common Pavement with large and thick Stones, and ſpreading out into Heads and Tufts of Branches. Some of theſe were eight or ten Feet high, the Generality between two and five Feet. They were all

of the ſame Materials with the Floor; and what added vaſtly to their Beauty, as well as their Reſemblance of Trees, was, that they were not ſmooth on the Surface, but covered all over with little ſhining Points: Theſe, when examined, appeared to be Pyramids of the ſame Matter. They were in general about a Fifth of an Inch high, and of a triangular Figure: Their Baſes, which grew upon the Maſs, ſtood pretty cloſe to one another; but their Tops diſtinct. The Breaking of the Light from the Flambeaux among theſe innumerable Prominences, and all of them angular, had a very fine Effect. At ſome Diſtance from the Entrance we came up to a Pillar of Cryſtal of ſeven Feet in Height, and more than a Foot in Diameter. This riſes immediately from the Floor, and is of equal Thickneſs to the Top: Its Surface is very gloſſy, and of a pure and perfect Luſtre. About this there ſtands three or four others, of four Feet high, and a proportionate Thickneſs: One of theſe has been broken, and the Piece lies by it. Our Guides deſired us to examine the Stump at its Top, and ſhewed us that it was like that of a Tree which had been cut off. They bid us remark the Heart, and the ſeveral Circles of the ſofter Wood round it. They told us, this was exactly the ſame as in the growing of Trees; and aſſured us, that theſe Trees of Cryſtal grew from the Floor in the ſame Manner. This is a Syſtem worthy the Intellects of Peaſants: But we, who knew that theſe Columns, like the reſt of the Ornaments of the Floor, are formed by Matter left from Drops of Water following one another in long Succeſſion, ſaw a better Reaſon for the whole being compoſed of Cruſts one over another. All the Stalactites or ſtony Icicles of the Top, and even the Covering of the Sides, is compoſed of a Number of Cruſts laid over one another in the ſame Manner. On the other Parts of the

Floor,

Floor, we ſaw little Hillocks of Cryſtal made in the ſame Manner; and in ſome of the hollower Parts there lay a Parcel of round Stones as white as Snow, and of the Bigneſs of Muſket Bullets. Theſe, when broken, were compoſed of Cruſts laid over one another juſt in the Manner of all the other Concretions, and in the Center of one of them we found a Drop of Water. The Sides of the Grotto next came into Conſideration; and what a Variety of Beauties did they afford! In ſome Places the plain Rock is covered with a vaſt Sheet of this Cryſtal, like a Cake of Ice, ſpread evenly over it, and of the Thickneſs of an Inch or two; its Surface perfectly ſmooth, and every where following the Shape of a Rock. In other Places, this Sheet of Cryſtal is variegated with a ſtrange Quantity of irregular and modulated Figures all over its Surface. Theſe were in ſome Spots more raiſed, in others leſs; but their Meanders very beautiful. In other Parts, where the Walls were ſo prominent that Drops from the Roof could reach them, there grew from their Surface, in the ſame Manner as from the Floor, Shrubs of Cryſtal; but theſe were in general lower, and more ſpreading than the Floor. We ſaw a great Number of about a Foot and Half in Height, riſing from each a ſingle Stone, thick and irregular, and ſpreading into a globular Head, of a Diameter almoſt equal to their Height. No Part of the Grotto appeared more beautiful than the Sides where theſe were more frequent. They were ſome of them pure and colourleſs, others white as Snow, and all of them covered over the whole Surface with thoſe little Pyramids I have mentioned before. This however is little to the principal Beauty of the Sides. In ſome Places the Sheet of Cryſtal, inſtead of clinging immediately to the Wall or Rock, ſtood out at a Diſtance from it, forming a Kind of Curtain of pure pellucid Matter. This was an Appear-

ance at once ſingular and elegant, beyond all Things of the Kind that I had ſeen or read of. Theſe Curtains of Cryſtal were ten or twelve Feet in Breadth, and in Height often twenty or more: They took their Origin from ſome Part of the Sweep of the Arch, and hung to the Floor. They uſually were contiguous to the Wall at one Edge, and at a conſiderable Diſtance at the other, ſo that they formed a Kind of Cloſets or Apartments within, which were very beautiful, and led an Aſpect unlike all Things in the World. Theſe Curtains of Cryſtal were not plain, but folded and plaited; and their Undulations added not a little to their Beauty. If in any Parts they projected out ſo far as to take more of the falling Drops, they were there covered with little Pyramids of Cryſtal, ſuch as thoſe of the Trees and Shrubs on the Floor; but all the Reſt of the Expanſe of the ſmooth and gloſſy.

It yet remains that I deſcribe the Roof of this wonderful Place; but there are not Terms in Language to expreſs ſuch a Variety of Objects which thoſe who have hitherto uſed Language have never ſeen. In ſome Parts their diverged Rays of pure and gloſſy Cryſtal, in the Manner of a Star, form a lucid Center, ſtretching themſelves to two or three Yards Diameter. In another, Cluſters like vaſt Bunches of Grapes hung down; and from others there were continued Feſtoons, looſe in the Middle, but fixed at either End, and formed of a vaſt Variety of Repreſentations of Foliage, Fruits, and Flowers. There is a Rudeneſs in all thoſe, that would, whenever one ſaw them, ſpeak them the abſolute Work of Nature; but Art would be proud to imitate them.

At every little Space between theſe there hung the Stalactites, or ſtony Icicles, as they are called, in a ſurpriſing Number, but of a Magnitude much more ſurpriſing. Some of theſe have doubtleſs been many hundred

hundred Years in forming, and they are from ten to twenty or thirty Feet in Length. One hangs nearly from the Center of the Grotto, which muſt be conſiderably more than that; it is eight or nine Feet longer than all the others, and at the Baſe ſeems five or ſix Feet in Diameter. It is a Cone in Form, and its Point tolerably fine. Could a Thing of this Kind be got off whole, and conveyed into *Europe* without Injury, what would the Virtuoſi ſay of it? A Cone of this Bigneſs of pure Cryſtal would be a more pompous Curioſity than all their Collections.

At the Points of many of theſe, and on ſome other Protuberances on the Grotto, we ſaw ſingle Drops of a perfectly pellucid Water hanging: This was what had left its Cryſtal on their Sides, and had been adding its little Portion of Subſtance to their Bulk.

Nearly under the Center of the Arch there is a large Pyramid of natural Congelations of the ſhrubby Kind of thoſe already mentioned. It is the fineſt Cluſter on the whole Floor, and is ornamented with a Parcel of Feſtoons and Cones from the over-hanging Part of the Roof, which make a Kind of Attic Story to it. Behind it there is one of the natural Cloſets curtained off from the main Hollow of the Grotto, and full of beautiful Congelations. They call this Pyramid, The Altar. Some of the Pieces have been cut down; and upon the Baſis of the Pyramid we read an Inſcription that puzzled us extremely, *Hic ipſe Chriſtus adfuit ejus natali die media nocte celebrato.* There was a Date of 1673 annexed; but not being of the *Roman* Communion, we could by no Means make out the Meaning of the Words, till our Guide had informed us, that a *French* Perſon of Quality, Ambaſſador to the Porte, had cauſed Maſs to be celebrated there with great Solemnity on *Chriſtmas-day* at that Time, and had

ſpent two or three Days in the Grotto with a numerous Company.

Whilſt I was at the Bottom, the Thoughts of getting up again gave me Pain enough, and the *Sed revocare gradum* of *Virgil*, roſe up in my Mind with all its Terrors. However, I am out, and all is well. It was a horrible Piece of Work, and I ſhall have Occaſion to remember it, being more hurt and bruiſed from this ſingle Expedition, than from my whole Voyage, &c.

A PHI-

A REVIEW OF A PHILOSOPHICAL ENQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF OUR IDEAS OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

THE Title of this Book very naturally excites Curiosity, as the Subject is in general pleasing to all Readers who have any Pretensions to Taste. But in treating abstract Ideas, there is often great Danger that the Author will bewilder himself in a Maze of chimerical Notions; and this the more especially if he attempts to set himself up for a System-maker. Something like this, we are apprehensive, has happened to the Author of the Performance now before us; who has however the Merit of having been very curious in his Research, and appears to have employed much close and deep Thinking about the Subject of his Investigation. But the Love of Novelty seems to have been a very leading Principle in his Mind, throughout his whole Composition; and we fear that in endeavouring to advance what was never said before him, he will find it his Lot to have said what will not be adopted after him. We do

do not think this Gentleman ſaw his Way very clearly through the Queſtion: and we are of Opinion that he has been very ingenious to err, inſtead of affording us any new Lights, whereby we might find out the Sources of the Sublime and Beautiful. A Review of his Book, we think, will ſet this Matter in a clear Light.

In order to come at the Bottom of Things, he ſets out with explaining the firſt Principles of the human Mind: he obſerves that Curioſity is one of our earlieſt Paſſions: he then endeavours to prove that Pain and Pleaſure are not connected, and that the Removal of Pain is not a poſitive Pleaſure, but for Diſtinction's Sake, he chuſes to call it *Delight*. 'If a Man,' ſays he, 'in a State of Tranquillity ſhould ſuddenly hear a Concert of Muſic, he then enjoys Pleaſure without previous Pain; and on the other Hand, if a Man in the ſame State of Tranquillity ſhould receive a Blow, here is Pain without the Removal of Pleaſure.' But ſurely the Removal of a Tooth-ach is Pleaſure to all Intents and Purpoſes; it induces a Train of pleaſing Ideas in the Mind, ſuch as Satisfaction with our preſent State, &c. and Pleaſure is equally poſitive, whether it begins in the Mind, or is conveyed thither by agreeable bodily Senſation. In like Manner the Removal of Pleaſure is poſitive Pain, as the Abſence of a fine Woman to whom we are attached, &c. The Truth is, Pain and Pleaſure may ſubſiſt independently, and alſo reciprocally induce each other. Our Author allows, that the Loſs of Pleaſure occaſions three different Senſations, *viz.* Indifference, Diſappointment, or Grief: but ſurely Diſappointment and Grief are poſitive Pains. 'But,' ſays he, 'Grief can be no Pain, becauſe we ſee that many Perſons are found indulging it.' They are ſo! but it ſhould be remembered that Grief is a mixed Paſſion, conſiſting of Sorrow for our Loſs and Fondneſs for the Object: now our Fondneſs for the Object makes our Imagination

nation dwell on the Idea, though we feel very painful Senſations at the ſame Time. *Animum picturâ paſcit inani.* Our Author proceeds to divide our Paſſions into Two general Claſſes, *viz.* Self-preſervation, and Society; the Selfiſh and the Social Paſſions would have been a better Diſtinction, becauſe Selfiſh includes all the Ideas of Self-preſervation, and all our other Gratifications. The Paſſions which concern Self-preſervation he rightly obſerves turn moſtly on Pain and Danger; and theſe, he adds very juſtly, are the moſt powerful in our Nature. He then endeavours to graft the Sublime on our Paſſions of Self-preſervation. 'Whatever is fitted,' ſays he, 'to excite Ideas of Pain and Danger, or operates in a Manner analogous to Terror, is a Source of the Sublime; that is, excites the ſtrongeſt Emotion which the Mind is capable of feeling.' But ſurely this is falſe Philoſophy: the Brodequin of *Ravilliac*, and the Iron Bed of *Damien*, are capable of exciting alarming Ideas of Terror, but cannot be ſaid to hold any Thing of the Sublime. Beſides, why are our other Paſſions to be excluded? Cannot the Sublime conſiſt with Ambition? It is perhaps in Conſequence of this very Paſſion, grafted in us for the wiſeſt Purpoſes by the Author of our Exiſtence, that we are capable of feeling the Sublime in the Degree we do; of delighting in every Thing that is magnificent, of preferring the Sun to a Farthing Candle, that by proceeding from greater to ſtill greater, we might at laſt fix our Imagination on Him who is the Supreme of all. And this perhaps is the true Source of the Sublime, which is always greatly heightened when any of our Paſſions are ſtrongly agitated, ſuch as Terror, Grief, Rage, Indignation, Admiration, Love, &c. By the ſtrongeſt of theſe the Sublime will be enforced, but it will conſiſt with any of them. As for Inſtance, when *Virgil* ſays of *Jupiter*,

... *Annuit*

Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum;

Here we have a Sublime Image increaſed by our Terror, when we think of his ſhaking the Poles with a Nod. And on the other Hand, when the ſame Poet deſcribes the ſame Perſonage,

Vultu quo cœlum tempeſtateſque ſerenat;

With that Countenance with which he looks Storms and Tempeſts into a Calm, we ſtill have a ſublime Idea of the Power which thus commands all Nature, and we feel it with Love and Admiration.

Our Author proceeds to the ſocial Paſſions, which he claſſes into two Sorts: Firſt, the Society of the Sexes; and next, the more general Society which we hold with Mankind and the whole Univerſe. With Regard to the Firſt he obſerves, that Beauty is the Object of it; and he endeavours to refute Mr. *Addiſon*'s Opinion, that Animals have a Senſe of Beauty to confine them to their own Species: but as he only ſuppoſes a Law of another Kind, we think Mr. *Addiſon*'s may ſtand till he will be pleaſed to ſubſtitute a better. He agrees that Beaſts have no Perception of Beauty, becauſe they do not pick and chooſe: but ſurely it is probable that they may have an immediate Perception of ſomething beautiful in their own Species, without waiting to compare it with others, and ſelect for themſelves. This would be to enjoy the Advantages of deliberate Reaſoning and Reflection; Qualities of which they do not appear to be poſſeſſed.

Our Author himſelf aſſigns a Reaſon why the Brute Creation need not chuſe for themſelves. 'But Man, who is a Creature adapted to a greater Variety and Intricacy of Relation, connects with the general Paſſion the Idea of ſome ſocial Qualities, which direct and heighten the Appetite which he has in common with all other Animals: and as he is not deſigned

ſigned like them to live at large, it is fit that he ſhould have ſomething to create a Preference, and fix his Choice; and this in general ſhould be ſome ſenſible Quality; as no other can ſo quickly, ſo powerfully, or ſo ſurely produce its Effect.'

From hence it appears why a Beaſt in the Field, according to Mr. *Addiſon*'s ingenious Notion, may have a Senſe of Beauty in its own Species, without waiting to determine its Choice by Compariſon.

In Contradiction to his former Aſſertions, he ſays, that Solitude is as great a poſitive Pain as can be conceived: and yet the Pain of Solitude is a Privation of Pleaſure, and is merely a Diſappointment, and a grieving for the Loſs of Company. In talking of the ſocial Paſſions, he ſays, 'I am convinced we have a Degree of Delight, and that no ſmall one, in the real Misfortunes and Pains of others; for let the Affection be what it will in Appearance, if it does not make us ſhun ſuch Objects, if on the contrary it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this Caſe I conceive we muſt have a Delight or Pleaſure of ſome Species or other in contemplating Objects of this Kind.' But this is certainly very falſe Reaſoning: we have no Delight in the real Misfortunes of others; and if we go near them, it is becauſe our Fondneſs attaches us to them, and we cannot keep away, even though the Sight is painful. This he has afterwards obſerved himſelf, when he ſays, 'Pity is a Paſſion accompanied with Pleaſure, becauſe it ariſes from Love and Affection.' He therefore ſhould have ſaid, we have a Pleaſure in feeling and compaſſionating the Misfortunes of others. With regard to the Pleaſure reſulting from Tragedy, he aſcribes it to Imitation, and then retracts it again when he ſays, 'we ſhall be miſtaken if we imagine our Pleaſure ariſes from its being no Reality: the nearer it approaches to Reality, the more perfect its Power.' This is certainly true, but it is becauſe

becauſe the more perfect is the Imitation; and Imitation ſuppoſes no Reality. If we really ſaw the Earl of *Eſſex*'s Head ſtruck off on the Stage, no Body would go there for Pleaſure, which ſhews that we are ſecretly pleaſed the tragic Diſtreſs is not Reality. 'Chuſe a Day on which to repreſent the moſt ſublime and affecting Tragedy which we have; appoint the moſt favourite Actors; ſpare no Coſt upon the Scenes and Decorations; unite the greateſt Efforts of Poetry, Painting, and Muſic; and when you have collected your Audience, juſt at the Moment when their Minds are erect with Expectation, let it be reported that a State Criminal of high Rank is on the Point of being executed in the adjoining Square; in a Moment the Emptineſs of the Theatre would demonſtrate the comparative Weakneſs of the imitative Arts, and proclaim the Triumph of the real Sympathy.'

But here he does not obſerve that there is an adventitious Motive: Curioſity would begin to operate, and our Love of Novelty would hurry us away to a Sight uncommon. But chuſe a Cart for *Tyburn*, ſpare no Pains in filling it with Malefactors, &c. then tell the Audience of it; or tell them that an Houſe is on Fire, and then we ſhall ſee the Triumph of imitated Woe over real Sympathy. The Fact is this: in real Diſtreſs we have a Joy in finding an Aptitude in ourſelves to indulge the Feelings of Humanity; in fictitious Repreſentations, we have the ſame Pleaſure, and the additional Delight of ſeeing beautiful Imitation, and conſidering that the Diſtreſs is not real. It is upon theſe Principles that the *Abbe du Bos* and *Fontenelle* have juſtly accounted for Tragic Pleaſure. In talking of Imitation, our Authof ſays, 'When the Object repreſented in Poetry or Painting is ſuch, as we could have had no Deſire of ſeeing in Reality, then I may be ſure the Pleaſure is owing to the Power of Imitation; as a Cottage, a Dunghill, &c. But when the Object is ſuch as we ſhould run to ſee if real, we may rely upon

upon it, that the Power of the Poem or the Picture is more owing to the Thing itself, than any Consideration of the Skill of the Imitator, however excellent.' But surely in the imitative Arts we can never lose the Idea of Imitation. If the Object be inconsiderable, or even odious, it will please in a just Representation; and if the Object be sublime or beautiful, it will please the more on this Account, if the Imitation be just; but if the Imitation be defective, we revolt from it, notwithstanding the Excellence of the Original. For Example: no Body will go to the Theatre to see an Actor of the meaner Class; and yet let *Hogarth* give a Portrait of him, and we shall all admire the Strokes of his Pencil. On the other Hand, we all go to see *Garrick*, and yet if an Artist should draw him ill, we should unanimously reject the Piece; but when *Hogarth* presents him in *Richard*, we acknowledge *Garrick*'s Face, his Eyes, his Brow, &c. and though the Idea of *Garrick* in that Attitude excites an agreeable Recollection, yet it is the Imitation that is uppermost in our Thoughts, and which we principally admire. Our Author in the next Place takes Notice of Ambition; and then adds, that having considered the Passions, he shall proceed to examine into the Things that cause the Sublime and Beautiful. With regard to the Sublime, he says, the Passion raised by it is Astonishment; and Astonishment he defines 'That State of the Soul in which all its Motions are suspended with some Degree of Horror.' But Astonishment is perhaps that State of the Soul, when the Powers of the Mind are suspended with Wonder. Horror may tincture it, and Love may enliven it. As for Instance: when we are told, *afflavit Deus et dissipantur*, 'He blew with his Wind, and they were scattered,' we are suspended with Wonder, and are astonished at such exalted Power, not without a Mixture of Horror: but when we read, 'God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light;'

we are here again aſtoniſhed at the Obedience paid to the Mandate, but we are free from Horror, and the only Paſſions that come in to increaſe the Wonder that expands our Imaginations, are Love and pious Admiration. The Effect of the Sublime is, as *Longinus* has told us, to enlarge the Mind with vaſt Conceptions, and to tranſport it with a noble Pleaſure beyond itſelf. It was in reading that Deſcription that, as *Boileau* tells us, the Prince of *Conde* cried out, *voila le ſublime*; *voila ſon veritable caractere*: 'That's the Sublime; that's the true Character of it.' In Fact, *Longinus*'s Account of the Sublime is, we apprehend, very juſt: it is not built on any ſingle Paſſion; though they all may ſerve to enflame that pathetic Enthuſiaſm, which, in Conjunction with an exalted Thought, ſerves to hurry away the Mind with great Rapidity from itſelf. Terror is therefore a great Addition, and in like Manner ſo are all other Paſſions, Grief, Love, Rage, Indignation, Ambition, Compaſſion, &c. Our Author adds, that whatever is Terrible is Sublime: the Gallows, a red-hot Iron, &c. are Terrible, but not Sublime: the Terrible will exalt the Sublime where it is, but cannot create it where it is not: that is to ſay, they muſt ſubſiſt ſeparately.

Nero ſetting Fire to *Rome*, and Queen *Mary* burning Heretics in *Smithfield*, cannot convey to any ſenſible Mind the faineſt Idea of the Sublime, tho' we imagine it muſt be allowed that they raiſe Horror in a very powerful Degree. Obſcurity, our Author obſerves, increaſes the Sublime, which is certainly very juſt; but from thence erroneouſly infers, that Clearneſs of Imagery is unneceſſary to affect the Paſſions; but ſurely nothing can move but what gives Ideas to the Mind, and it is thus that even Muſic operates by recalling Images by Means of Sounds, which ſet the Imagination at Work with all her various Combinations, Our Author purſues his Thought

Thought ſtill further, and combats the Opinion of the *Abbe du Bos*, viz. that Painting has the Advantage over Poetry, becauſe it preſents its Objects more clearly and diſtinctly. This Notion he thinks not true, but ſurely the Reaſon he gives is not a very good one: he gives the Preference to Poetry on Account of its Obſcurity; whereas it ſhould be on Account of its greater Perſpicuity, its Amplifications, and its being at Liberty to ſelect a greater Variety of Circumſtances, in order to make its Exhibitions more vivid and ſtriking. If a Painter was to give a Portrait of *Satan* as repreſented in the following Lines of *Milton*,

——He above the reſt
In Shape and Geſture proudly eminent
Stood like a Tower, his Form had yet not loſt
All its original Brightneſs, nor appeared
Leſs than Archangel ruin'd, and th' Exceſs
Of Glory obſcur'd; as when the Sun new ris'n
Looks through the horizontal miſty Air
Shorn of his Beams: or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclipſe diſaſtrous Twilight ſheds
On Half the Nations; and with Fear of Change
Perplexes Monarchs.

He could never give an Idea of the Wonderful Stature, nor could he compare him with a Tower, the Sun, the Moon, nor upon the whole would he bring together that Combination of ſublime Images, which, inſtead of obſcuring, ſerve to illuſtrate and heighten the Colouring. He proceeds in the next Place to mention *Privation* as a Source of the Sublime, as when the Poet ſays, 'Along the waſte Dominions of the Dead.' And he enumerates other Sources, as Vaſtneſs in any Object, Infinity, Succeſſion and Uniformity of Parts in Building, or any Object in Nature. Under the laſt Head he makes a very ingenious Remark, when he obſerves that a

Succeſſion of uniform Parts creates a Kind of artificial Infinite, and this, he adds, may be the Cauſe why a Rotund has ſuch a noble Effect in Building; which perhaps is a better Reaſon than Mr. *Addiſon*'s, who ſays, 'It is becauſe in the Rotund at one Glance you take in Half the Building.' Here our Author might have allowed a Sublime without Terror; for we apprehend Infinity is not ſo highly pleaſing to the Soul of Man, on account of any Horror attending it, but on account of that ſtrong progreſſive Motion of the Mind, which cannot reſt contented with what it has graſped, but muſt be for ever urging on to ſomething at a Diſtance from its Power, and as it were with Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls. Difficulty comes in next, as a Promoter of the Sublime; as likewiſe Magnificence, Light, and Colour; and with regard to the laſt he enumerates a ſtrong Red, Black, Brown, deep Purple, and the like, as Cauſes of the Sublime. He very juſtly conſiders the Sounds of Cataracts, Storms, Thunder, Artillery, as the Cauſes of great Impreſſions: and he alſo finds the Sublime in low, tremulous, and intermitting Sounds, but refers it ſolely to Terror: when *Macbeth* with a low Voice ſays, 'I dare do all that may become a Man; who dares do more is none;' we apprehend there is no Terror in this Speech, but we are pleaſed with the Poet's noble Conception of the Dignity of human Nature. He next finds the Sublime in the Cries of Animals. That depends however upon the Rank we have given in our Imaginations to the different Animals; though the confuſed Cry of any of them in a ſtill ſolemn Night, when the Mind is already impreſſed with Awe, will help to heighten our Affections; ſo that though they do not cauſe the Sublime, they may help to increaſe it by the Paſſions which they agitate. He proceeds to look for the Sublime in Bitters and in Stenches: but the bitter Cup of Miſery has in it nothing Sublime, but depends

pends entirely on the Circumſtances and Character of the Perſon that ſpeaks it, and then by an Aſſociation of Ideas, our Minds may be greatly affected: and in a Deſcription of the Jaws of Hell, which of itſelf gives us Images of dreadful Magnificence, a thick Exhalation of Smoke and Stench may be brought in to correſpond with our preconceived Notions, and ſo give a Finiſhing to the Deſcription; but a Stench on a Dunghill would create no Sublimity: Our Author has not diſtinguiſhed between the efficient Cauſes of the Sublime, and the concomitant Circumſtances which help to increaſe it. He concludes this Part of his Book with obſerving that the Sublime belongs entirely to the Paſſions of Self-preſervation, which turn upon Pain and Danger: and this Poſition ſeems to have led him into a Miſtake throughout his Work: the Sublime belongs to no particular Paſſion, but is greatly heightened by them all. Whatever fills the Mind with magnificent Ideas is Sublime. For it is certain that all the Paſſions of the human Mind may be ſuborned Promoters of whatever is great and excellent in any Conception or Deſcription. All our ſelfiſh and ſocial Affections, Terror, Ambition, Reſentment, Rage, Grief, Compaſſion, Indignation, &c. naturally tend to enflame our Minds with that Enthuſiaſm which *Longinus* mentions; and it is certain that an impaſſioned Sublime is the nobleſt Emotion of which we are capable. It is unneceſſary to quote Inſtances, where Grief, Compaſſion, and even our tendereſt Sympathies, bring in their auxiliary Aid, to render a noble Thought more glowing: and the Deſcription of the Night Scene in Mr. *Pope's Homer* will evince that the Sublime may excite Senſations very different from Terror.

As when the Moon, refulgent Lamp of Night,
O'er Heaven's clear Azure ſpreads her ſacred Light;

When not a Breath disturbs the deep Serene,
And not a Cloud o'ercasts the solemn Scene;
Around her Throne the vivid Planets roll,
And Stars unnumber'd gild the glowing Pole;
O'er the dark Trees a yellower Verdure shed,
And tip with Silver every Mountain's Head.
Then shine the Vales, the Rocks in Prospect rise,
A Flood of Glory bursts from all the Skies;
The conscious Swains rejoicing in the Sight,
Eye the blue Vault, and bless the useful Light.

—— γήγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν.

and the Shepherd's Heart rejoiceth, says *Homer*; which shews that the Sublime can excite Ideas very different from Terror; and though it may be said, that there will be a Kind of Solemnity in the Mind at the View of such a Night-piece, yet that is only the Stillness natural to Admiration, and Gladness will still be the prevalent Sensation.

The next Part of the Enquiry relates to Beauty; and we are told that Proportion is not essential to it. Our Author considers Proportion in the vegetable World, in the Brute Creation, and in the human Species, and does not find it a necessary Quality. This is certainly a new Philosophy, but we apprehend very erroneous. Proportion is not Beauty itself, but one of its efficient Qualities. A partial Beauty may be seen; that is to say, an handsome Face, or an handsome Leg; but, we apprehend, a beautiful and entire Whole never existed without Proportion and Fitness. This we think so apparent, that it need not be insisted on; if the Reader has a Mind to satisfy himself on this Head, we refer him to *Hutchinson* and others. He adds besides, that Perfection is not the Cause of Beauty; and the Reason is extraordinary, because Women learn to lisp, to totter, to counterfeit Weakness, &c. But such Affectation is universally acknowledged to be ridiculous.

ridiculous. He finds Fault with the Application of Beautiful to Virtue; though it is obſerved by Mr. *Locke*, that moſt Words which denote Operations of the Mind are derived from the Objects of bodily Senſation. He then enumerates the Cauſes of Beauty; ſuch as Smallneſs in the Object, Smoothneſs, and unwittingly allows Proportion under another Name. 'The View,' ſays he, 'of a beautiful Bird 'will illuſtrate this Obſervation. Here we ſee the 'Head increaſing ſenſibly to the Middle, from 'whence it leſſens gradually until it mixes with the 'Neck; the Neck loſes itſelf in a larger Swell, 'which continues to the Middle of the Body, when 'the Whole decreaſes again to the Tail; the Tail 'takes a new Direction; but it ſoon varies its new 'Courſe; it blends again with the other Parts; and 'the Line is perpetually and inſenſibly changing, 'above, below, upon every Side. In this Deſcription 'I have before me the Idea of a Dove; it agrees 'very well with moſt of the Conditions of Beauty.' Here then it appears he deceives himſelf with what he calls gradual Variation, which, in Fact, is another Name for Proportion. Delicacy, Colour, and Expreſſion in the Countenance, he next conſiders; and he obſerves, that Gracefulneſs is an Idea belonging to Poſture and Motion. 'In both theſe, to 'be graceful, it is requiſite that there be no Appear'ance of Difficulty; there is required a ſmall In'flection of the Body; and a Compoſure of the 'Parts, in ſuch a Manner, as not to incumber each 'other, nor to appear divided by ſharp and ſudden 'Angles. In this Caſe, this Roundneſs and Delicacy 'of Attitude and Motion, it is that all the Magic of 'Grace conſiſts, and what is called its *Je ne ſcai 'quoi*, as will be more obvious to any Body who 'conſiders attentively the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Antinous*, or any ſtatue generally allowed to be grace'ful in an high Degree.'

He then applies Beautiful to all our other Senſes; he looks for it in Feeling, in Sounds, in Taſte and Smell; and as this is ever done metaphorically in Language, it is ſurpriſing our Author would not allow the Phraſe to be tranſlated to Modes of the Mind by the ſame Analogy.

He then compares the Sublime and the Beautiful; and becauſe he finds that the latter is founded on Pleaſure, he imagines, by Way of Contraſt, that the Sublime muſt be founded on Pain. But we have ſeen in Inſtances already produced (and there are numberleſs more) that it is alſo founded on Pleaſure. However, he proceeds with his Hypotheſis; he examines the viſible Effects of Pain on the human Frame: He ſays, that Fear operates much in the ſame Manner as poſitive Pain; and thence he infers, that whatever operates on the Nerves in a ſimilar Manner, muſt neceſſarily excite Ideas of the Sublime; and in this Manner he accounts why Greatneſs of Dimenſion is Sublime; 'becauſe,' ſays he, 'the Ray from every diſtinct Point makes an Impreſſion on the Retina. So that though the Image of one Point ſhould cauſe but a ſmall Tenſion of this Membrane, another and another, and another Stroke, muſt, in their Progreſs, cauſe a very great one, until it arrives at laſt to the higheſt Degree; and the whole Capacity of the Eye, vibrating in all its Parts, muſt approach near to the Nature of what cauſes Pain, and conſequently muſt produce an Idea of the Sublime.' But the Eye of *Homer*'s Shepherd muſt have received a great Impreſſion, and yet we find his Heart did not feel Terror, but Gladneſs. A Stock-Broker in the Alley making a long Calculation, ſeems to be in the Situation of a Man ſuffering Pain; his Teeth are ſet, his Eye-Brows are violently contracted, and his Nerves feel a Contraction or a Tenſion; but we apprehend no one will ſuſpect that a ſingle Idea of the Sublime

Sublime ever entered his Imagination, unleſs the Terror he feels when the Stocks are falling may be called ſo. There is no Neceſſity that what borders upon Pain in its Operations on our Nerves ſhould produce the Sublime; becauſe we know that in many Caſes we may have a Tenſion or Contraction without adverting to it, and yet feel no elevated Emotions; as in looking at the *Manſion-Houſe*, where we may fatigue the Eye, but never perceive any thing magnificent; Vaſtneſs alone not being enough to conſtitute the Sublime. He endeavours to refute Mr. *Locke*'s Opinion, and aſſerts, that Darkneſs is terrible in its own Nature: To ſupport which, he tells a curious Story from *Cheſelden*, of 'a Boy who 'had been born blind, and continued ſo until he 'was thirteen or fourteen Years old: He was then 'couched for a Cataract, by which Operation he 'received his Sight. Among many remarkable Particulars that attended his firſt Perceptions and Judgments on viſual Objects, *Cheſelden* tells us, that the 'firſt Time the Boy ſaw a black Object, it gave him 'great Uneaſineſs; and that ſome Time after, upon 'accidentally ſeeing a Negro Woman, he was ſtruck 'with great Horror at the Sight.' It does not appear that this Boy had any Ideas of the Sublime, or that the Negro Woman appeared magnificent in his Eyes: His Horror, we ſhould think, proceeded from the Novelty of an Object ſo different from his Fellow-creatures; and it does not appear that the coming on of the Night was any Way terrible to him, which we ſhould imagine it would at firſt, if Darkneſs were terrible in its Nature. We are therefore ſtill apt to think Mr. *Locke* right in making Darkneſs formidable from an Aſſociation of Ideas, and that Aſſociation of Ideas will help to increaſe the Sublime. Having diſcourſed of Pain, our Author proceeds to the phyſical Cauſe of Love. 'When 'we have before us,' ſays he, 'ſuch Objects as ex-

'cite Love and Complacency, the Body is affected, 'ſo far as I could obſerve, much in the following 'Manner: The Head reclines ſomething on one 'Side; the Eye-lids are more cloſed than uſual, and 'the Eyes roll gently with an Inclination to the Ob-'ject; the Mouth is a little opened, and the Breath 'drawn ſlowly, with now and then a low Sigh; 'the whole Body is compoſed, and the Hands fall 'idly to the Sides. All this is accompanied with an 'inward Senſe of Melting and Languor. Theſe 'Appearances are always proportioned to the Degree 'of Beauty in the Object, and of Senſibility in the 'Obſerver. And this Gradation from the higheſt 'Pitch of Beauty and Senſibility, even to the loweſt 'of Mediocrity and Indifference; and their corre-'ſpondent Effects ought to be kept in View, elſe this 'Deſcription will ſeem exaggerated, which it cer-'tainly is not.' Whatever affects us in the above Manner, he proceeds to call Beautiful, in the ſame Manner as he has ſaid the Sublime will grow on Pain. We agree with him, that the Beautiful muſt depend on the ſofter Affections of Love and Plea-ſure; for what is painful can never be accounted to belong to Beauty: But the Sublime will exiſt with Beauty, or partial Uglineſs, and may be heightened by all our Paſſions as well as Terror.

Having diſcuſſed the Beautiful, our Author at-tempts to prove, that the Effects of Poetry are not by raiſing Ideas of Things. 'I ſhall begin,' ſays he, 'with compound abſtract Words, ſuch as Virtue, 'Honour, Perſuaſion, Docility; of theſe I am con-'vinced, that whatever Power they may have on 'the Paſſions, they do not derive it from any Re-'preſentation raiſed in the Mind of the Things for 'which they ſtand.' It is very poſſible, that on hearing any one of theſe Words, a Man may not inſtantly have in View all the Ideas that are com-bined in the complex one: As for Inſtance, when

Virtue

Virtue is named, he may not think of the Relations in which a Man ſtands to God, his Neighbour, and himſelf; but he may have the general Idea of acting uprightly, and that is enough for the Poet's Purpoſe. If it were true that Words revive the Senſations we originally felt, without recalling the Ideas to our Mind, *D——k* might be as good a Poet as *Akenſide*; becauſe he might uſe all the Words that are moſt apt to affect us, and then he would agitate our Paſſions as forcibly as a Man of Genius. He who is moſt picturesque and cleareſt in his Imagery, is ever ſtiled the beſt Poet, becauſe from ſuch a one we ſee Things clearer, and of Courſe we feel more intenſely. It is a Diſpoſition to feel the Force of Words, and to combine the Ideas annexed to them with Quickneſs, that ſhews one Man's Imagination to be better than another's, and diſtinguiſhes the fine Taſte from Dullneſs and Stupidity. Our Author would have Poetry to operate like Muſic, by Senſation: But he ſhould recollect, that Muſic has its Effects no otherwiſe than by an Aſſociation of Ideas which it aſſembles in the Fancy, and by that Means it is that it depreſſes us with Grief, or enflames with Rage, &c. The Inſtance of *Blacklock* the blind Poet, ſerves only to prove that Poetry may be wrote mechanically, by combining Words after the Uſage of other Writers; though it is not to be doubted but Mr. *Blacklock* had annexed Ideas of ſome Sort in his own Mind to all the viſual Objects he mentions. Our Author allows Poetry to be an imitative Art as far as it deſcribes Manners and Paſſions of Men; but ſays, deſcriptive Poetry operates chiefly by Subſtitution, by Means of Sounds that ſtand for Things. But all Words are ſubſtituted for Things, and there is as much Imitation in deſcribing a Scene in Nature, as in deſcribing the Actions of human Kind; for the Likeneſs in both Caſes is repreſented to us.

'Nothing,

'Nothing,' says our Author, 'is an Imitation 'further than as it resembles some other Thing; 'and Words undoubtedly have no Sort of Resem-'blance to the Ideas for which they stand.'

But Words stand for Manners and Passions; and if he allows the Description of them to be Imitation, by Parity of Reason he might have allowed it to descriptive Poetry. In his last Chapter he has made some just Observations concerning the Power of Words, but recurs again to his Theory of their not exciting Ideas; than which nothing can be more false. No Man perhaps has settled with Precision the determinate Meaning of every Word that signifies a complex Idea; but if he has some of the leading Ideas, that make up the compounded one, as we before observed, it is sufficient for the Writer's Purpose; and Words will ever excite Ideas according to the Understandings and Imaginations of Mankind.

Upon the Whole, though we think the Author of this Piece mistaken in his fundamental Principles, and also in his Deductions from them, yet we must say, we have read his Book with Pleasure: He has certainly employed much Thinking; there are many ingenious and elegant Remarks, which, though they do not enforce or prove his first Position, yet, considering them detached from his System, they are new and just: And we cannot dismiss this Article without recommending a Perusal of the Book to all our Readers, as we think they will be recompensed by a great deal of Sentiment, perspicuous, elegant, and harmonious Stile, in many Passages both Sublime and Beautiful.

THE

THE

LIFE of Father PAUL SARPI,

Author of *The History of the Council of Trent.*

FATHER *Paul*, whose Name, before he entered into the monastic Life, was *Peter Sarpi*, was born at *Venice*, *August* 14, 1552. His Father followed Merchandize, but with so little Success, that, at his Death, he left his Family very ill provided for; but under the Care of a Mother, whose Piety was likely to bring the Blessing of Providence upon them, and whose wise Conduct supplied the Want of Fortune by Advantages of greater Value.

Happily for young *Sarpi*, she had a Brother, Master of a celebrated School, under whose Direction he was placed by her. Here he lost no Time, but cultivated his Abilities, naturally of the first Rate, with unwearied Application. He was born for Study, having a natural Aversion to Pleasure and Gaiety, and a Memory so tenacious, that he could repeat thirty Verses upon once hearing them.

Proportionable to his Capacity was his Progress in Literature: At Thirteen, having made himself Master of School-Learning, he turned his Studies to Philosophy and the Mathematics, and entered upon Logic under *Capella* of *Cremona*, who, though a celebrated Master of that Science, confessed himself in a very little Time unable to give his Pupil farther Instructions.

As

As *Capella* was of the Order of the *Servites*, his Scholar was induced, by his Acquaintance with him, to engage in the ſame Profeſſion, though his Uncle and his Mother repreſented to him the Hardſhips and Auſterities of that Kind of Life, and adviſed him with great Zeal againſt it. But he was ſteady in his Reſolutions, and in 1566 took the Habit of the Order, being then only in his fourteenth Year, a Time of Life in moſt Perſons very improper for ſuch Engagements, but in him attended with ſuch Maturity of Thought, and ſuch a ſettled Temper, that he never ſeemed to regret the Choice he then made, and which he confirmed by a ſolemn public Profeſſion in 1572.

At a general Chapter of the *Servites* held at *Mantua*, *Paul* (for ſo we ſhall now call him) being then only twenty Years old, diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much in a public Diſputation by his Genius and Learning, that *William*, Duke of *Mantua*, a great Patron of Letters, ſolicited the Conſent of his Superiors to retain him at his Court, and not only made him public Profeſſor of Divinity in the Cathedral, but honoured him with many Proofs of his Eſteem.

But Father *Paul* finding a Court Life not agreeable to his Temper, quitted it two Years afterwards, and retired to his beloved Privacies, being then not only acquainted with the *Latin*, *Greek*, *Hebrew* and *Chaldee* Languages, but with Philoſophy, the Mathematics, Canon and Civil Law, all Parts of natural Philoſophy, and Chemiſtry itſelf; for his Application was unintermitted, his Head clear, his Apprehenſion quick, and his Memory retentive.

Being made a Prieſt at twenty-two, he was diſtinguiſhed by the illuſtrious Cardinal *Borromeo* with his Confidence, and employed by him on many Occaſions, not without the Envy of Perſons of leſs Merit, who were ſo far exaſperated as to lay a Charge againſt him before the Inquiſition, for denying that the

the Trinity could be proved from the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*; but the Accuſation was too ridiculous to be taken Notice of.

After this he paſſed ſucceſſively through the Dignities of his Order, and in the Intervals of his Employment applied himſelf to his Studies with ſo extenſive a Capacity, as left no Branch of Knowledge untouched. By him *Acquependente*, the great Anatomiſt, confeſſes that he was informed how Viſion is performed; and there are Proofs that he was not a Stranger to the Circulation of the Blood. He frequently converſed upon Aſtronomy with Mathematicians, upon Anatomy with Surgeons, upon Medicine with Phyſicians, and with Chemiſts upon the Analyſis of Metals, not as a ſuperficial Enquirer, but as a complete Maſter.

But the Hours of Repoſe, that he employed ſo well, were interrupted by a new Information in the Inquiſition, where a former Acquaintance produced a Letter written by him in Cyphers, in which he ſaid, 'that he deteſted the Court of *Rome*, and that 'no Preferment was obtained there but by diſhoneſt 'Means.' This Accuſation, however dangerous, was paſſed over on Account of his great Reputation, but made ſuch Impreſſions on that Court, that he was afterwards denied a Biſhoprick by *Clement* VIII. After theſe Difficulties were ſurmounted, Father *Paul* again retired to his Solitude, where he appears, by ſome Writings drawn up by him at that Time, to have turned his Attention more to Improvements in Piety than Learning. Such was the Care with which he read the Scriptures, that, it being his Cuſtom to draw a Line under any Paſſage which he intended more nicely to conſider, there was not a ſingle Word in his New Teſtament but was underlined; the ſame Marks of Attention appeared in his Old Teſtament, Pſalter, and Breviary.

But

But the moſt active Scene of his Life began about the Year 1615, when Pope *Paul* V. exaſperated by ſome Decrees of the Senate of *Venice* that interfered with the pretended Rights of the Church, laid the whole State under an Interdict.

The Senate, filled with Indignation at this Treatment, forbad the Biſhops to receive or publiſh the Pope's Bull; and convening the Rectors of the Churches, commanded them to celebrate divine Service in the accuſtomed Manner, with which moſt of them readily complied; but the *Jeſuits* and ſome others refuſing, were by a ſolemn Edict expelled the State.

Both Parties having proceeded to Extremities, employed their ableſt Writers to defend their Meaſures: On the Pope's Side, among others, Cardinal *Bellarmine* entered the Liſts, and, with his confederate Authors, defended the Papal Claims with great Scurrility of Expreſſion, and very ſophiſtical Reaſonings, which were confuted by the *Venetian* Apologiſts in much more decent Language, and with much greater Solidity of Argument.

On this Occaſion Father *Paul* was moſt eminently diſtinguiſhed by his *Defence of the Rights of the ſupreme Magiſtrate*, his *Treatiſe of Excommunication* tranſlated from *Gerſon*, with an *Apology*, and other Writings, for which he was cited before the Inquiſition at *Rome*; but it may be eaſily imagined that he did not obey the Summons.

The *Venetian* Writers, whatever might be the Abilities of their Adverſaries, were at leaſt ſuperior to them in the Juſtice of their Cauſe. The Propoſitions maintained on the Side of *Rome* were theſe: That the Pope is inveſted with all the Authority of Heaven and Earth. That all Princes are his Vaſſals, and that he may annul their Laws at Pleaſure. That Kings may appeal to him, as he is temporal Monarch of the whole Earth. That he can diſcharge Subjects

Subjects from their Oaths of Allegiance, and make it their Duty to take up Arms againſt their Sovereign. That he may depoſe Kings without any Fault committed by them, if the Good of the Church requires it. That the Clergy are exempt from all Tribute to Kings, and are not accountable to them even in Caſes of High Treaſon. That the Pope cannot err; that his Deciſions are to be received and obeyed on Pain of Sin, though all the World ſhould judge them to be falſe. That the Pope is God upon Earth; that his Sentence and that of God are the ſame; and that to call *his* Power in Queſtion, is to call in Queſtion the Power of God. Maxims equally ſhocking, weak, pernicious, and abſurd! which did not require the Abilities or Learning of Father *Paul* to demonſtrate their Falſhood and deſtructive Tendency.

It may be eaſily imagined that ſuch Principles were quickly overthrown, and that no Court but that of *Rome* thought it for its Intereſt to favour them. The Pope therefore finding his Authors confuted, and his Cauſe abandoned, was willing to conclude the Affair by Treaty, which, by the Mediation of *Henry* IV. of *France*, was accommodated upon Terms very much to the Honour of the *Venetians*.

But the Defenders of the *Venetian* Rights were, though comprehended in the Treaty, excluded by the *Romans* from the Benefit of it; ſome upon different Pretences were impriſoned, ſome ſent to the Galleys, and all debarred from Preferment. But their Malice was chiefly aimed againſt Father *Paul*, who ſoon found the Effects of it; for as he was going one Night to his Convent, about ſix Months after the Accommodation, he was attacked by five Ruffians armed with Stilettoes, who gave him no leſs than fifteen Stabs, three of which wounded him in ſuch a Manner, that he was left for dead. The

Murderers

Murderers fled for Refuge to the Nuncio, and were afterwards received into the Pope's Dominions, but were purſued by divine Juſtice, and all, except one Man who died in Priſon, periſhed by violent Deaths.

This, and other Attempts upon his Life, obliged him to confine himſelf to his Convent, where he engaged in writing the Hiſtory of the Council of *Trent*, a Work unequalled for the judicious Diſpoſition of the Matter, and artful Texture of the Narration, recommended by Dr. *Burnet* as the completeſt Model of Hiſtorical Writing, and celebrated by Mr. *Wotton* as equivalent to any Production of Antiquity; in which the Reader finds 'Liberty 'without Licentiouſneſs, Piety without Hypocriſy, 'Freedom of Speech without Neglect of Decency, 'Severity without Rigour, and extenſive Learning 'without Oſtentation.'

In this, and other Works of leſs Conſequence, he ſpent the remaining Part of his Life, to the Beginning of the Year 1622, when he was ſeized with a Cold and Fever, which he neglected till it became incurable. He languiſhed more than twelve Months, which he ſpent almoſt wholly in a Preparation for his Paſſage into Eternity; and among his Prayers and Aſpirations was often heard to repeat, 'Lord! 'now let thy Servant depart in Peace.'

On *Sunday* the Eighth of *January* of the next Year, he roſe, weak as he was, to Maſs, and went to take his Repaſt with the reſt; but on *Monday* was ſeized with a Weakneſs that threatened immediate Death; and on *Thurſday* prepared for his Change by receiving the *Viaticum* with ſuch Marks of Devotion as equally melted and edified the Beholders.

Through the whole Courſe of his Illneſs to the laſt Hour of his Life, he was conſulted by the Senate in public Affairs, and returned Anſwers in his 'greateſt Weakneſs, with ſuch Preſence of Mind, as could only ariſe from the Conſciouſneſs of Innocence.

On

On *Saturday*, the Day of his Death, he had the Paſſion of our bleſſed Saviour read to him out of St. *John*'s Goſpel, as on every other Day of that Week, and ſpoke of the Mercy of his Redeemer, and his Confidence in his Merits.

As his End evidently approached, the Brethren of the Convent came to pronounce the laſt Prayers, with which he could only join in his Thoughts, being able to pronounce no more than theſe Words, *Eſto perpetua*, 'Mayſt thou laſt for ever;' which was underſtood to be a Prayer for the Proſperity of his Country.

Thus died Father *Paul*, in the ſeventy-firſt Year of his Age; hated by the *Romans* as their moſt formidable Enemy, and honoured by all the Learned for his Abilities, and by the Good for his Integrity. His Deteſtation of the Corruption of the *Roman* Church appears in all his Writings, but particularly in this memorable Paſſage of one of his Letters: 'There is nothing more eſſential than to ruin the 'Reputation of the *Jeſuits:* By the Ruin of the '*Jeſuits*, *Rome* will be ruined; and if *Rome* is ruined, 'Religion will reform of itſelf.'

He appears by many Paſſages of his Life to have had a high Eſteem of the Church of *England*; and his Friend, Father *Fulgentio*, who had adopted all his Notions, made no Scruple of adminiſtering to Dr. *Duncomb*, an *Engliſh* Gentleman that fell ſick at *Venice*, the Communion in both Kinds, according to the Common Prayer which he had with him in *Italian*.

He was buried with great Pomp at the Public Charge, and a magnificent Monument was erected to his Memorial.

FRAGMENT OF

A COPY OF VERSES

TO

Lord *March* and Lord *George*,

SONS OF

His Grace the *Duke of R——d*,

ON THEIR

Dangerously falling through the Ice at *Godwood*: illuſtrated with Notes Variorum, by MARTIN SCRIBBLER, Jun.—Suppoſed to be written by B. THORNTON, Eſq.

LEAVE, ruſtic Muſe, the Cott and furrow'd Plains,
The Loves of rural Nymphs, and Shepherd Swains;
Lay by the lowly Reed, whoſe ſimple Notes
Die on the lonely Hills round wattled Cotes.

Furrow'd Plains.] Leſt we ſhould imagine that the Plains here meant were plain and even, as all Plains ſhould

ſhould be, the Author judiciouſly adds an Epithet which unplains the Plains at once.

Wattled Cotes.] An elegant Expreſſion.

For Strains ſublime ſcrew up the pompous Lyre,
And boldly ſon'rous ſweep the trembling Wire;

Critics are in doubt what Inſtrument our Poet would here make Uſe of; though I think it is plain, it can be no other than a *Jew's Harp*. Nor is it any Objection to ſay that this is ſometimes in the Mouth of the Vulgar, ſince its Notes ſeem adapted to ſuch noble Subjects as this. For, as the Poet *Fuſtian Sackbut* ſweetly ſings:

Buzzing twangs the Iron Lyre
Shrilly thrilling,
Trembling, trilling,
Whizzing with the wav'ring Wire.

Son'rous.] Who, that has not loſt his Ears, can be ſatisfied with the cutting off the long O in this Word? I ſay, read *Snorus*; as the Baſs of a *Jew's Harp*, or, (as it ſhould be written) *Jaws-Harp*, very nearly reſembles Snoring. B—NTLY.

While condeſcending Nobles circle round,
In bending Attitude, to judge the Sound.

This is truly ſublime. Here we have the Humility, (a rare Virtue) the Manner of ſitting or ſtanding, and the Poſture of the Nobles who are (not barely to hear, but) to try, hang, or acquit the Sound, as they think fit, and all in two Verſes.

Fancy delighted touches o'er the Strings,
And warbling to the Groves of *Richmond* wings.

The laſt Line, I confeſs, has long puzzled me, and I ſuſpect it is a falſe Reading, and ſhould be corrected thus:

And rambling thro' the Groves of *Richmond* ſings.

When *January*, newly in his Reign,
With frosty Fetters bound the rugged Plain.

The History is this: *January* was the eldest Son of *December*, and mounted the Throne of his Ancestors on the Demise of his Father. Now these Lines are fine indirect Satire on Kings: for you see King *January* is no sooner pop'd upon the Throne, than he makes Use of Fetters to bind his Dominions to Submission. *O Reges, Reges!*

Rugged Plain] See, Note the Second.

And o'er the Pool outspread the icy Sheet,
Tempting to slipp'ry Sport the School-Boy's Feet.

Zoilus, Jun. cavils at this first Verse, as not thinking it a proper Employment for King *January* to turn Chamberlain. But sure, he forgot that even Princesses of old would darn Stockings, or mend Towels, or do any such housewifely Work. Then sure our new Monarch might make a Bed without Scandal, as the Sheets were doubtless of the finest Ice.

Two Youths, whose Birth the highest Reverence claim,
Sweet Buds of Honour, rip'ning into Fame;
Left the warm Hearth, to taste the freezing Air,
'Twixt hissing Woods by rocking Winds stript bare.

Philosophers have not yet fixed the true Taste of freezing Air; though we may learn from this Passage that it was not warm; because then the two Youths would not have left the warm Hearth, to taste it between hissing Woods: so that we may conclude it to be hissing cold.

—*By rocking Winds stript bare.*] Rocking Winds. Nonsense. We must certainly read, robbing Winds, and then the Sense is complete. The Winds were a Sort of Free-Booty Gentlemen, that stript the poor Woods

Woods to the Skin, and left them (in worſe Condition than *Adam* and *Eve)* without ſo much as a Leaf to cover their Nakedneſs.

W—RB—RT—N.

The ſtarting Deer before their Footſteps fly,
And turning ſhiver with aſtoniſh'd Eye.

The ordinary Reader will not be able to comprehend this Paſſage. It means, that the Deer run away from them, that they ſhiver with Cold, that they turn to look, and conſequently with an Eye, which Eye is aſtoniſhed: And as they ſhiver and have an Eye, they muſt ſhiver with that Eye; and they muſt alſo ſhiver in turning, and turn in ſhivering: and ſo they turn and ſhiver, and ſhiver and turn. W—RB—RT—N.

Zoilus aſks what their Eye is aſtoniſhed at? Why, at fifty Things; at the Buds of Honour, the hiſſing Woods, the rocking Winds, Icy Sheet, rugged Plain, froſty Fetters.

On Nature's Fingers turn'd, their Locks embrac'd
Their Vi'let Temples, pittoreſquely grac'd.

Nature is here elegantly repreſented as a Tyre-Woman, or rather Woman-Barber; and as Barbers bind the Hair round their Fingers to make it curl, our Poet properly ſays, 'On Nature's Fingers turned,' to expreſs, that their Locks curled naturally. So intimately he knows Arts and Artiſts.

Vi'let Temples.] A leſs judicious Writer would have ſaid, Snow-white; and that not improperly, as it was the ſnowy Seaſon. But how much more ſignificant is the Epithet, Violet? For as Violets are blue, and 'tis common in cold froſty Weather for the Noſe to look blue, ſo the Temples will be blue or Violet in ſo ſevere a Froſt.

The Cotton MS. has two Lines immediately after theſe, which ſeem to come from our Author.

And *Jove*, kind Barber, from his heav'nly Puff,
Thoſe Locks to powder, ſhook down Snow enough.

The furious Blaſts, with which the Foreſt mews,
Dancing the Curls, their ſalvage Nature-loſe.

Every Naturaliſt knows how ſuch Foreſts, agitated by the Wind, in their Sound reſemble the Cry of a Cat, eſpecially if ſhe growls a little, at the ſame Time ſhe mews.

Lonely they wander'd thro' the leafleſs Shade,
And now beſide the frozen Water play'd.

How careful is our Poet to let us know that the Shade here meant is leafleſs, leſt immediately on mentioning the Shade of Trees we ſhould look for Leaves, and be diſappointed. We are not too nicely to enquire how the Shade was made; for this is one of the Myſteries which ſublime Poets are allowed to conceal from vulgar Apprehenſions.

Doubting its Strength, they try the brittle Sides,
Now lighter *George* towards the Centre glides;
March views his vent'rous Feet, while gen'rous Fear
Tortures the Eye-brows of the tender Peer.

By *March* is not meant, as ſome will have it, the Month ſo called; becauſe it was *January* that was then King; and as he was but newly in his Reign juſt before, we can hardly ſuppoſe him to be dethroned ſo ſoon.

The trembling Trees their lengthen'd Arms extend,
And leaning, puſh'd by Winds, towards him bend.

It is a Doubt whether the Trees would have bent towards him, had they not been puſhed by the Winds. For my Part, I am inclined to think they would; for had they been unwilling to do it, they need not have ſtretched out their Arms, as they did, but

but could have kept them close to their Sides. And that they were earnest to help them, is confirmed by what follows immediately:

But vainly stretching out their Fingers grey,
They whisp'ring call, and beckon him away.

What a sad Fright must they be in? They not only stretch out their Arms, but their Fingers. Fingers grey, is an elegant and just Expression; though it requires a little Circumlocution to explain it. Hoary signifies grey (as Canus in Latin, and Hoary Hairs are the same as grey Hairs) and hoary likewise means frosty, from Hoar-frost. Now as the Fingers of the Trees were covered with the Frost, they were hoary, and if hoary, grey. How judiciously does our Poet employ his Epithets! W—RB—RT—N.

Zoilus, Jun. impertinently cavils at this truly grand Passage, in the following Words: 'What Occasion (says he) had the Poet to say, that the Trees stretched out their Fingers, when he had told us before, that they extended their Arms. This is Tautology. And why (says the Critic) did they only whispering call him? They should have hollaed out as loud as they could bawl, or else they could not be heard.' So far *Zoilus*: But in the first Place, Fingers here is not Tautology; for could not the Trees stretch out their Arms, and yet double their Fists? Besides, it was necessary, you see, for the Trees to stretch out their Fingers, as well as their Arms, to beckon him away. As to the Second Remark, would he have the poor Trees do more than they could? A whole Forest, when heartily thumped by furious Blasts, could but mew at most, as we find some Lines above; then surely the simple Trees could but whisper. And as they grew very near the Bank, Whispering was enough, and could very well be heard. Nay, if they could not, somebody else might: For

The Ice with crackling Voice bids him retreat,
And from the Centre underneath his Feet,
Darts to the Banks his ſhining Character.

The older MSS. have it, cackling Voice; but, as *Scaliger* obſerves, this Expreſſion can only be applied to a Gooſe: wherefore he rightly alters it to crackling, which is the Tone of Voice Ice always ſpeaks in.

The Sun beholds the Silver-beaming Star,
And veils in thick'ning Clouds his melting Light,
The Winter-Monarch ſhivers at the Sight.

By the Winter-Monarch is certainly meant his frigid Majeſty,

'King *January*, newly in his Reign.'

who, though Cold is as natural to him as his Skin, yet could not help ſhivering at this lamentable Spectacle.

While from his Icicle-fring'd Seat of Snow,
In frozen Equipage, amid the Blow
Of Ice-lip'd Winds, o'er Hail-white Pavements roll'd,
He breath'd from Marble Lungs increaſing Cold.

We have here a particular Deſcription of his Majeſty's State Coach. The Cuſhion was made of the fineſt blanched Snow, and edged round with a beautiful Fringe of Icicles, a-la-mode de Paris. And when his Majeſty choſe to 'taſte (or take) the freezing Air,' he always went in a frozen Equipage, which, inſtead of being dragged by Horſes, was puſhed along by half a Dozen chubby-faced Winds with Lips of Ice, and rattled over the Ways which were paved with huge Hail-ſtones. How ſuitable is this to the Grandeur of a Winter-Monarch! And how much does it exceed the famous Deſcription of *Neptune* in *Homer's Iliad*, Book the 13th.

And

And breath'd from Marble Lungs.] How judiciouſly does our Poet furniſh his Monarch with Lungs adapted to every Thing about him. For had they been of mere Fleſh and Blood, they muſt have thawed his Throne, his Coach, and his very Dominions, and forced the poor Prince to paddle in warm Water of his own making.

Swift from the Puff deſcends a ſaline Shower,
The knitting Winds exert their utmoſt Power.

Why is the Shower ſaline? Becauſe all Salts are cold; and as the Breath that proceeds from Marble Lungs muſt of Conſequence be cold, it may therefore be called ſaline. We are alſo to ſuppoſe the Monarch puffed away as faſt as he could, ſo that he may be ſaid to ſhower out his Breath.

The knitting Winds.] Some other Copies have it knotting, which *Burman* prefers, as being a more genteel Employment than that of Knitting. But the Context will not bear it. The Alluſion is to a Hole in a Stocking, to which the Hole in the Ice is compared; and therefore 'twas neceſſary that the Winds ſhould be Maſters of the Knitting-Needle to be able to repair the Breach.

In vain,—in vain—the lucid Footing gone,
The Youth is ſwallow'd in the broken Yawn,
Death from the Pool roſe grinning for the Prize.
March views the bony Form with frighted Eyes,
And from his Reach to reach his Brother flies.

Reader, didſt thou ever ſee a long ghaſtly Figure of nothing but Bones with an Hour-glaſs and Scythe in his Hands, on a Country Tomb-ſtone, or before an old Ballad of Death and the Lady? If thou haſt, then wilt thou eaſily perceive the Propriety of this Image, and conclude that *March* has Reaſon to have his Eyes frighted at the grinning, bony Form. Who

is

is meant by *March*, ſee my Note above on this Line,

March views his vent'rous Feet, &c.

and you will find that the Eye-brows were tortured then by Fear, as much as the Eyes are frighted here:

Yet from his Reach to reach his Brother flies.]

How elegant is the Repetition of Reach? 'Tis true, this is not ſo agreeable to the common Way of Speaking; for though I can ſay, Reach me hither ſuch a Thing, yet you cannot ſay, No, I will reach it from your Reach. But ſuch ſublime Poets, as our Author, are above being confined within the narrow Limits of Senſe.

The fractur'd Cover burſts beneath his Weight,
He ſinks, the Waters round him circulate:
He finds the Bottom, o'er the liquid Strife
Roſe up to kiſs the Paſſages of Life.

That is, ere the Water roſe as high as his Mouth. We are to ſuppoſe that the Water was very deſirous of kiſſing him, and fought with itſelf about it; whence aroſe a liquid Strife.

Paſſages of Life.] As Food is the Staff of Life, and paſſes in at the Mouth through the Throat, &c. they are elegantly called Paſſages of Life. *Janus Douſa* will have it, that by this Expreſſion is meant the Paſſage behind, through which, ſays he, the Food paſſes out; and 'tis not expreſsly determined by the Author whether he meant the Fore or the Back Door of Life. But it is ſcarce probable that the Water roſe up no higher: nor would it be quite ſo decent to ſay that the Water wanted to kiſs his ——.

Long in the muffled Firmament, the Rain
Belly'd the cloudy Spunges of the Main.

Belly'd

Belly'd is certainly corrupt. We ſhould read, belyed; for the cloudy Spunges ſeemed to ſay, we ſhould have Rain; but the Rain would not come down, and therefore gave the Spunges the Lie. Or perhaps our Author, who is fond of Metaphors, wrote the Line thus:

Jelly'd i'th' cloudy Spunges, &c.

that is, the Rain turned to a ſtiff Jelly, and conſequently, could not flow in Drops. Either Reading is extremely juſt and elegant.

W—RB—RT—N.

Cloudy Spunges of the Main.] This is agreeable to Philoſophy; which teaches, that the Clouds ſpunge upon the Sea, till they have ſucked their Belly-full of Liquor, and then they are ſqueezed 'till they are dry again, which forms Rain. This Squeezing is *Jove's* Office, as is told by two Lines ſubſequent to theſe, in the Cotton MS. and which are certainly our Author's, who gives us in them another Source of Rain.

[Which *Jove* refus'd through fine-ey'd Sieves to ſqueeze,
Or from his Noſe prolific Drops to ſneeze.]

Leſt falling, running to the Pool beneath,

Too high't ſhould hold the Silver Snare of Death. But why Silver? Would not a Copper or Braſs one do as well? But I never heard that Fiſhing-nets were ever made of Metal. They are generally made of Packthread; but as Death was a Gentleman Fiſher, he might uſe one made of Silk Twiſt, and therefore I'm inclined to think our Poet wrote, ſilken Snare; which I have accordingly reſtored. TH—B—LD.

What would the blockheadly Reſtorer be at? He is caught in a Leaden Snare, I am ſure. By Silver Snare the Poet means, pale or white; Silver being always an Emblem of that Colour. W—RB—RT—N.

The

The Poet very judic***y t*lls us tha* ***tation of th* *** had bee*.

As there is but one Copy of these truly valuable Notes, preserved in the *Cotton Library*, it is in vain to hope that this *Hiatus valde Deflendus* can ever be restored. For

——*Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,*
Nec potuit ferrum, nec edax abolere Vetustas,
'Heu! morsu tineæ potuere, et ridiculus mus.'

What nor offended *Jove*'s avenging Ire,
Nor Gothic Arms, nor spreading Fire,
Nor Time's devouring Tooth could e'er annoy,
With envious Bite the lurking Moth,
The little Mouse could secretly destroy,
Than Time, or *Jove* more fell, or Fire, or Savage Goth.

AN

AN INSPECTOR.

NUMBER 66666.

The Man, that hath no Muſic in his Soul,
Nor is not mov'd with Concord of ſweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treaſons, Stratagems, and Spoils.
Let no ſuch Man be truſted.——

SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER I had chatted away an Hour or ſo over a Diſh of Coffee and Criticiſm at the *Bedford*, I went off in a Coranto, whipped into my Chariot, and drove away to the Concert in *Dean-Street*. When I had run over every pretty Face in that Aſſembly worth looking at, I directed my Coachman to go to the Theatre. I entered the right Hand Stage-box; a general Whiſper went round the Houſe: every Eye was fixed on my Perſon, though *Barry* was in one of the moſt tender and pathetic Parts of *Othello*. Preſently after, the Muſic ſtruck up: the Men of Faſhion in the Boxes leered towards me with a Smile of Approbation: the pretty dear Creatures fluttered their Fans at me: the City Gallants of the firſt Gallery peruſed me with a Stare of Aſtoniſhment: and the Peaſant Inhabitants among the Gods looked as if they were aſking one another, Which is He?—In the mean Time, the ſhrill Cry of Oranges and Nonpareils,

Nonpareils, and the hoarſe Coughings of phthiſicky old Women, joined with the Puphony of the Orcheſtra, made up an out-of-the way, comical Sort of Concert.

I never go to any Entertainment without a Deſign of benefiting my Readers by it. The different Modulations of the Inſtruments, which I had heard before at *Ogle's*, and which now filled up the Interminſion of the Play, made me reflect on the near Affinity between the *Actors* and the *Muſic*, and gave me the Hint of drawing a new Parallel between them. The Play began anew: others were obſerving the expreſſive Action of the Performers, and impatiently waiting the Cataſtrophe of the Piece: I was only attentive to their different Tones of Voice, and comparing them with the Sounds I had juſt heard from the Wind and String Inſtruments.

Mr. *Garrick*, (for I carried my Reflection equally to both Houſes,) I conſidered as a double-keyed Harpſichord ſtruck by the nice Finger of an *Handel*; now raiſing us to the alarming Baſs of Terror, now ſinking us down to the melting Treble of Pity: Sometimes fixing our ſerious Thoughts to a ſlow Tragical *penſeroſo*, at other Times tickling our enlivened Faculties to a briſk Comedy *andante*, or a light farcical Jig. All the Powers of Harmony are included, and the whole Energy of Compoſition exerted, in this various and delightful Inſtrument.

I mean not to derogate from the Merits of Mr. *Barry* by the Similitude, when I liken him to the *Italian Violin*; which, if it cannot take in the whole Compaſs and Contrariety of Notes (expreſſive of every Paſſion) that the Harpſichord is equal to, yet it draws out ſuch a Sweetneſs of Tone, ſuch a calm Melody of Sound, that the correct Ear diſcovers exquiſite Force in its Simplicity. Sometimes too it ſhakes the Soul with its Rapidity, and the ſympathizing Senſes are enraptured with the Graces capable

to

to be expreſſed on it by the maſterly Execution of a *Giardini*.

Mr. *Moſſop*, though a very promiſing Actor, does not as yet aſpire to the Expreſſion of Mr. *Garrick*, whom I compared to the Harpſichord, or the Delicacy of Mr. *Barry*, whom I conſidered as a Violin. I ſhall therefore place him on the Stage nearly in the ſame Rank that the Violincello holds in the Orcheſtra. His Elocution to the vulgar Part of the Audience may ſound harſh and ſomewhat grating: but there is a noble Dignity in it; and, like the Inſtrument juſt mentioned, at the ſame Time it is Strong, Loud, and Full, is Delectable, Juſt, and Melodious.

I may be cenſured perhaps for ſaying, that the Hautboy is no bad Reſemblance of Mr. *Roſs*; neither remarkable for its Sweetneſs or Variety, and rather pleaſing than ſurpriſing, more uſeful in a Concerto, when accompanied with better-toned Inſtruments, than it is efficacious when playing a Solo.

And here Mr. *Quin* among the Reſt muſt not be forgotten, as we have ſo often heretofore admired him, when he ſmote the General Ear, and ſhook Pit, Box, and Gallery, with his Thunder. But I know not whether we may better trace him in the rough Rumbling of the Baſſoon, the loud Roaring of the Kettle-Drum, the full Cadence of the Horn, or the deep and ſtrong Uniſon of the Double-Baſs.

Mrs. *Gibber*'s ſoft eaſy Pipe aptly enough brought to my Remembrance the Mellowneſs of a German Flute, when inſpired by the almoſt ſpeaking Breath of a *Burk Thumoth*. The Plaintiveneſs of her Accents are expreſſive of the liquid Melody peculiar to this Inſtrument, whoſe Sounds are adapted to the Languiſhings of Love, and melt us with extatic Mildneſs: —not but that ſometimes they are raiſed to a higher Pitch, and ſtartle us with the wild Fury of extravagant Deſpair. I could wiſh indeed Mrs. *Gibber*'s

Stops

Stops were regulated with the Judgment of a *Pritchard*, that we might not be ſo often tired with a conſtant and unaltered Monotony.

But oh! the Miſs *Bellamy*,—the fine, the charming, the every-thing Miſs *Bellamy*,—ſhe, whom I affirm to be the beſt Actreſs, and the handſomeſt Woman in the World,—ſhe, in whom all the Combination of harmonious Utterance are united; whenever the rich Muſic of her Tongue ſweetens the Air, (as *Romeo* calls it,)—O what ſingle Inſtrument can come up to her Expreſſion!—I ſhould do her Injuſtice even to compare her with the new-invented Lyrichord of Plenius; where the Softneſs of the Flagellet, the Mellowneſs of the Flute, and the Fullneſs of the Hautboy, are, by the Vibrations of the ſeveral Chords artfully diſpoſed, all of them curiouſly blended together.—Miſs *Bellamy*, in my Opinion, is an Organ playing with a vaſt Variety of Stops, and makes in herſelf a complete Concert.

In the Theatres there are ſeveral meaner-ſounding Inſtruments, neither commanding for their Grace, nor affecting for their Energy—yet they ſerve well enough to fill up the Band; and if inelegant, or of diſſonant Mood, they paſs off, as without particular Diſtinction, ſo without particular Diſlike; while their unmeaning ill-timed Diſcordancy is happily loſt and drowned in the general Harmony.

*** This is deſigned as a Companion to my former (before never heard of) Parallel between Painting and Playing.

I know not what to think of the following: I found it in my Pocket Yeſterday: Nor can I gueſs how it came thither: 'Twas after my Return from ſeeing the curious Creature, in whoſe

whose Character it is written: I remember I careſſed him with much Fondneſs; and once, I believe, hinted I would do him Juſtice in Print. Others more credulous may think ſomething miraculous in it: I can only ſay, the little dumb Animal ſeemed to me to ſhew more Ingenuity than many two-legged Puppies of my Acquaintance, that pretended to Rationality.

HISTORY *of the* MOST AMAZING *and* SAGACIOUS ENGLISH DOG.

Written by HIMSELF.

Were I to reveal the Secret how I have been able to write at all, it would too much ſtagger human Belief: let it ſuffice that I have really done it; and from the incredible Feats People daily ſee me perform, a conjectural Argument may be fairly deduced, that it was poſſible for me to have written this.

The Learned very well know the Tenets of *Pythagoras:* He maintained the Principles of Tranſmigration: that the Bodies of Men were animated by Souls paſſing from Brutes, and of Brutes by Souls paſſing from Men. This Doctrine has been long exploded; but may it not be true? The Earth was once thought to be immoveable; and it was pronounced an Hereſy, doomed to the Faggot, to affirm the contrary. *Des Cartes*'s Syſtem of Philoſophy had once as many Supporters as Sir *Iſaac*'s has at preſent: Many Opinions have been reſumed, that before had been diſcarded:—*Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidere*—And why not this of Tranſmigration?

I myſelf, I ſolemnly declare, was an Intimate and Fellow-Soldier with *Euphorbus*, who was afterwards *Pythagoras* himſelf: and who knows but thoſe bluff *Engliſh* Maſtiffs, who now amicably ſerve together at the ſame Shambles, may inherit, not the Names only, but the very Souls of thoſe rival Heroes, *Pompey* and *Cæſar*,

But it were preſumptuous in a ſimple Dog, as I am, a mere Brute endued, as 'tis ſaid, only with Inſtinct, to enter into phyſical Diſquiſitions: Yet, I aſſure you, I have a Memory, not only of what has happened to me in my preſent Shape, but through all my Tranſactions. A few Incidents I ſhall ſelect of my canine State of Life, to which, by a ſad Fatality, I have been chiefly confined.

Firſt then, it is neceſſary to inform you, that I was once the glorious Dog-Star, elevated to the bliſsful Regions of the Skies. I there enjoyed a tranquil Felicity, till, by my Barking, I imprudently diſturbed the Sovereign *Jupiter* in an Amour with a certain Goddeſs. For this Offence I was baniſhed the Heavens; and, as I could not be wholly diveſted of Immortality, condemned to inhabit material Beings here on Earth, and do a ſhameful Penance in groſs Fleſh and Blood.

'Tis not worth while to mention how long I have thus ſuffered, or in what different Forms: I was one of thoſe Dogs that encompaſſed *Scylla*, ſo renowned in poetical Story: I was one of thoſe Dogs that helped to devour their Maſter *Actæon*; whoſe Soul *Diana* commanded inſtantly to enter the dead Body of a Stag newly killed, that he might not be able to blab of her Nakedneſs.—(*Ovid* tells the Story otherwiſe, but this is the Fact.)—I was *Ulyſſes*'s faithful *Argos*, who diſcovered my Maſter after Twenty Years Abſence, when his Wife, his Son, and all his Family, could not know him.

Among

Among the human Mortals, whom I lived in, the chief was that ſnarling Philoſopher *Diogenes*, the firſt Founder of Tub-Preachers. He was properly ſtiled the *Cynic*, on Account of his dogged Nature; of which I was truly the conſtituent Cauſe. From him I tranſmigrated into many other Bodies, which, at preſent, I have no Inclination to enumerate.

I ſhall haſten to the Period at which I aſſumed the Form I am now in: I had the Honour to be tranſmitted into the Carcaſe of a Puppy ſprung from a polite Lady's favourite Lap-Dog: My Education was the tendereſt imaginable: The Lady's Son and Heir was not brought up with more Delicacy, Care, and Affection. Unluckily for me, my Parent had not been quite ſo curious in her Choice of an Helpmate: I ſoon diſcovered Marks of a Mongrel Breed, and ſhewed evident Promiſes of an unfaſhionable Size and Shape. In fine, I was expelled the ſoft Velvet Cuſhion of the Drawing-Room, and ſent down to the hard Mattraſs of the Servants Hall.

Before I had paſſed the Non-age of Puppy-hood, I found myſelf tranſported to an Alehouſe Kitchen, for the Servants were worn out with my continual Yelping at my indelicate Situation: the Lady ceaſed to enquire after me; and they were glad to get rid of me at any Rate. My new Maſter of the Taphouſe clapped me up into a wooden Whirligig, and ſet me to work at what is called Spinning of Roaſt-Meat. My Limbs, alas! never inured to Service, and before always indulged in the Luxury of Indolence, could not ſubmit to ſuch toilſome Employment. Blows only diſheartened me; and I learnt the mean Practice of thoſe daſtard Curs, that ſkulk away in Corners, when they are wanted to get Dinner.

After I had increaſed conſiderably in Bulk, almoſt too big for the Service I was deſtined to, a Coach-

man, who uſed to drink at our Houſe, was charmed with my Spots: He begged me, eaſily obtained me, and I was carried to the Stable, where my Spirit was ſo broken, that I with Pleaſure ſuffered the dirty Hands of Grooms to clap me on the Back, and ſlinking Poſtillions to ſpit in my Mouth. But my Pride made me more than Amends; for wherever the Coach went, I was always carried in the Boot, and ſtuck myſelf up erect upon the Foot-board: I then thought the Horſes, and all, were at my Command; and, like the Fly upon the Wheel, I attributed to myſelf the mighty Duſt that was raiſed about me.

I was a very docile Creature, and at Times had been taught to fetch and carry, to ſtand upon my hind Legs, to yawn at Command, and to play a thouſand Tricks that ſervile Dogs are obliged to ſubmit to. This procured me the Good-will of the grinning Vulgar, and gained me many a caſt Bone as a Reward for my Ingenuity.

At length the famous *Bampfylde More Carew*, (well known in the Country by the Name of Dog-ſtealer) came to the Town where we were: He ſcraped Acquaintance with me among others of my Species; and enticed us along with him by a Charm no leſs powerful than the Cake which quieted the Triple-headed *Cerberus*. For myſelf, not having been initiated in any of the ruſtic Sports, he ſold me to a Mountebank at the next Village for Sixpence dry, and a Pot of Flip. With this my new Maſter and his Merry-Andrew, I travelled over ſeveral Parts of *England*, and contributed my Share to their Impoſitions on poor, ignorant, gaping Clowns. He taught me, upon taking ſome innocent Compoſition, immediately to counterfeit myſelf dead: I would throw myſelf into the moſt convulſive Agonies, 'till, upon applying a trifling Liquor to my Noſtrils, I could ſpring up briſkly upon my Legs, ſhake

ſhake myſelf, wag my Tail, ſkip about, and ſhow all the evident Tokens of my ſpeedy Recovery.

Poverty, and the Apprehenſions of a Gaol, drove my Maſter at laſt to ſeek Refuge in *France*. Here it was that I firſt had an Interview, which ſoon ripened into Intimacy, with the famous *Chien Savant*, who was then learning thoſe Exerciſes, which he has ſince exhibited with ſo much Applauſe in *England*. I was ſtruck with his Ingenuity: I ſtudied his Practices; and in copying after this great Original, I found myſelf able to make many Improvements on them. However, I choſe to conceal my Talents, till I ſhould get a favourable Occaſion to exert them.

After Monſieur *Le Chien* had been ſome Time ſettled in *England*, the ingenious Artiſt, under whoſe Tuition I now am, came to *Boulogne* on the ſame Errand with my Maſter. He had ſeen the ſagacious Performances of *Le Chien:* And when he ſaw a Specimen of mine, he was in Raptures to meet a Dog of his own Country, that might, at the ſame Time I brought Profit to himſelf, do Honour to the Nation. In a Word, he ſoon ſtruck up a Bargain with my Owner, who having no farther Uſe for me in his medical Capacity, parted with me without Reluctance; and I reviſited once more my dear native Land, *England*.

I have ever ſince been preparing for Exhibition: My Inſtructor, reſolving I ſhould exceed the Foreigner's Sagacity, has taught me to diſtinguiſh the *Greek* Alphabet, of which I am now perfect Maſter from Alpha to Omega. I can even ſound ſome of the Letters almoſt to a Degree of Speaking; as the χ, &c. but particularly the ϱ; which I can growl out (eſpecially when aſſerting my Poſſeſſion to a Bone) with ſuch a guttural Emphaſis, as Mr. *Moſſop*, whom I've heard my Owner talk of, cannot equal.

To conclude.—My Countrymen are fond of Novelties: They love every Thing that is ſtrange and unnatural: I have therefore a juſt Right to their Favours: and if they are not blinded by that national Partiality to Foreigners, I don't doubt but I ſhall eaſily convince them, that the Moſt Amazing and Sagacious *Engliſh* Dog far exceeds the Famous *French* Chien Savant; at leaſt, let the old Proverb aſſiſt me, which tells us, 'Every Dog has his Day.'

THE

THE LIFE OF

HENRY ST. JOHN,

Lord Viſcount BOLINGBROKE.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

THERE are ſome Characters that ſeem formed by Nature to take Delight in ſtruggling with Oppoſition, and whoſe moſt agreeable Hours are paſſed in Storms of their own creating. The Subject of the preſent Sketch was perhaps of all others the moſt indefatigable in raiſing himſelf Enemies, to ſhew his Power in ſubduing them; and was not leſs employed in improving his ſuperior Talents, than in finding Objects on which to exerciſe their Activity. His Life was ſpent in a continued Conflict of Politics; and, as if that was too ſhort for the Combat, he has left his Memory as a Subject of laſting Contention.

It is indeed no eaſy Matter to preſerve an acknowledged Impartiality, in talking of a Man ſo differently regarded on Account of his Political, as well as his Religious Principles. Thoſe whom his Politics may pleaſe, will be ſure to condemn him for his Religion; and, on the contrary, thoſe moſt ſtrongly attached to his Theological Opinions, are the moſt likely to decry his Politics. On whatever Side he is regarded, he is ſure to have Oppoſers, and this was

perhaps what he moſt deſired, having from Nature a Mind better pleaſed with the Struggle than the Victory.

Henry St. John, Lord Viſcount *Bolingbroke*, was born in the Year 1672, at *Batterſea* in *Surry*, at a Seat that had been in the Poſſeſſion of his Anceſtors for Ages before. His Family was of the firſt Rank, equally conſpicuous for its Antiquity, Dignity, and large Poſſeſſions. It is found to trace its Original as high as *Adam de Port*, Baron of *Baſing* in *Hampſhire*, before the Conqueſt; and in a Succeſſion of Ages to have produced Warriors, Patriots, and Stateſmen, ſome of whom were conſpicuous for their Loyalty, and others for their defending the Rights of the People. His Grandfather Sir *Walter St. John*, of *Batterſea*, marrying one of the Daughters of Lord Chief Juſtice *St. John*, who as all know was ſtrongly attached to the Republican Party, *Henry*, the Subject of the preſent Memoir, was brought up in his Family, and conſequently imbibed the firſt Principles of his Education amongſt the Diſſenters. At that Time *Daniel Burgeſs*, a Fanatic of a very peculiar Kind, being at once poſſeſſed of Zeal and Humour, and as well known for the Archneſs of his Conceits as the furious Obſtinacy of his Principles, was Confeſſor in the Preſbyterian Way to his Grandmother, and was appointed to direct our Author's firſt Studies. Nothing is ſo apt to diſguſt a feeling Mind as miſtaken Zeal; and perhaps the Abſurdity of the firſt Lectures he received, might have given him that Contempt for all Religions, which he might have juſtly conceived againſt one. Indeed no Taſk can be more mortifying than that he was condemned to undergo: 'I was obliged,' ſays he in one Place, 'while yet a Boy, to read over the Com-'mentaries of Dr. *Manton*, whoſe Pride it was to 'have made an hundred and nineteen Sermons on

'the

'the hundred and nineteenth Pſalm.' Dr. *Manton* and his Sermons were not likely to prevail much on one, who was, perhaps, the moſt ſharp-ſighted in the World at diſcovering the Abſurdities of others, however he might have been guilty of eſtabliſhing many of his own.

But theſe dreary Inſtitutions were of no very long Continuance; as ſoon as it was fit to take him out of the Hands of the Women, he was ſent to *Eaton School*, and removed thence to *Chriſt Church College* in *Oxford*. His Genius and Underſtanding were ſeen and admired in both theſe Seminaries; but his Love of Pleaſure had ſo much the Aſcendency, that he ſeemed contented rather with the Conſciouſneſs of his own great Powers, than their Exertion. However his Friends, and thoſe who knew him moſt intimately, were thoroughly ſenſible of the Extent of his Mind; and when he left the Univerſity, he was conſidered as one who had the faireſt Opportunity of making a ſhining Figure in active Life.

Nature ſeemed not leſs kind to him in her external Embelliſhments, than in adorning his Mind. With the Graces of an handſome Perſon, and a Face in which Dignity was happily blended with Sweetneſs, he had a Manner of Addreſs that was very engaging. His Vivacity was always awake, his Apprehenſion was quick, his Wit refined, and his Memory amazing: His Subtilty in Thinking and Reaſoning were profound, and all theſe Talents were adorned with an Elocution that was irreſiſtible.

To the Aſſemblage of ſo many Gifts from Nature, it was expected that Art would ſoon give her finiſhing Hand; and that a Youth begun in Excellence would ſoon arrive at Perfection: But ſuch is the Perverſeneſs of human Nature, that an Age which ſhould have been employed in the Acquiſition of Knowledge, was diſſipated in Pleaſure; and inſtead of aiming to excel in praiſe-worthy Purſuits, *Bolingbroke*

Bingbroke ſeemed more ambitious of being thought the greateſt Rake about Town. This Period might have been compared to that of Fermentation in Liquors, which grow muddy before they brighten; but it muſt alſo be confeſt, that thoſe Liquors which never ferment are ſeldom clear. In this State of Diſorder he was not without his lucid Intervals; and even while he was noted for keeping Miſs *Gumley*, the moſt expenſive Proſtitute in the Kingdom, and bearing the greateſt Quantity of Wine without Intoxication, he even then deſpiſed his paltry Ambition. 'The Love of Study,' ſays he, 'and Deſire 'of Knowledge, were what I felt all my Life; and 'though my Genius, unlike the Dæmon of *Socrates*, 'whiſpered ſo ſoftly, that very often I heard him 'not in the Hurry of theſe Paſſions, with which I 'was tranſported, yet ſome calmer Hours there were, 'and in them I hearkened to him.' Theſe ſecret Admonitions were indeed very few, ſince his Exceſſes are remembered to this very Day. I have ſpoke to an old Man, who aſſured me that he ſaw him and another of his Companions run naked through the *Park*, in a Fit of Intoxication; but then it was at a Time when public Decency might be tranſgreſſed with leſs Danger than at preſent.

During this Period, as all his Attachments were to Pleaſure, ſo his Studies only ſeemed to lean that Way. His firſt Attempts were in Poetry, in which he diſcovers more Wit than Taſte, more Labour than Harmony in his Verſification. We have a Copy of his Verſes prefixed to *Dryden's Virgil*, complimenting the Poet, and praiſing his Tranſlation. We have another not ſo well known, prefixed to a *French* Work, publiſhed in *Holland*, by the Chevalier *de St. Hyacinth*, intituled, *Le Chef de Oeuvre d'un Inconnu*. This Performance is an humorous Piece of Criticiſm upon a miſerable old Ballad; and *Bolingbroke*'s Compliment, tho' written

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in *Engliſh*, is printed in *Greek* Characters, ſo that at the firſt Glance it may deceive the Eye, and be miſtaken for real *Greek*. There are two or three Things more of his Compoſition, which have appeared ſince his Death, but which neither do Honour to his Parts or Memory.

In this mad Career of Pleaſure he continued for ſome Time; but at length, in 1700, when he arrived at the twenty-eighth Year of his Age, he began to take a Diſlike to his Method of Living, and to find that ſenſual Pleaſure alone was not ſufficient to make the Happineſs of a reaſonable Creature. He therefore made his firſt Effort to break from his State of Infatuation, by marrying the Daughter and Coheireſs of Sir *Henry Wincheſcomb*, a Deſcendant from the famous *Jack* of *Newbury*, who, though but a Clothier, in the Reign of *Henry* VIII. was able to entertain the King and all his Retinue in the moſt ſplendid Manner. This Lady was poſſeſſed of a Fortune exceeding forty thouſand Pounds, and was not deficient in mental Accompliſhments; but whether he was not yet fully ſatiated with his former Pleaſures, or whether her Temper was not conformable to his own, it is certain they were far from living happily together. After cohabiting for ſome Time together, they parted by mutual Conſent, both equally diſpleaſed; he complaining of the Obſtinacy of her Temper, ſhe of the Shameleſſneſs of his Infidelity. A great Part of her Fortune ſome Time after, upon his Attainder, was given her back; but as her Family Eſtates were ſettled upon him, he enjoyed them after her Death, upon the Reverſal of his Attainder.

Having taken a Reſolution to quit the Allurements of Pleaſure for the ſtronger Attractions of Ambition, ſoon after his Marriage he procured a Seat in the Houſe of Commons, being elected for the Borough of *Wotton-Baſſet*, in *Wiltſhire*, his Father having

ſerved

ſerved ſeveral Times for the ſame Place. Beſides his natural Endowments, and his large Fortune, he had other very conſiderable Advantages that gave him Weight in the Senate, and ſeconded his Views of Preferment. His Grandfather, Sir *Walter St. John*, was ſtill alive, and that Gentleman's Intereſt was ſo great in his own County of *Wilts*, that he repreſented it in two Parliaments in a former Reign. His Father alſo was then the Repreſentative for the ſame, and the Intereſt of his Wife's Family in the Houſe was very extenſive. Thus *Bolingbroke* took his Seat with many accidental Helps, but his chief and great Reſource lay in his own extenſive Abilities.

At that Time the Whig and the Tory Parties were ſtrongly oppoſed in the Houſe, and pretty nearly balanced. In the latter Years of King *William*, the Tories, who from every Motive were oppoſed to the Court, had been gaining Popularity, and now began to make a public Stand againſt their Competitors. *Robert Harley*, afterwards Earl of *Oxford*, a ſtaunch and confirmed Tory, was, in the Year 1700, choſen Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, and was continued in the ſame upon the Acceſſion of Queen *Anne*, the Year enſuing. *Bolingbroke* had all along been bred up, as was before obſerved, among the Diſſenters, his Friends leaned to that Perſuaſion, and all his Connexions were in the Whig Intereſt. However, either from Principle, or from perceiving the Tory Party to be then gaining Ground, while the Whigs were declining, he ſoon changed his Connexions, and joined himſelf to *Harley*, for whom he then had the greateſt Eſteem: Nor did he bring him his Vote alone, but his Opinion; which even before the End of his firſt Seſſion he rendered very conſiderable, the Houſe perceiving, even in ſo young a Speaker, the greateſt Eloquence, united with the profoundeſt Diſcernment. The Year

Year following he was again choſen anew for the ſame Borough, and perſevered in his former Attachments; by which he gained ſuch an Authority and Influence in the Houſe, that it was thought proper to reward his Merit; and on the 10th of *April* 1704, he was appointed Secretary at War, and of the Marines, his Friend *Harley* having a little before been made Secretary of State.

The Tory Party being thus eſtabliſhed in Power, it may eaſily be ſuppoſed that every Method would be uſed to depreſs the Whig Intereſt, and to prevent it from riſing; yet ſo much Juſtice was done even to Merit in an Enemy, that the Duke of *Marlborough*, who might be conſidered as at the Head of the oppoſite Party, was ſupplied with all the Neceſſaries for carrying on the War in *Flanders* with Vigour; and it is remarkable, that the greateſt Events of his Campaigns, ſuch as the Battles of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*, and ſeveral glorious Attempts made by the Duke to ſhorten the War by ſome deciſive Action, fell out while *Bolingbroke* was Secretary at War. In Fact, he was a ſincere Admirer of that great General, and avowed it upon all Occaſions to the laſt Moment of his Life: He knew his Faults, he admired his Virtues, and had the Boaſt of being inſtrumental in giving Luſtre to thoſe Triumphs, by which his own Power was in a Manner overthrown.

As the Affairs of the Nation were then in as fluctuating a State as at preſent, *Harley*, after maintaining the Lead for above three Years, was in his Turn obliged to ſubmit to the Whigs, who once more became the prevailing Party, and he was compelled to reſign the Seals. The Friendſhip between him and *Bolingbroke* ſeems at this Time to have been ſincere and diſintereſted; for the latter choſe to follow his Fortune, and the next Day reſigned his Employments in the Adminiſtration, following his Friend's

Friend's Example, and ſetting an Example at once of Integrity and Moderation. As an Inſtance of this, when his Coadjutors the Tories were for carrying a violent Meaſure in the Houſe of Commons, in order to bring the Princeſs *Sophia* into *England*, *Bolingbroke* ſo artfully oppoſed it, that it dropt without a Debate. For this his Moderation was praiſed, but perhaps at the Expence of his Sagacity.

For ſome Time the Whigs ſeemed to have gained a complete Triumph; and, upon the Election of a new Parliament in the Year 1708, *Bolingbroke* was not returned. The Interval which followed of above two Years, he employed in the ſevereſt Study; and this recluſe Period he ever after uſed to conſider as the moſt active and ſerviceable of his whole Life. But his Retirement was ſoon interrupted by the prevailing of his Party once more; for the Whig Parliament being diſſolved in the Year 1710, he was again choſen; and *Harley* being made Chancellor and Under Treaſurer of the Exchequer, the important Poſt of Secretary of State was given to our Author, in which he diſcovered a Degree of Genius and Aſſiduity that perhaps have never been known to be united in one Perſon to the ſame Degree.

The *Engliſh* Annals ſcarce produce a more trying Juncture, or that required ſuch various Abilities to regulate. He was then placed in a Sphere, where he was obliged to conduct the Machine of State, ſtruggling with a thouſand various Calamities: A deſperate and enraged Party, whoſe Characteriſtic it has ever been to bear none in Power but themſelves; a War conducted by an able General, his profeſſed Opponent, and whoſe Victories only tended to render him every Day more formidable; a foreign Enemy, poſſeſſed of endleſs Reſources, and ſeeming to gather Strength from every Defeat; an inſidious Alliance, that wanted only to gain the Advantages of Victory,

Victory, without contributing to the Expences of the Combat; a weak declining Miſtreſs, that was led by every Report, and ſeemed ready to liſten to whatever was ſaid againſt him; ſtill more, a gloomy, indolent, and ſuſpicious Colleague, that envied his Power, and hated him for his Abilities: Theſe were a Part of the Difficulties that *Bolingbroke* had to ſtruggle with in Office, and under which he was to conduct the Treaty of the Peace of *Utrecht*, which was conſidered as one of the moſt complicated Negotiations that Hiſtory can afford. But nothing ſeemed too great for his Abilities and Induſtry; he ſet himſelf to the Undertaking with Spirit: He began to pave the Way to the intended Treaty by making the People diſcontented at the Continuance of the War; for this Purpoſe he employed himſelf in drawing up accurate Computations of the Numbers of our own Men, and that of Foreigners employed in its deſtructive Progreſs. He even wrote in the Examiners, and other periodical Papers of the Times, ſhewing how much of the Burden reſted upon *England*, and how little was ſuſtained by thoſe who falſely boaſted their Alliance. By theſe Means, and after much Debate in the Houſe of Commons, the Queen received a Petition from Parliament, ſhewing the Hardſhips the Allies had put upon *England* in carrying on this War, and conſequently how neceſſary it was to apply Relief to ſo ill-judged a Connexion. It may be eaſily ſuppoſed that the *Dutch*, againſt whom this Petition was chiefly levelled, did all that was in their Power to oppoſe it; many of the foreign Courts alſo, with whom we had any Tranſactions, were continually at Work to defeat the Miniſter's Intentions. Memorial was delivered after Memorial; the People of *England*, the Parliament, and all *Europe*, were made acquainted with the Injuſtice and the Dangers of ſuch a Proceeding: However, *Bolingbroke*

broke went on with Steadineſs and Reſolution; and although the Attacks of his Enemies at Home might have been deemed ſufficient to employ his Attention, yet he was obliged, at the ſame Time that he furniſhed Materials to the Preſs in *London*, to furniſh Inſtructions to all our Miniſters and Ambaſſadors abroad, who would do nothing but in Purſuance of his Directions. As an Orator, in the Senate he exerted all his Eloquence, he ſtated all the great Points that were brought before the Houſe, he anſwered the Objections that were made by the Leaders of the Oppoſition; and all this with ſuch Succeſs, that even his Enemies, while they oppoſed his Power, acknowledged his Abilities. Indeed, ſuch were the Difficulties he had to encounter, that we find him acknowledging himſelf ſome Years after, that he never looked back on this great Event, paſſed as it was, without a ſecret Emotion of Mind, when he compared the Vaſtneſs of the Undertaking, and the Importance of the Succeſs, with the Means employed to bring it about, and with thoſe which were employed to fruſtrate his Intentions.

While he was thus induſtriouſly employed, he was not without the Rewards that deſerved to follow ſuch Abilities, joined to ſo much Aſſiduity. In *July* 1712, he was created Baron *St. John*, of *Lidyard Tregoze*, in *Wiltſhire*, and Viſcount *Bolingbroke*, by the laſt of which Titles he is now generally known, and is likely to be talked of by Poſterity: He was alſo the ſame Year appointed Lord Lieutenant of the County of *Eſſex*. By the Titles of *Tregoze* and *Bolingbroke*, he united the Honours of the elder and younger Branch of his Family; and thus tranſmitted into one Channel the oppoſing Intereſts of two Races that had been diſtinguiſhed, one for their Loyalty to King *Charles* I. the other for their Attachment to the Parliament that oppoſed him. It was afterwards his Boaſt, that he ſteered clear

clear of the Extremes for which his Anceſtors had been diſtinguiſhed, having kept the Spirit of Freedom of the one, and acknowledged the Subordination that diſtinguiſhed the other.

Bolingbroke being thus raiſed very near the Summit of Power, began to perceive more nearly the Defects of him who was placed there. He now began to find that Lord *Oxford*, whoſe Party he had followed, and whoſe Perſon he had eſteemed, was by no Means ſo able or ſo induſtrious as he ſuppoſed him to be. He now began from his Heart to renounce the Friendſhip which he once had for his Coadjutor; he began to imagine him treacherous, mean, indolent, and invidious; he even began to aſcribe his own Promotion to *Oxford*'s Hatred, and to ſuppoſe that he was ſent up to the Houſe of Lords only to render him contemptible. Theſe Suſpicions were partly true, and partly ſuggeſted by *Bolingbroke*'s own Ambition; being ſenſible of his own ſuperior Importance and Capacity, he could not bear to ſee another take the Lead in public Affairs, when he knew they owed their chief Succeſs to his own Management. Whatever might have been his Motives, whether of Contempt, Hatred, or Ambition, it is certain an irreconcileable Breach began between theſe two Leaders of their Party; their mutual Hatred was ſo great, that even their own common Intereſt, the Vigour of their Negotiations, and the Safety of their Friends, were entirely ſacrificed to it. It was in vain that *Swift*, who was admitted into their Counſels, urged the unſeaſonable Impropriety of their Diſputes; that while they were thus at Variance within the Walls, the Enemy were making irreparable Breaches without. *Bolingbroke*'s Antipathy was ſo great, that even Succeſs would have been hateful to him, if Lord *Oxford* were to be a Partner. He abhorred him to that Degree, that he could not bear to be

joined with him in any Cafe; and even ſome Time after, when the Lives of both were aimed at, he could not think of concerting Meaſures with him for their mutual Safety, preferring even Death itſelf to the Appearance of a temporary Friendſhip.

Nothing could have been more weak and injudicious than their mutual Animoſities at this Juncture; and it may be aſſerted with Truth, that Men who were unable to ſuppreſs or conceal their Reſentments upon ſuch a trying Occaſion, were unfit to take the Lead in any Meaſures, be their Induſtry or their Abilities ever ſo great. In Fact, their Diſſentions were ſoon found to involve not only them, but their Party, in utter Ruin; their Hopes had for ſome Time been declining, the Whigs were daily gaining Ground, and the Queen's Death ſoon after totally deſtroyed all their Schemes with their Power.

Upon the Acceſſion of *George* I. to the Throne, Dangers began to threaten the late Miniſtry on every Side: whether they had really Intentions of bringing in the Pretender, or whether the Whigs made it a Pretext for deſtroying them, is uncertain; but the King very ſoon began to ſhew, that they were to expect neither Favour nor Mercy at his Hands. Upon his Landing at *Greenwich*, when the Court came to wait upon him, and Lord *Oxford* among the Number, he ſtudiouſly avoided taking any Notice of him, and teſtified his Reſentment by the Careſſes he beſtowed upon the Members of the oppoſite Faction. A Regency had been ſome Time before appointed to govern the Kingdom, and *Addiſon* was made Secretary. *Bolingbroke* ſtill maintained his Place of State Secretary, but ſubject to the Contempt of the Great, and the Inſults of the Mean. The firſt Step taken by them to mortify him, was to order all Letters and Packets directed to the Secretary of State, to be ſent to Mr. *Addiſon*; ſo that *Bolingbroke* was in Fact removed from his Office,

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that is, the Execution of it, in two Days after the Queen's Death. But this was not the worſt; for his Mortifications were continually heightened, by the daily Humiliation of waiting at the Door of the Apartment where the Regency ſat, with a Bag in his Hand, and being all the Time, as it were on Purpoſe, expoſed to the Inſolence of thoſe who were tempted by their natural Malevolence, or who expected to make their Court to thoſe in Power by abuſing him.

Upon this ſudden Turn of Fortune, when the Seals were taken from him, he went into the Country; and having received a Meſſage from Court, to be preſent when the Seal was taken from the Door of the Secretary's Office, he excuſed himſelf, alledging, that ſo trifling a Ceremony might as well be performed by one of the Under Secretaries; but at the ſame Time requeſted the Honour of kiſſing the King's Hand, to whom he teſtified the utmoſt Submiſſion. This Requeſt however was rejected with Diſdain; the King had been taught to regard him as an Enemy, and threw himſelf entirely on the Whigs for Safety and Protection.

The new Parliament, moſtly compoſed of Whigs, met the 17th of *March*; and in the King's Speech from the Throne, many enflaming Hints were given, and many Methods of Violence were chalked out to the two Houſes. 'The firſt Steps,' (ſays Lord *Bolingbroke*, ſpeaking on this Occaſion) 'in both were 'perfectly anſwerable; and, to the Shame of the 'Peerage be it ſpoken, I ſaw at that Time ſe- 'veral Lords concur to condemn, in one general 'Vote, all that they had approved in a former Par- 'liament, by many particular Reſolutions. Among 'ſeveral bloody Reſolutions propoſed and agitated at 'this Time, the Reſolution of impeaching me of 'High Treaſon was taken; and I took that of leav- 'ing *England*, not in a panic Terror, improved by

'the Artifices of the Duke of *Marlborough*, whom I 'knew even at that Time too well to act by his 'Advice or Information, in any Case, but on such 'Grounds as the Proceedings which soon followed 'sufficiently justified, and such as I have never re-'pented building upon. Those who blamed it in 'the first Heat, were soon after obliged to change 'their Language: For what other Resolution could 'I take? The Method of Prosecution designed 'against me, would have put me out of a Condi-'tion immediately to act for myself, or to serve those 'who were less exposed than me, but who were 'however in Danger. On the other Hand, how 'few were there on whose Assistance I could de-'pend, or to whom I would even in these Circum-'stances be obliged. The Ferment in the Nation 'was wrought up to a considerable Height; but 'there was at that Time no Reason to expect that 'it could influence the Proceedings in Parliament, 'in Favour of those who should be accused; left 'to its own Movement, it was much more proper 'to quicken than slacken the Prosecutions; and 'who was there to guide its Motions? The To-'ries, who had been true to one another to the last, 'were a Handful, and no great Vigour could be 'expected from them: the Whimsicals, disappointed 'of the Figure which they hoped to make, began 'indeed to join their old Friends. One of the prin-'cipal among them, namely, the Earl of *Anglesea*, 'was so very good as to confess to me, that if the 'Court had called the Servants of the late Queen to 'Account, and stopped there, he must have consi-'dered himself as a Judge, and acted according to 'his Conscience, on what should have appeared to 'him: but that War had been declared to the 'whole Tory Party, and that now the State of 'Things was altered. This Discourse needed no 'Commentary, and proved to me, that I had never

'erred

'erred in the Judgment I made of this Set of Men. 'Could I then reſolve to be obliged to them, or to 'ſuffer with *Oxford*? As much as I ſtill was heated 'by the Diſputes, in which I had been all my Life 'engaged againſt the Whigs, I would ſooner have 'choſen to owe my Security to their Indulgence, 'than to the Aſſiſtance of the Whimſicals: but I 'thought Baniſhment, with all her Train of Evils, 'preferable to either.'

Such was the miſerable Situation to which he was reduced upon this Occaſion; of all the Number of his former Flatterers and Dependants, ſcarce one was found remaining. Every Hour brought freſh Reports of his alarming Situation, and the Dangers which threatened him and his Party on all Sides. *Prior*, who had been employed in negotiating the Treaty of *Utrecht*, was come over to *Dover*, and had promiſed to reveal all he knew. The Duke of *Marlborough* planted his Creatures round his Lordſhip, who artfully endeavoured to increaſe the Danger; and an Impeachment was actually preparing, in which he was accuſed of High Treaſon. It argued therefore no great Degree of Timidity in his Lordſhip, to take the firſt Opportunity to withdraw from Danger, and to ſuffer the firſt Boilings of popular Animoſity, to quench the Flame that had been raiſed againſt him: accordingly, having made a gallant Shew of deſpiſing the Machinations againſt him, having appeared in a very unconcerned Manner at the Play-Houſe in *Drury-Lane*, and having beſpoke another Play for the Night enſuing; having ſubſcribed to a new Opera that was to be acted ſome Time after, and talked of making an elaborate Defence, he went off that ſame Night in Diſguiſe to *Dover*, as a Servant to *Le Vigne*, a Meſſenger belonging to the *French* King; and there one *William Morgan*, who had been a Captain in

General *Hill*'s Regiment of Dragoons, hired a Veſſel, and carried him over to *Calais*, where the Governor attended him in his Coach, and carried him to his Houſe with all poſſible Diſtinction.

The News of Lord *Bolingbroke*'s Flight was ſoon known over the whole Town; and the next Day, a Letter from him to Lord *Lanſdowne* was handed about in Print, to the following Effect:

'My Lord,

'I left the Town ſo abruptly, that I had no 'Time to take Leave of you or any of my Friends. 'You will excuſe me, when you know that I had 'certain and repeated Informations, from ſome who 'are in the Secret of Affairs, that a Reſolution was 'taken by thoſe who have Power to execute it, to 'purſue me to the Scaffold. My Blood was to have 'been the Cement of a new Alliance, nor could my 'Innocence be any Security, after it had once been 'demanded from Abroad, and reſolved on at Home, 'that it was neceſſary to cut me off. Had there 'been the leaſt Reaſon to hope for a fair and open 'Trial, after having been already prejudged unheard 'by two Houſes of Parliament, I ſhould not have 'declined the ſtricteſt Examination. I challenge 'the moſt inveterate of my Enemies to produce any 'one Inſtance of a criminal Correſpondence, or the 'leaſt Corruption of any Part of the Adminiſtra-'tion in which I was concerned. If my Zeal for 'the Honour and Dignity of my Royal Miſtreſs, 'and the true Intereſt of my Country, has any where 'tranſported me to let ſlip a warm or unguarded Ex-'preſſion, I hope the moſt favourable Interpretation 'will be put upon it. It is a Comfort that will re-'main with me in all my Misfortunes, that I ſerved 'her Majeſty faithfully and dutifully, in that eſpe-'cially which ſhe had moſt at Heart, relieving her 'People from a bloody and expenſive War, and that

'I have

'I have also been too much an *Englishman*, to sacrifice the Interest of my Country to any foreign 'Ally; and it is for this Crime only that I am now 'driven from thence. You shall hear more at large 'from me shortly. . . . . Yours, &c.'

No sooner was it universally known that he was retired to *France*, than his Flight was construed into a Proof of his Guilt; and his Enemies accordingly set about driving on his Impeachment with redoubled Alacrity. Mr. afterwards Sir *Robert Walpole*, who had suffered a good deal by his Attachment to the Whig Interest during the former Reign, now undertook to bring in and conduct the Charge against him in the House of Commons. His Impeachment consisted of six Articles, which *Walpole* read to the House, in Substance as follows. First, That whereas the Lord *Bolingbroke* had assured the *Dutch* Ministers, that the Queen his Mistress would make no Peace but in Concert with them, yet he had sent Mr. *Prior* to *France*, that same Year, with Proposals for a Treaty of Peace with that Monarch, without the Consent of the Allies. Secondly, That he advised and promoted the making a separate Treaty or Convention with *France*, which was signed in *September*. Thirdly, That he disclosed to M. *Mesnager*, the *French* Minister at *London*, this Convention, which was the preliminary Instructions to her Majesty's Plenipotentiaries at *Utrecht*. Fourthly, That her Majesty's final Instructions to her Plenipotentiaries, were disclosed by him to the Abbot *Gualtier*, who was an Emissary of *France*. Fifthly, That he disclosed to the *French* the Manner how *Tournay* in *Flanders* might be gained by them. And, lastly, That he advised and promoted the yielding up *Spain* and the *West-Indies* to the Duke of *Anjou*, then an Enemy to her Majesty. These were urged by *Walpole* with great Vehemence, and aggravated

with all the Eloquence of which he was Maſter. He challenged any Perſon in the Houſe to appear in Behalf of the Accuſed; and aſſerted, that to vindicate, were in a Manner to ſhare his Guilt. In this univerſal Conſternation of the Tory Party, none was for ſome Time ſeen to ſtir; but at length General *Roſs*, who had received Favours from his Lordſhip, boldly ſtood up, and ſaid, he wondered that no Man more capable was found to appear in Defence of the Accuſed. However, in attempting to proceed, he heſitated ſo much that he was obliged to ſit down, obſerving, that he would reſerve what he had to ſay to another Opportunity. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed, that the Whigs found no great Difficulty in paſſing the Vote for his Impeachment through the Houſe of Commons. It was brought into that Houſe on the 10th of *June*, 1715, it was ſent up to the Houſe of Lords on the 6th of *Auguſt* enſuing, and in Conſequence of which he was attainted by them of High Treaſon on the 10th of *September*. Nothing could be more unjuſt than ſuch a Sentence; but Juſtice had been long drowned in the Spirit of Party.

Bolingbroke, thus finding all Hopes cut off at Home, began to think of improving his wretched Fortune upon the Continent. He had left *England* with a very ſmall Fortune, and his Attainder totally cut off all Reſources for the future. In this depreſſed Situation, he began to liſten to ſome Propoſals which were made him by the Pretender, who was then reſiding at *Barr*, in *France*, and who was deſirous of admitting *Bolingbroke* into his ſecret Councils. A Propoſal of this Nature had been made him ſhortly after his Arrival at *Paris*, and before his Attainder at Home; but while he had yet any Hopes of ſucceeding in *England*, he abſolutely refuſed, and made the beſt Applications his

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ruined Fortune would permit, to prevent the Extremity of his Proſecution.

He had for ſome Time waited for an Opportunity of determining himſelf, even after he found it vain to think of making his Peace at Home. He let his Jacobite Friends in *England* know that they had but to command him, and he was ready to venture in their Service the little All that remained, as frankly as he had expoſed all that was gone. At length, (ſays he, talking of himſelf) theſe Commands came, and were executed in the following Manner. The Perſon who was ſent to me, arrived in the Beginning of *July* 1715, at the Place where I had retired to in *Dauphine*. He ſpoke in the Name of all the Friends whoſe Authority could influence me; and he brought me Word that *Scotland* was not only ready to take Arms, but under ſome Sort of Diſſatisfaction to be with-held from beginning: that in *England* the People were exaſperated againſt the Government to ſuch a Degree, that far from wanting to be encouraged, they could not be reſtrained from inſulting it on every Occaſion; that the whole Tory Party was become avowedly Jacobites; that many Officers of the Army, and the Majority of the Soldiers, were well-affected to the Cauſe; that the City of *London* was ready to riſe, and that the Enterprizes for ſeizing of ſeveral Places were ripe for Execution; in a Word, that moſt of the principal Tories were in a Concert with the Duke of *Ormond*: for I had preſſed particularly to be informed whether his Grace acted alone, or if not, who were his Council; and that the others were ſo diſpoſed, that there remained no Doubt of their joining, as ſoon as the firſt Blow ſhould be ſtruck. He added, that my Friends were a little ſurpriſed to obſerve that I lay neuter in ſuch a Conjuncture. He repreſented to me the Danger I ran of being prevented by People of all Sides from having the Merit of engaging

gaging early in this Enterprize, and how unaccountable it would be for a Man, impeached and attainted under the preſent Government, to take no Share in bringing about a Revolution ſo near at Hand, and ſo certain. He entreated that I would defer no longer to join the Chevalier, to adviſe and aſſiſt in carrying on his Affairs, and to ſolicit and negotiate at the Court of *France*, where my Friends imagined that I ſhould not fail to meet a favourable Reception, and from whence they made no Doubt of receiving Aſſiſtance in a Situation of Affairs ſo critical, ſo unexpected, and ſo promiſing. He concluded by giving me a Letter from the Pretender, whom he had ſeen in his Way to me, in which I was preſſed to repair without Loſs of Time to *Comercy*; and this Inſtance was grounded on the Meſſage which the Bearer of the Letter had brought me from *England*. In the Progreſs of the Converſation with the Meſſenger, he related a Number of Facts, which ſatisfied me as to the general Diſpoſition of the People; but he gave me little Satisfaction as to the Meaſures taken to improve this Diſpoſition, for driving the Buſineſs on with Vigour, if it tended to a Revolution, or for ſupporting it to Advantage if it ſpun into a War. When I queſtioned him concerning ſeveral Perſons whoſe Diſinclination to the Government admitted no Doubt, and whoſe Names, Quality, and Experience, were very eſſential to the Succeſs of the Undertaking; he owned to me that they kept a great Reſerve, and did at moſt but encourage others to act by general and dark Expreſſions. I received this Account and this Summons ill in my Bed; yet important as the Matter was, a few Minutes ſerved to determine me. The Circumſtances wanting to form a reaſonable Inducement to engage, did not excuſe me; but the Smart of a Bill of Attainder tingled in every Vein, and I looked on my Party to be under Oppreſſion, and to call for my Aſſiſtance.

Assistance. Besides which, I considered first that I should be certainly informed, when I conferred with the Chevalier, of many Particulars unknown to this Gentleman; for I did not imagine that the *English* could be so near to take up Arms as he represented them to be, on no other Foundation than that which he exposed.

In this Manner having for some Time debated with himself, and taken his Resolution, he lost no Time in repairing to the Pretender at *Comercy*, and took the Seals of that nominal King, as he had formerly those of his potent Mistress. But this was a terrible Falling-off indeed; and the very first Conversation he had with this weak Projector, gave him the most unfavourable Expectations of future Success. He talked to me, (says his Lordship) like a Man who expected every Moment to set out for *England* or *Scotland*, but who did not very well know for which; and when he entered into the Particulars of his Affairs, I found, that concerning the former, he had nothing more circumstantial or positive to go upon, than what I have already related. But the Duke of *Ormond* had been for some Time, I cannot say how long, engaged with the Chevalier: He had taken the Direction of this whole Affair, as far as it related to *England*, upon himself, and had received a Commission for this Purpose, which contained the most ample Powers that could be given. But still, however, all was unsettled, undetermined, and ill understood. The Duke had asked from *France* a small Body of Forces, a Sum of Money, and a Quantity of Ammunition; but to the first Part of the Request he received a flat Denial, but was made to hope that some Arms and some Ammunition might be given. This was but a very gloomy Prospect; yet Hope swelled the depressed Party so high, that they talked of nothing less than an instant and ready Revolution.

tion. It was their Intereſt to be ſecret and induſtrious; but rendered ſanguine by their Paſſions, they made no Doubt of ſubverting a Government with which they were angry, and gave as great an Alarm, as would have been imprudent at the Eve of a general Inſurrection.

Such was the State of Things, when *Bolingbroke* arrived to take up his new Office at *Comercy*; and although he ſaw the deplorable State of the Party with which he was embarked, yet he reſolved to give his Affairs the beſt Complexion he was able, and ſet out for *Paris*, in order to procure from that Court the neceſſary Succours for his new Maſter's Invaſion of *England*. But his Reception and Negotiations at *Paris* were ſtill more unpromiſing than thoſe at *Comercy*, and nothing but abſolute Infatuation ſeemed to dictate every Meaſure taken by the Party. He there found a Multitude of People at Work, and every one doing what ſeemed good in his own Eyes; no Subordination, no Order, no Concert. The Jacobites had wrought one another up to look upon the Succeſs of the preſent Deſigns as infallible: Every Meeting-Houſe which the Populace demoliſhed, as he himſelf ſays, every little drunken Riot which happened, ſerved to confirm them in theſe ſanguine Expectations; and there was hardly one among them who would loſe the Air of contributing by his Intrigues to the Reſtoration, which he took for granted would be brought about in a few Weeks. Care and Hope, ſays our Author very humorouſly, ſate on every buſy *Iriſh* Face; thoſe who could read and write, had Letters to ſhew; and thoſe who had not arrived to this Pitch of Erudition, had their Secrets to whiſper. No Sex was excluded from this Miniſtry; *Fanny Oglethorpe* kept her Corner in it; and *Olive Trant*, a Woman of the ſame mixed Reputation, was the great Wheel of this political Machine. The ridiculous Correſpondence

ſpondence was carried on with *England* by People of like Importance, and who were buſy in ſounding the Alarm in the Ears of an Enemy, whom it was their Intereſt to ſurpriſe. By theſe Means, as he himſelf continues to inform us, the Government of *England* was put on its Guard, ſo that before he came to *Paris*, what was doing had been diſcovered. The little Armament made at *Havre de Grace*, which furniſhed the only Means to the Pretender of landing on the Coaſts of *Britain*, and which had exhauſted the Treaſury of *St. Germains*, was talked of publickly. The Earl of *Stair*, the *Engliſh* Miniſter at that City, very ſoon diſcovered its Deſtination, and all the Particulars of the intended Invaſion; the Names of the Perſons from whom Supplies came, and who were particularly active in the Deſign, were whiſpered about at Tea-Tables and Coffee-Houſes. In ſhort, what by the Indiſcretion of the Projectors, what by the private Intereſts and ambitious Views of the *French*, the moſt private Tranſactions came to Light; and ſuch of the more prudent Plotters, who ſuppoſed that they had truſted their Heads to the keeping of one or two Friends, were in Reality at the Mercy of Numbers. Into ſuch Company, exclaims our noble Writer, was I fallen for my Sins. Still, however, he went on, ſteering in the wide Ocean without a Compaſs, till the Death of *Lewis* XIV. and the Arrival of the Duke of *Ormond* at *Paris*, rendered all his Endeavours abortive: Yet notwithſtanding theſe unfavourable Circumſtances, he ſtill continued to diſpatch ſeveral Meſſages and Directions for *England*, to which he received very evaſive and ambiguous Anſwers. Among the Number of theſe, he drew up a Paper at *Chaville*, in Concert with the Duke of *Ormond*, Marſhal *Berwick*, and *De Torcy*, which was ſent to *England* juſt before the Death of the King of *France*, repreſenting that *France* could not anſwer

anſwer the Demands of their Memorial, and praying Directions what to do. A Reply to this came to him through the *French* Secretary of State, wherein they declared themſelves unable to ſay any Thing, till they ſaw what Turn Affairs would take on the Death of the King, which had reached their Ears. Upon another Occaſion, a Meſſage coming from *Scotland* to preſs the Chevalier to haſten their Riſing, he diſpatched a Meſſenger to *London* to the Earl of *Mar*, to tell him that the Concurrence of *England* in the Inſurrection, was ardently wiſhed and expected; but inſtead of that Nobleman's waiting for Inſtructions, he had already gone into the Highlands, and had actually put himſelf at the Head of his Clans. After this, in Concert with the Duke of *Ormond*, he diſpatched one Mr. *Hamilton*, who got all the Papers by Heart, for Fear of a Miſcarriage, to their Friends in *England*, to inform them, that though the Chevalier was deſtitute of Succour, and all reaſonable Hopes of it, yet he would land as they pleaſed in *England* or *Scotland*, at a Minute's Warning; and therefore they might riſe immediately after they had ſent Diſpatches to him. To this Meſſage Mr. *Hamilton* returned very ſoon, with an Anſwer given by Lord *Lanſdowne*, in the Name of all the Perſons privy to the Secret, that ſince Affairs grew daily worſe, and would not mend by Delay, the Malecontents in *England* had reſolved to declare immediately, and would be ready to join the Duke of *Ormond* on his Landing; adding, that his Perſon would be as ſafe in *England* as in *Scotland*, and that in every other Reſpect it was better he ſhould land in *England*; that they had uſed their utmoſt Endeavours, and hoped the weſtern Counties would be in a good Poſture to receive him, and that he ſhould land as near as poſſible to *Plymouth*. With theſe Aſſurances the Duke embarked, though he had heard before of the Seizure of many of his moſt

moſt zealous Adherents, of the Diſperſion of many more, and the Conſternation of all; ſo that, upon his Arrival at *Plymouth*, finding nothing in Readineſs, he returned to *Britanny*. In theſe Circumſtances the Pretender himſelf ſent to have a Veſſel got ready for him at *Dunkirk*, in which he went to *Scotland*, leaving Lord *Bolingbroke* all this while at *Paris*, to try if by any Means ſome Aſſiſtance might not be procured, without which all Hopes of Succeſs were at an End. It was during his Negotiation upon this miſerable Proceeding, that he was ſent for by Mrs. *Trant*, (a Woman who had ſome Time before ingratiated herſelf with the Regent of *France*, by ſupplying him with Miſtreſſes from *England*) to a little Houſe in the *Bois de Boulogne*, where ſhe lived with Madamoiſelle *Chauſſery*, an old ſuperannuated Waiting-Woman belonging to the Regent. By theſe he was acquainted with the Meaſures they had taken for the Service of the Duke of *Ormond*; although *Bolingbroke*, who was actual Secretary to the Negotiation, had never been admitted to a Confidence in their Secrets. He was therefore a little ſurpriſed at finding ſuch mean Agents employed without his Privity, and very ſoon found them utterly unequal to the Taſk. He quickly therefore withdrew himſelf from ſuch wretched Auxiliaries, and the Regent himſelf ſeemed pleaſed at his Defection.

In the mean Time the Pretender ſet Sail from *Dunkirk* for *Scotland*; and though *Bolingbroke* had all along perceived that his Cauſe was hopeleſs, and his Projects ill deſigned; although he had met with nothing but Oppoſition and Diſappointment in his Service, yet he conſidered that this of all others was the Time he could not be permitted to relax in the Cauſe. He now therefore neglected no Means, forgot no Argument which his Underſtanding could ſuggeſt, in applying to the Court of *France*; But

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his Succeſs was not anſwerable to his Induſtry. The King of *France*, not able to furniſh the Pretender with Money himſelf, had writ ſome Time before his Death to his Grandſon the King of *Spain*, and had obtained from him a Promiſe of Forty thouſand Crowns. A ſmall Part of this Sum had been received by the Queen's Treaſurer at *St. Germains*, and had been ſent to *Scotland*, or employed to defray the Expences which were daily making on the Coaſt: at the ſame Time *Bolingbroke* preſſed the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador at *Paris*, and ſolicited the Miniſter at the Court of *Spain*. He took Care to have a Number of Officers picked out of the *Iriſh* Troops which ſerve in *France*, gave them their Routes, and ſent a Ship to receive and tranſport them to *Scotland*. Still however the Money came in ſo ſlowly, and in ſuch trifling Sums, that it turned to little Account; and the Officers were on their Way to the Pretender. At the ſame Time he formed a Deſign of engaging *French* Privateers in the Expedition, that were to have carried whatever ſhould be neceſſary to ſend to any Part of *Britain* in their firſt Voyage, and then to cruize under the Pretender's Commiſſion. He had actually agreed for ſome, and had it in his Power to have made the ſame Bargain with others: *Sweden* on one Side, and *Scotland* on the other, could have afforded them Retreats; and if the War had been kept up in any Part of the Mountains, this Armament would have been of the utmoſt Advantage. But all his Projects and Negotiations failed, by the Pretender's precipitate Return, who was not above ſix Weeks in his Expedition, and flew out of *Scotland*, even before all had been tried in his Defence.

The Expedition being in this Manner totally defeated, *Bolingbroke* now began to think that it was his Duty, as well as Intereſt, to ſave the poor Remains

mains of the disappointed Party. He never had any great Opinion of the Pretender's Success before he set off; but when this Adventurer had taken the last Step which it was in his Power to make, our Secretary then resolved to suffer neither him, nor the *Scotch*, to be any longer Bubbles of their own Credulity, and of the scandalous Artifices of the *French* Court. In a Conversation he had with the Marshal *De Huxelles*, he took Occasion to declare, that he would not be the Instrument of amusing the *Scotch*; and since he was able to do them no other Service, he would at least inform them of what little Dependence they might place upon Assistance from *France*. He added, that he would send them Vessels, which, with those already on the Coast of *Scotland*, might serve to bring off the Pretender, the Earl of *Mar*, and as many others as possible. The Marshal approved his Resolution, and advised him to execute it, as the only Thing which was left to do; but in the mean Time the Pretender landed at *Graveline*, and gave Orders to stop all Vessels bound on his Account to *Scotland*; and *Bolingbroke* saw him the Morning after his Arrival at *St. Germains*, and he received him with open Arms.

As it was the Secretary's Business, as soon as *Bolingbroke* heard of his Return, he went to acquaint the *French* Court with it, when it was recommended to him to advise the Pretender to proceed to *Bar* with all possible Diligence; and in this Measure *Bolingbroke* entirely concurred. But the Pretender himself was in no such Haste; he had a Mind to stay some Time at *St. Germains*, and in the Neighbourhood of *Paris*, and to have a private Meeting with the Regent: He accordingly sent *Bolingbroke* to solicit this Meeting, who exerted all his Influence in the Negotiation. He wrote and spoke to the Marshal *De Huxelles*, who answered him by

Word of Mouth and by Letters, refuſing him by both, and aſſuring him that the Regent ſaid the Things which were aſked were Puerilities, and ſwore he would not ſee him. The Secretary, no Ways diſpleaſed with his ill Succeſs, returned with this Anſwer to his Maſter, who acquieſced in this Determination, and declared he would inſtantly ſet out for *Lorrain*, at the ſame Time aſſuring *Bolingbroke* of his firm Reliance on his Integrity.

However, the Pretender, inſtead of taking Poſt for *Lorrain*, as he had promiſed, went to a little Houſe in the *Bois de Boulogne*, where his Female Miniſters reſided, and there continued for ſeveral Days, ſeeing the *Spaniſh* and *Swediſh* Miniſters, and even the Regent himſelf. It might have been in theſe Interviews that he was ſet againſt his new Secretary, and taught to believe that he had been remiſs in his Duty, and falſe to his Truſt: Be this as it will, a few Days after, the Duke of *Ormond* came to ſee *Bolingbroke*, and having firſt prepared him for the Surpriſe, put into his Hands a Note directed to the Duke, and a little Scrip of Paper directed to the Secretary; they were both in the Pretender's Hand-Writing, and dated as if written by him on his Way to *Lorrain*: But in this *Bolingbroke* was not to be deceived, who knew the Place of his preſent Reſidence. In one of theſe Papers the Pretender declared that he had no further Occaſion for the Secretary's Service, and the other was an Order to him to give up the Papers in his Office; all which, he obſerves, might have been contained in a Letter-Caſe of a moderate Size. He gave the Duke the Seals, and ſome Papers which he could readily come at; but for ſome others, in which there were ſeveral Inſinuations under the Pretender's own Hand, reflecting upon the Duke himſelf, theſe he took Care to convey by a ſafe Hand, ſince it would have been very improper that the Duke

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ſhould have ſeen them. As he thus gave up without Scruple all the Papers which remained in his Hands, becauſe he was determined never to make Uſe of them, ſo he declares he took a ſecret Pride in never aſking for thoſe of his own which were in the Pretender's Hands; contenting himſelf with making the Duke underſtand how little Need there was to get rid of a Man in this Manner, who only wanted an Opportunity to get rid of the Pretender and his Cauſe. In Fact, if we ſurvey the Meaſures taken on the one Side, and the Abilities of the Man on the other, it will not appear any Way wonderful that he ſhould be diſguſted with a Party who had neither Principle to give a Foundation to their Hopes, Union to advance them, or Abilities to put them in Motion.

Bolingbroke being thus diſmiſſed from the Pretender's Service, he ſuppoſed that he had got rid of the Trouble and the Ignominy of ſo mean an Employment at the ſame Time, but he was miſtaken: He was no ſooner rejected from the Office, than Articles of Impeachment were preferred againſt him, in the ſame Manner as he had before been impeached in *England*, though not with ſuch effectual Injury to his Perſon and Fortune. The Articles of his Impeachment by the Pretender were branched out into ſeven Heads, in which he was accuſed of Treachery, Incapacity, and Neglect. The Firſt was, That he was never to be found by thoſe who came to him about Buſineſs; and if by Chance or Stratagem they got hold of him, he affected being in an Hurry, and by putting them off to another Time, ſtill avoided giving them any Anſwer. The Second was, That the Earl of *Mar* complained by ſix different Meſſengers, at different Times, before the Chevalier came from *Dunkirk*, of his being in Want of Arms and Ammunition, and prayed a ſpeedy Relief; and tho' the Things demanded were in my Lord's Power,

there was not ſo much as one Pound of Powder in any of the Ships, which by his Lordſhip's Directions parted from *France*. Thirdly, The Pretender himſelf, after his Arrival, ſent General *Hamilton* to inform him, that his Want of Arms and Ammunition was ſuch, that he ſhould be obliged to leave *Scotland*, unleſs he received ſpeedy Relief; yet Lord *Bolingbroke* amuſed Mr. *Hamilton* twelve Days together, and did not introduce him to any of the *French* Miniſters, though he was referred to them for a particular Account of Affairs; or ſo much as communicated his Letters to the Queen, or any Body elſe. Fourthly, The Count *De Caſtel Blanco* had for ſeveral Months at *Havre* a conſiderable Quantity of Arms and Ammunition, and did daily aſk his Lordſhip's Orders how to diſpoſe of them, but never got any Inſtructions. Fifthly, The Pretender's Friends at the *French* Court had for ſome Time paſt no very good Opinion of his Lordſhip's Integrity, and a very bad one of his Diſcretion. Sixthly, At a Time when many Merchants in *France* would have carried privately any Quantity of Arms and Ammunition into *Scotland*, his Lordſhip deſired a public Order for the Embarkation, which being a Thing not to be granted, is ſaid to have been done in order to urge a Denial. Laſtly, The Pretender wrote to his Lordſhip by every Occaſion after his Arrival in *Scotland*; and though there were many Opportunities of writing in Return, yet from the Time he landed there, to the Day he left it, he never received any Letter from his Lordſhip.

Such were the Articles, by a very extraordinary Reverſe of Fortune, preferred againſt Lord *Bolingbroke*, in leſs than a Year after ſimilar Articles were drawn up againſt him by the oppoſite Party at Home. It is not eaſy to find out what he could have done, thus to diſoblige all Sides; but he had learned by this Time to make out Happineſs from the Conſciouſneſs

ſciouſneſs of his own Deſigns, and to conſider all the reſt of Mankind as uniting in a Faction to oppreſs Virtue.

But though it was mortifying to be thus rejected on both Sides, yet he was not remiſs in vindicating himſelf from all. Againſt theſe Articles of Impeachment, therefore, he drew up an elaborate Anſwer, in which he vindicates himſelf with great Plauſibility. 'He had long,' as he aſſures, 'wiſhed to 'leave the Pretender's Service, but was entirely at a 'Loſs how to conduct himſelf in ſo difficult a Re'ſignation; but at length,' ſays he, 'the Pretender 'and his Council diſpoſed of Things better for me 'than I could have done for myſelf. I had reſolved, 'on his Return from *Scotland*, to follow him till his 'Reſidence ſhould be fixed ſomewhere; after which, 'having ſerved the Tories in this, which I looked 'upon as their laſt Struggle for Power, and having 'continued to act in the Pretender's Affairs till the 'End of the Term for which I embarked with him, 'I ſhould have eſteemed myſelf to be at Liberty, 'and ſhould, in the civileſt Manner I was able, 'have taken my Leave of him. Had we parted 'thus, I ſhould have remained in a very ſtrange 'Situation all the reſt of my Life; on one Side, he 'would have thought that he had a Right on any 'future Occaſion to call me out of my Retreat, the 'Tories would probably have thought the ſame 'Thing, my Reſolution was taken to refuſe them 'both, and I foreſaw that both would condemn me: 'On the other Side, the Conſideration of his hav'ing kept Meaſures with me, joined to that of hav'ing once openly declared for him, would have 'created a Point of Honour by which I ſhould have 'been tied down, not only from ever engaging againſt 'him, but alſo from making my Peace at Home. 'The Pretender cut this Gordian Knot aſunder at 'one Blow; he broke the Links of that Chain

'which former Engagements had faſtened on me; 'and gave me a Right to eſteem myſelf as free from 'all Obligations of keeping Meaſures with him, as 'I ſhould have continued if I had never engaged in 'his Intereſt.'

It is not to be ſuppoſed, that one ſo very delicate to preſerve his Honour would previouſly have baſely betrayed his Employer: A Man conſcious of acting ſo infamous a Part, would have undertaken no Defence, but let the Accuſations, which could not materially affect him, blow over, and wait for the Calm that was to ſucceed in Tranquillity. He appeals to all the Miniſters with whom he tranſacted Buſineſs for the Integrity of his Proceedings at that Juncture; and had he been really guilty, when he oppoſed the Miniſtry here after his Return, they would not have failed to brand and detect his Duplicity. The Truth is, that he perhaps was the moſt diſintereſted Miniſter at that Time in the Pretender's Court; as he had ſpent great Sums of his own Money in his Service, and never would be obliged to him for a Farthing, in which Caſe he believes that he was ſingle. His Integrity is much leſs impeachable on this Occaſion than his Ambition; for all the Steps he took may be fairly aſcribed to his Diſpleaſure at having the Duke of *Ormond* and the Earl of *Mar* treated more confidentially than himſelf. It was his Aim always to be foremoſt in every Adminiſtration, and he could not bear to act as a Subaltern in ſo paltry a Court as that of the Pretender.

At all Periods of his Exile, he ſtill looked towards Home with ſecret Regret; and had taken every Opportunity to apply to thoſe in Power, either to ſoften his Proſecutions, or leſſen the Number of his Enemies at Home. In accepting his Office under the Pretender, he made it a Condition to be at Liberty to quit the Poſt whenever he ſhould think pro-

per;

per; and being now disgracefully dismissed, he turned his Mind entirely towards making his Peace in *England*, and employing all the unfortunate Experience he had acquired to undeceive his Tory Friends, and to promote the Union and Quiet of his native Country. It was not a little favourable to his Hopes, that about this Time, though unknown to him, the Earl of *Stair*, Ambassador to the *French* Court, had received full Power to treat with him whilst he was engaged with the Pretender; but yet had never made him any Proposals, which might be considered as the grossest Outrage. But when the Breach with the Pretender was universally known, the Earl sent one Monsieur *Saludin*, a Gentleman of *Geneva*, to Lord *Bolingbroke*, to communicate to him his Majesty King *George*'s favourable Disposition to grant him a Pardon, and his own earnest Desire to serve him as far as he was able. This was an Offer by much too advantageous for *Bolingbroke*, in his wretched Circumstances, to refuse; he embraced it, as became him to do, with all possible Sense of the King's Goodness, and of the Ambassador's Friendship. They had frequent Conferences shortly after upon the Subject. The Turn which the *English* Ministry gave the Matter, was to enter into a Treaty to reverse his Attainder, and to stipulate the Conditions on which this Act of Grace should be granted him: But this Method of Negotiation he would by no Means submit to; the Notion of a Treaty shocked him, and he resolved never to be restored, rather than go that Way to Work. Accordingly he opened himself without any Reserve to Lord *Stair*, and told him, 'that he looked upon himself obliged in Ho-'nour and Conscience, to undeceive his Friends in '*England*, both as to the State of Foreign Affairs, 'as to the Management of the Jacobite Interest 'abroad, and as to the Characters of the Persons; 'in every one of which Points he knew them to be

'moſt groſsly and moſt dangerouſly deluded.' He obſerved, 'that the Treatment he had received from 'the Pretender and his Adherents, would juſtify him 'to the World in doing this. That if he remained 'in Exile all his Life, that he might be aſſured 'that he would never have more to do with the Ja-'cobite Cauſe; and that if he were reſtored, he 'would give it an effectual Blow, in making that 'Apology which the Pretender had put him under a 'Neceſſity of making. That in doing this, he flat-'tered himſelf that he ſhould contribute ſomething 'towards the Eſtabliſhment of the King's Govern-'ment, and to the Union of his Subjects.' He added, 'that if the Court thought him ſincere in 'thoſe Profeſſions, a Treaty with him was unne-'ceſſary; and if they did not believe ſo, then a 'Treaty would be dangerous to him.' The Earl of *Stair*, who has alſo confirmed this Account of Lord *Bolingbroke*'s, in a Letter to Mr. *Craggs*, readily came into his Sentiments on this Head, and ſoon after the King approved it upon their Repreſentations: He accordingly received a Promiſe of Pardon from *George* I. who, on the ſecond of *July*, 1716, created his Father Baron of *Batterſea*, in the County of *Surry*, and Viſcount *St. John*. This ſeemed preparatory to his own Reſtoration; and inſtead of proſecuting any farther ambitious Schemes againſt the Government, he rather began to turn his Mind to Philoſophy; and ſince he could not gratify his Ambition to its full Extent, he endeavoured to learn the Arts of deſpiſing it. The Variety of diſtreſsful Events that had hitherto attended all his Struggles, at laſt had thrown him into a State of Reflection, and this produced, by Way of Relief, a *Conſolatio Philoſophica*, which he wrote the ſame Year, under the Title of Reflections upon Exile. In this Piece, in which he profeſſes to imitate the Manner of *Seneca*, he with ſome Wit draws his own Picture, and

repreſents

repreſents himſelf as ſuffering Perſecution for having ſerved his Country with Abilities and Integrity. A State of Exile thus incurred, he very juſtly ſhews to be rather honourable than diſtreſsful; and indeed, there are few Men that will deny, but that the Company of Strangers to Virtue is better than the Company of Enemies to it. Beſides this philoſophical Tract, he alſo wrote this Year ſeveral Letters in Anſwer to the Charge laid upon him by the Pretender and his Adherents; and the following Year he drew up a Vindication of his whole Conduct with reſpect to the Tories, in the Form of a Letter, to Sir *William Wyndham*.

Nor was he ſo entirely devoted to the Fatigues of Buſineſs, but that he gave Pleaſure a Share in his Purſuits. He had never much agreed with the Lady he firſt married, and after a ſhort Cohabitation, they ſeparated, and lived ever after aſunder. She therefore remained in *England* upon his going into Exile, and by proper Application to the Throne, was allowed a proper Maintenance to ſupport her with becoming Dignity: However, ſhe did not long ſurvive his firſt Diſgrace; and upon his becoming a Widower, he began to think of trying his Fortune once more, in a State which was at firſt ſo unfavourable. For this Purpoſe he caſt his Eyes on the Widow of the Marquis of *Villette*, and Niece to the famous Madam *Maintenon*; a young Lady of great Merit and Underſtanding, poſſeſſed of a very large Fortune, but encumbered with a long and troubleſome Law-Suit. In the Company of this very ſenſible Woman he paſſed his Time in *France*, ſometimes in the Country, and ſometimes at the Capital, till the Year 1723, in which, after the breaking up of the Parliament, his Majeſty was pleaſed to grant him a Pardon as to his perſonal Safety, but as yet neither reſtoring him to his Family

mily Inheritance, his Title, or a Seat in Parliament.

To obtain this Favour had been the governing Principle of his Politics for ſome Years before; and upon the firſt Notice of his good Fortune, he prepared to return to his native Country, where, however, his deareſt Connections were either dead, or declared themſelves ſuſpicious of his former Conduct in Support of their Party. It is obſervable, that Biſhop *Atterbury*, who was baniſhed at this Time for a ſuppoſed treaſonable Correſpondence in Favour of the Tories, was ſet on Shore at *Calais* juſt when Lord *Bolingbroke* arrived there on his Return to *England*. So extraordinary a Reverſe of Fortune could not fail of ſtrongly affecting that good Prelate, who obſerved with ſome Emotion, that he perceived himſelf to be exchanged: He preſently left it to his Auditors to imagine, whether his Country were the Loſer or the Gainer by ſuch an Exchange.

Lord *Bolingbroke*, upon his Return to his native Country, began to make very vigorous Applications for further Favours from the Crown; his Pardon, without the Means of Support, was but an empty, or, perhaps, it might be called a diſtreſsful Act of Kindneſs, as it brought him back among his former Friends in a State of Inferiority his Pride could not endure. However, his Applications were ſoon after ſucceſsful; for in about two Years after his Return, he obtained an Act of Parliament to reſtore him to his Family Inheritance, which amounted to near three thouſand Pounds a Year. He was alſo enabled by the ſame to poſſeſs any Purchaſe he ſhould make of any other Eſtate in the Kingdom; and he accordingly pitched upon a Seat of Lord *Tankerville's*, at *Dawley*, near *Uxbridge* in *Middleſex*, where he ſettled with his Lady, and laid himſelf out to enjoy the rural Pleaſures in Perfection, ſince the more glorious ones

of

of Ambition were denied him. With this Reſolution he began to improve his new Purchaſe in a very peculiar Style, giving it all the Air of a Country Farm, and adorning even his Hall with all the Implements of Huſbandry. We have a Sketch of his Way of living in this Retreat, in a Letter of *Pope*'s to *Swift*, who omits no Opportunity of repreſenting his Lordſhip in the moſt amiable Points of View. This Letter is dated from *Dawley*, the Country Farm above-mentioned, and begins thus: 'I now hold the Pen for my Lord *Bolingbroke*, who is reading your Letter between two Hay-cocks; but his Attention is ſomewhat diverted, by caſting his Eyes on the Clouds, not in Admiration of what you ſay, but for Fear of a Shower. He is pleaſed with your placing him in the Triumvirate, between yourſelf and me: though he ſays he doubts he ſhall fare like *Lepidus*, while one of us runs away with all the Power, like *Auguſtus*, and another with all the Pleaſure, like *Antony*. It is upon a Foreſight of this, that he has fitted up his Farm, and you will agree that this Scheme of Retreat is not founded upon weak Appearances. Upon his Return from *Bath*, he finds all peccant Humours are purged out of him; and his great Temperance and Œconomy are ſo ſignal, that the firſt is fit for my Conſtitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up ſo much Money as to buy a Biſhoprick in *England*. As to the Return of his Health and Vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Hay-makers; but as to his Temperance, I can anſwer that for one whole Day, we have had nothing for Dinner but Mutton-Broth, Beans and Bacon, and a Barn-Door Fowl. Now his Lordſhip is run after his Cart, I have a Moment left to myſelf to tell you, that I overheard him yeſterday agree with a Painter for two Hundred Pounds, to paint his Country Hall with Rakes, Spades, Prongs, &c. and other Ornaments, merely to countenance

tenance his calling this a Place a *Farm.*' What *Pope* here ſays of his Engagements with a Painter, was ſhortly after executed; the Hall was painted accordingly in Black Crayons only, ſo that at firſt View it brought to Mind the Figures often ſeen ſcratched with Charcoal, or the Smoke of a Candle, upon the Kitchen-Walls of Farm-Houſes. The Whole however produced a moſt ſtriking Effect, and over the Door at the Entrance of it, was this Motto: *Satis beatus ruris honoribus.* His Lordſhip ſeemed to be extremely happy in this Purſuit of moral Tranquility, and in the Exultation of his Heart, could not fail of communicating his Satisfactions to his Friend *Swift.* 'I am in my own Farm,' ſays he, 'and here I ſhoot ſtrong and tenacious Roots: I have caught Hold of the Earth, to uſe a Gardener's Phraſe, and neither my Enemies nor my Friends will find it an eaſy Matter to tranſplant me again.'

There is not, perhaps, a ſtronger Inſtance in the World than his Lordſhip, that an ambitious Mind can never be fairly ſubdued, but will ſtill ſeek for thoſe Gratifications which Retirement can never ſupply. All this Time he was miſtaken in his Paſſion for Solitude, and ſuppoſed that to be the Child of Philoſophy which was only the Effects of Spleen: it was in vain that he attempted to take Root in the Shade of Obſcurity; he was originally bred in the Glare of public Occupation, and he ſecretly once more wiſhed for Tranſplantation. He was only a titular Lord, he had not been thoroughly reſtored; and, as he was excluded from a Seat in the Houſe of Peers, he burned with Impatience to play a Part in that conſpicuous Theatre. Impelled by this Deſire, he could no longer be reſtrained in Obſcurity, but once more entered into the Buſtle of public Buſineſs; and diſavowing all Obligations to the Miniſter, he embarked in the Oppoſition againſt him, in which he had ſeveral powerful Coadjutors: but previouſly he had taken

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Care to prefer a Petition to the Houſe of Commons, deſiring to be reinſtated in his former Emoluments and Capacities. This Petition at firſt occaſioned very warm Debates: *Walpole*, who pretended to eſpouſe his Cauſe, alledged that it was very right to admit him to his Inheritance; and when Lord *William Pawlett* moved for a Clauſe to diſqualify him from ſitting in either Houſe, *Walpole* rejected the Motion, ſecretly ſatisfied with a Reſolution which had been ſettled in the Cabinet, that he ſhould never more be admitted into any Share of Power. To this artful Method of evading his Pretenſions, *Bolingbroke* was no Stranger; and he was now reſolved to ſhake that Power, which thus endeavoured to obſtruct the Increaſe of his own: taking therefore his Part in the Oppoſition with *Pultney*, while the latter engaged to manage the Houſe of Commons, *Bolingbroke* undertook to enlighten the People: accordingly he ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a Multitude of Pieces, written during the latter Part of *George* the Firſt's Reign, and likewiſe the Beginning of that which ſucceeded. Theſe were conceived with great Vigour and Boldneſs; and now, once more engaged in the Service of his Country, though diſarmed, gagged, and almoſt bound, as he declared himſelf to be, yet he reſolved not to abandon his Cauſe, as long as he could depend on the Firmneſs and Integrity of thoſe Coadjutors, who did not labour under the ſame Diſadvantages with himſelf. His Letters in a Paper called the *Craftſman*, were particularly diſtinguiſhed in this political Conteſt: and though ſeveral of the moſt expert Politicians of the Times joined in this Paper, his Eſſays were peculiarly reliſhed by the Public. However, it is the Fate of Things written to an Occaſion, ſeldom to ſurvive that Occaſion: the *Craftſman*, though written with great Spirit and Sharpneſs, is now almoſt forgotten, although when it was publiſhed as a weekly Paper, it ſold much more

more rapidly than even the *Spectator*. Besides this Work, he published several other separate Pamphlets, which were afterwards reprinted in the Second Edition of his Works, and which were very popular in their Day.

This political Warfare continued for Ten Years, during which Time he laboured with great Strength and Perseverance, and drew up such a System of Politics as some have supposed to be the most complete now existing. But, as upon all other Occasions, he had the Mortification once more to see those Friends desert him, upon whose Assistance he most firmly relied, and all that Web of fine-spun Speculation actually destroyed at once by the Ignorance of some, and the Perfidy of others. He then declared that he was perfectly cured of his patriotic Phrenzy; he fell out not only with *Pultney* for his selfish Views, but with his old Friends the Tories, for abandoning their Cause as desperate, averring, that the faint and unsteady Exercise of Parts on one Side, was a Crime but one Degree inferior to the iniquitous Misapplication of them on the other. But he could not take Leave of a Controversy in which he had been so many Years engaged, without giving a parting Blow, in which he seemed to summon up all his Vigour at once, and where, as the Poet says,

Animam in vulnere posuit.

This inimitable Piece is intituled, *A Dissertation on Parties*; and of all his masterly Pieces, it is in general esteemed the best.

Having finished this, which was received with the utmost Avidity, he resolved to take Leave not only of his Enemies and Friends, but even of his Country; and in this Resolution, in the Year 1736, he once more retired to *France*, where he looked back to his native Country with a Mixture of Anger and Pity, and upon his former professing Friends, with a Share

of

of Contempt and Indignation. 'I expect little,' says he, 'from the principal Actors that tread the 'Stage at present. They are divided not so much 'as it seemed, and as they would have it believed, 'about Measures. The true Division is about their 'different Ends. Whilst the Minister was not hard 'pushed, nor the Prospect of succeeding to him near, 'they appeared to have but one End, the Reform-'ation of the Government. The Destruction of 'the Minister was pursued only as a Preliminary, 'but of essential and indisputable Necessity, to that 'End: But when his Destruction seemed to ap-'proach, the Object of his Succession interposed to 'the Sight of many, and the Reformation of the 'Government was no longer their Point of View. 'They had divided the Skin, at least in their 'Thoughts, before they had taken the Beast. The 'common Fear of hastening his Downfal for others, 'made them all faint in the Chace. It was this, 'and this alone, that saved him, and put off his 'evil Day.'

Such were his cooler Reflections, after he had laid down his political Pen, to employ it in a Manner that was much more agreeable to his usual Profes-sions, and his approaching Age. He had long em-ployed the few Hours he could spare on Subjects of a more general and important Nature to the Interests of Mankind; but as he was frequently interrupted by the Alarms of Party, he made no great Profici-ency in his Design. Still, however, he kept it in View, and he makes frequent Mention in his Let-ters to *Swift*, of his Intentions to give Metaphysics a new and useful Turn. 'I know,' says he in one of these, 'how little Regard you pay to Writ-'ings of this Kind; but I imagine, that if you can 'like any, it must be those that strip Metaphysics of 'all their Bombast, keep within the Sight of every 'well-constituted Eye, and never bewilder them-'selves,

'ſelves, whilſt they pretend to guide the Reaſon of 'others.'

Having now arrived at the ſixtieth Year of his Age, and being bleſſed with a very competent Share of Fortune, he retired into *France*, far from the Noiſe and Hurry of Party; for his Seat at *Dawley* was too near to devote the reſt of his Life to Retirement and Study. Upon his going to that Country, as it was generally known that Diſdain, Vexation, and Diſappointment, had driven him there, many of his Friends, as well as his Enemies, ſuppoſed, that he was once again gone over to the Pretender. Among the Number who entertained this Suſpicion, was *Swift*, whom *Pope*, in one of his Letters, very roundly chides for harbouring ſuch an unjuſt Opinion. 'You ſhould be cautious,' ſays he, 'of cen-'ſuring any Motion or Action of Lord *Bolingbroke*, 'becauſe you hear it only from ſhallow, envious, 'and malicious Reporters. What you writ to me 'about him, I find, to my great Scandal, repeated 'in one of yours to another. Whatever you might 'hint to me, was this for the Profane? The Thing, 'if true, ſhould be concealed; but it is, I aſſure 'you, abſolutely untrue in every Circumſtance. He 'has fixed in a very agreeable Retirement near *Fon-'tainbleau*, and makes it his whole Buſineſs *vacare 'litteris*.'

This Reproof from *Pope* was not more friendly than it was true; Lord *Bolingbroke* was too well acquainted with the forlorn State of that Party, and the Folly of its Conductors, once more to embark in their deſperate Concerns. He now ſaw that he had gone as far towards reinſtating himſelf in the full Poſſeſſion of his former Honours, as the mere Dint of Parts and Application could go, and was at length experimentally convinced, that the Decree was abſolutely irreverſible, and the Door of the Houſe of Lords finally ſhut againſt him. He therefore, at

Pope's

Pope's Suggeſtion, retired merely to be at Leiſure from the Broils of Oppoſition, for the calmer Pleaſures of Philoſophy. Thus the Decline of his Life, though leſs brilliant, became more amiable; and even his Happineſs was improved by Age, which had rendered his Paſſions more moderate, and his Wiſhes more attainable.

But he was far from ſuffering, even in Solitude, his Hours to glide away in torpid Inactivity. That active reſtleſs Diſpoſition ſtill continued to actuate his Purſuits; and having loſt the Seaſon for gaining Power over his Cotemporaries, he was now reſolved upon acquiring Fame from Poſterity. He had not been long in his Retreat near *Fontainbleau*, when he began a Courſe of Letters on the Study and Uſe of Hiſtory, for the Uſe of a young Nobleman. In theſe he does not follow the Methods of *St. Real* and others who have treated on this Subject, who make Hiſtory the great Fountain of all Knowledge; he very wiſely confines its Benefits, and ſuppoſes them to conſiſt rather in deducing general Maxims from particular Facts, than in illuſtrating Maxims by the Application of hiſtorical Paſſages. In mentioning Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, he gives his Opinion very freely upon the Subject of the divine Original of the ſacred Books, which he ſuppoſes to have no ſuch Foundation. This new Syſtem of Thinking, which he had always propagated in Converſation, and which he began now to adopt in his more laboured Compoſitions, ſeemed no Way ſupported either by his Acuteneſs or his Learning. He began to reflect ſeriouſly on theſe Subjects too late in Life, and to ſuppoſe thoſe Objections very new and unanſwerable, which had been already confuted by Thouſands. 'Lord *Bolingbroke*,' ſays *Pope* in one of his Letters, 'is above trifling; when he writes of any 'Thing in this World, he is more than mortal. If 'ever he trifles, it muſt be when he turns Divine.'

In the mean Time, as it was evident that a Man of his active Ambition, in chuſing Retirement when no longer able to lead in public, muſt be liable to Ridicule in reſuming a reſigned philoſophical Air; in order to obviate the Cenſure, he addreſſed a Letter to Lord *Bathurſt*, upon the true Uſe of Retirement and Study; in which he ſhews himſelf ſtill able and willing to undertake the Cauſe of his Country, whenever its Diſtreſſes ſhould require his Exertion. 'I have (ſays he) renounced neither my Country, nor my Friends; and by my Friends I mean all thoſe, and thoſe alone, who are ſuch to their Country. In their Proſperity they ſhall never hear of me; in their Diſtreſs, always. In that Retreat wherein the Remainder of my Days ſhall be ſpent, I may be of ſome Uſe to them, ſince even from thence I may adviſe, exhort, and warn them.' Bent upon this Purſuit only, and having now exchanged the gay Stateſman for the grave Philoſopher, he ſhone forth with diſtinguiſhed Luſtre. His Converſation took a different Turn from what had been uſual with him; and, as we are aſſured by Lord *Orrery*, who knew him, it united the Wiſdom of *Socrates*, the Dignity and Eaſe of *Pliny*, and the Wit of *Horace*.

Yet ſtill amidſt his Reſolutions to turn himſelf from Politics, and to give himſelf up entirely to the Calls of Philoſophy, he could not reſiſt embarking once more in the Debates of his Country; and coming back from *France*, ſettled at *Batterſea*, an old Seat which was his Father's, and had been long in the Poſſeſſion of the Family. He ſuppoſed he ſaw an impending Calamity, and though it was not in his Power to remove, he thought it his Duty to retard its Fall. To redeem or ſave the Nation from Perdition, he thought impoſſible, ſince national Corruptions were to be purged by national Calamities;

mities; but he was reſolved to lend his feeble Aſſiſtance, to ſtem the Torrent that was pouring in. With this Spirit he wrote that excellent Piece, which is intituled, *The Idea of a Patriot King:* in which he deſcribes a Monarch uninfluenced by Party, leaning to the Suggeſtions neither of Whigs nor Tories, but equally the Friend and Father of all. Some Time after, in the Year 1749, after the Concluſion of the Peace, two Years before the Meaſures taken by the Adminiſtration ſeemed not to have been repugnant to his Notions of political Prudence for that Juncture; in that Year he wrote his laſt Production, containing Reflections on the then State of the Nation, principally with Regard to her Taxes and Debts, and on the Cauſes and Conſequences of them. This Undertaking was left unfiniſhed, for Death ſnatched the Pen from the Hand of the Writer.

Having paſſed the latter Part of his Life in Dignity and Splendor, his rational Faculties improved by Reflection, and his Ambition kept under by Diſappointment, his whole Aim ſeemed to have been to leave the Stage of Life, on which he had acted ſuch various Parts, with Applauſe. He had long wiſhed to fetch his laſt Breath at *Batterſea*, the Place where he was born; and Fortune, that had through Life ſeemed to traverſe all his Aims, at laſt indulged him in this. He had long been troubled with a Cancer in his Cheek, by which excruciating Diſeaſe he died, on the Verge of fourſcore Years of Age. He was conſonant with himſelf to the laſt; and thoſe Principles which he had all along avowed, he confirmed with his dying Breath, having given Orders that none of the Clergy ſhould be permitted to trouble him in his lateſt Moments.

His Body was interred in *Batterſea* Church, with thoſe of his Anceſtors; and a Marble Monument

erected to his Memory, with the following excellent Inſcription.

Here lies
HENRY ST. JOHN,
In the Reign of Queen Anne
Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and
Viſcount Bolingbroke.
In the Days of King George I. and King George II.
Something more and better.
His Attachment to Queen Anne
Expoſed him to a long and ſevere Perſecution;
He bore it with Firmneſs of Mind.
He paſſed the latter Part of his Time at Home,
The Enemy of no national Party;
The Friend of no Faction.
Diſtinguiſhed under the Cloud of Proſcription,
Which had not been entirely taken off,
By Zeal to maintain the Liberty,
And to reſtore the ancient Proſperity
of Great-Britain.
He died the 12th of December, 1751,
Aged 79.

In this Manner lived and died Lord *Bolingbroke*; ever active, never depreſſed, ever purſuing Fortune, and as conſtantly diſappointed by her. In whatever Light we view his Character, we ſhall find him an Object rather proper for our Wonder, than our Imitation; more to be feared than eſteemed, and gaining our Admiration without our Love. His Ambition ever aimed at the Summit of Power, and nothing ſeemed capable of ſatisfying his immoderate Deſires, but the Liberty of governing all Things without a Rival. With as much Ambition as great Abilities, and more acquired Knowledge than *Cæſar*, he wanted only his Courage to be as ſucceſsful; but the Schemes his Head dictated, his Heart often refuſed to execute; and he loſt the Ability

Ability to perform, juſt when the great Occaſion called for all his Efforts to engage.

The ſame Ambition that prompted him to be a Politician, actuated him as a Philoſopher. His Aims were equally great and extenſive in both Capacities: unwilling to ſubmit to any Power in the one, or any Authority in the other, he entered the Fields of Science, with a thorough Contempt of all that had been eſtabliſhed before him, and ſeemed to think every Thing wrong, that he might ſhew his Faculty in the Reformation. It might have been better for his Quiet, as a Man, if he had been content to act a ſubordinate Character in the State; and it had certainly been better for his Memory as a Writer, if he had aimed at doing leſs than he attempted. Wiſdom in Morals, like every other Art or Science, is an Accumulation that Numbers have contributed to increaſe; and it is not for one ſingle Man to pretend, that he can add more to the Heap than the Thouſands that have gone before him. Such Innovators more frequently retard than promote Knowledge; their Maxims are more agreeable to the Reader, by having the Gloſs of Novelty to recommend them, than thoſe which are trite, only becauſe they are true. Such Men are therefore followed at firſt with Avidity, nor is it till ſome Time that their Diſciples begin to find their Error. They often, though too late, perceive, that they have been following a ſpeculative Enquiry, while they have been leaving a practical Good; and while they have been practiſing the Arts of Doubting, they have been loſing all Firmneſs of Principle, which might tend to eſtabliſh the Rectitude of their private Conduct. As a Moraliſt, therefore, Lord *Bolingbroke*, by having endeavoured at too much, ſeems to have done Nothing: but, as a political Writer, few can equal, and none can exceed him. As he was a practical Politician, his Writings are

leſs filled with thoſe ſpeculative Illuſions, which are the Reſult of Solitude and Seclusion. He wrote them with a Certainty of their being oppoſed, ſifted, examined, and reviled; he therefore took Care to build them up of ſuch Materials, as could not be eaſily overthrown: they prevailed at the Times in which they were written, they ſtill continue to the Admiration of the preſent Age, and will probably laſt for ever.

AN

AN

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

THEORY

OF THE

HUMAN MIND.

By J. USHER, Author of CLIO.

THE PREFACE.

IN the Conteſt carried on for ſome Years paſt between the Defenders of Chriſtianity and *Deiſts*, the latter always appealed to Philoſophy, and under that Shelter ſpeciouſly defended themſelves: their Procedure obliged the Champions of Chriſtianity to follow and attack them within the Verge of Philoſophy; but by the occaſional ſhifting of Principles and Syſtems, and a dexterous Uſe of equivocal Language, the Diſpute became a Kind of Chace through a Labyrinth, in which the Retreats were endleſs, and the Victory always incompleat: this Obſervation made me wiſh the Principles of Philoſophy that enter into the Diſpute were more clear, limited, and deciſive. It ſeemed reaſonable to me to conclude, that true Religion cannot be inconſiſtent with true

Philoſophy; that if Men be obliged to any Duties in a State of Nature, ſuch Duties are the indubitable Laws of God, and they cannot differ eſſentially from the Duties the Deity is pleaſed to require of us by Revelation. Hence I imagined that the Plan of the Mind of Man, if attentively obſerved, and faithfully delineated, muſt give Light into the Intention and End of his Creation; at leaſt the eager Deſire of each Party to reconcile Philoſophy to their own religious Opinions, demonſtrates the ſecret Senſe Mankind have of the Neceſſity that true Philoſophy ſhould witneſs for Religion. Full of theſe Reflections, I ſet out in an Enquiry into the Nature of the human Mind, with a View, if poſſible, to diſcover ſome Traces of Duty and natural Religion; and to try if any Principles may be ſolidly eſtabliſhed in public View, which may prove deciſive in the Diſpute between Chriſtians and Deiſts.

Chriſtians may object to the Trial of Religion by Philoſophy, on Account of the Weakneſs and Uncertainty of human Reaſon; but Deiſts can have no Objections to it, without bidding Defiance to all equitable Principles of Deciſion; for Philoſophy is their only Luminary to direct them, and their only Reſource for the Defence of their Opinions: in Fact, this is bringing the Diſpute to that Tribunal they themſelves ſet up againſt Revelation.

Having given ſome Account of my general Deſign, my preſent Buſineſs with my Reader is to inform him, that when I made ſome little Progreſs in my Obſervations on the human Mind, I found myſelf involved in Objections and Difficulties that aroſe from Ambiguities, and from a fraudulent Uſe of Language, peculiar to modern Philoſophy: I found general Expreſſions paſſed current for Names of ſimple Ideas that come to the Imagination from Senſation; and this Cheat made Uſe of to favour

falſe

falſe Principles, of the moſt pernicious Influence to Virtue and Reaſon; and I found metaphorical Expreſſions adopted in Philoſophy, for the Sake of making a deceitful Tranſition from the metaphorical to a proper Senſe. The Confuſion and perverſe Train of Reaſoning occaſioned by theſe Abuſes of Language, obliged me, before I could proceed in the Theory of Man, to clear away the Rubbiſh of Equivoque, by Way of Introduction; which I have attempted in the two firſt Sections of the following Sheets. I afterwards added a few Thoughts on human Inſtincts, which make the third Section; but having obſerved upon a Review that I unhinged many ſettled Opinions, and broke up ſo much of the Foundations of modern Philoſophy, I thought proper to ſtop there, and publiſh the Introduction apart, in order to take the Senſe of my Cotemporaries upon theſe my Reflections, before I proceed any further.

There is one *Poſtulatum* I expect to be acknowledged by my candid Reader at our ſetting out; it is, 'That there is a Poſſibility that the Body of the 'Learned may be impoſed upon by the preſent 'Mode of Philoſophy; and that falſe Principles in 'this Age we live in, may have their Currency 'from the Stamp and Faſhion of the Times.' The various Revolutions in the Syſtems of the Learned, have abundantly proved the Poſſibility I ſpoke of; in Conſequence of which, I hope my impartial Reader will grant me without Difficulty, that no Names, or Syſtems, however reſpectable, ſhould be allowed any Weight againſt Evidence or Demonſtration. I cannot indeed help owning, that the Obſcurity of the Writer, and the great Names I have to contend with, make a Contraſt, that with a little Irony may be wrought into a ſmart and humourous Critique: but this is the very Thing I proteſt againſt, ſince that Mode of Argument can never be ſatisfactory,

that

that may be urged equally againſt every Author who ever ventured to think in a new Tract, and that may ſerve to defend every Syſtem, however fantaſtic, that happens to be in Faſhion.

AN

INTRODUCTION, &c.

SECT. I.

Of Pleaſure, Pain, Self-Love, and Self-Intereſt.

1. *PLEASURE* and *Pain* are general Terms, conſequently they have no ſenſible or determined Idea annexed to them, no more than the Terms *Vegetable*, *Tree*, *Fruit*, *Colour*, or any other Word of general Import. To explain this Matter a little, I need only repeat ſome Common-place Principles, that are to be met with in every Writer who has treated of the Conceptions of the human Underſtanding. They obſerve, that the Imagination is only capable of conceiving the Ideas that have been impreſſed on it by the Senſes, or by a Perception of the Operations of the Mind itſelf; whence it is evident, that the whole Stock of its Ideas muſt conſiſt in Particulars, that have been fixed upon the Memory by Experience.

2. In the Formation of Language, it was eaſy to give proper Names to Objects mutually known, to *William* and *Thomas*, to *Cowper's-Hill* and the *Thames*. But it often became neceſſary to treat of Objects with which the Hearers had no Acquaintance. Here then would lie an inſuperable Obſtacle to the further Progreſs of Language, if general Similarities in the Objects of Nature, that are obvious at the firſt Glance, had not ſmoothed the Difficulty,

ficulty, by parcelling them out into diſtinct Claſſes to the Imagination, and thus giving a Foundation to general Terms. This Advance in Language required little Trouble or Invention; for in looking over the particular Objects that occurred, it was impoſſible to paſs, without Notice, the ſtriking Similarity or Likeneſs that ſubſiſts between ſeveral Individuals, and that ſerves to caſt them into ſeparate Tribes or Species. This general Similitude found in Nature became a Model to Men, according to which they formed ſpecific Names, each of which, on that Account, comprehends a *Sort* or *Species*, and diſtinguiſhes them from all others, ſuch as the Words *Cow*, *Horſe*, *Sheep*, *Oak*, *Aſh*, *Elm*; One Oak Tree is ſo like to another in its Leaves, Fruit, Bark, Timber, and Growth, and ſo unlike to an Aſh or Elm, as to give Occaſion to the general Name *Oak*, under which that whole Species are diſtinguiſhed; and thus ſpecific Names were formed for the different and ſeparate Tribes of Nature. After the Invention of general Names, the Communication between Men became eaſy; the Carpenter could ſend his Servant to the Wood, and tell him what Kind of Tree to fell for his Purpoſe; and the Traveller, ſpeaking of the *Alps* and the *Euphrates*, is well underſtood, when he tells you, that the firſt is a Chain of *Mountains*, and the laſt a *River*. If Language had ſtood at the firſt Step, and only expreſſed particular Objects, human Knowledge muſt have been for ever in an Infant State; but by the Help of ſpecific Terms, Men are enabled to tranſmit to Poſterity Maxims and Obſervations that ſhall hold good as long as the Species continue on Earth.

3. Man was ſo far directed in the Formation of Language by the obvious Plan of the Creation; but his fruitful Invention carried him yet further, where his Directions were looſer, and leſs diſtinct.

He united ſeveral Species under a more general Name, as Oak, Aſh, Elm, &c. under the more extenſive Word *Tree*; Kine, Sheep, Horſe, under the Word *Cattle*; by which Management were parcelled out the Objects of Nature, into ſeveral great Wards or Diviſions, called Generals or *Genus*; each of which comprehends ſeveral Species, as each Species takes in various Particulars; whence it is manifeſt, that general Expreſſions do not ſerve to repreſent or determine any Object of Nature, nor any Idea we receive from the Senſes, which are always Particulars; but they are uſeful in Language, for their Property of being applicable to any One of divers Species out of View, and for determining the great Ward or Diviſion in Nature, to which the particular Object or Species belongs. You may ſay thoſe general Expreſſions repreſent *abſtract Ideas*, if you will; all that is neceſſary to my Purpoſe, is, to render it clear, that general or abſtract Terms, call them as you pleaſe, do not repreſent any particular Objects exiſting in Nature, but are mere Creatures of the Mind, formed to claſs the Objects of Perception into Platoons or Diviſions, for the Sake of Perſpicuity and Order, and the Convenience of conveying general Knowledge.

4. Having premiſed theſe trite Obſervations, I proceed to ſhew that *Pleaſure* and *Pain* are Terms of general Import, and therefore have no particular diſtinct Repreſentation in the Mind. When I ſpeak of Pleaſure I enjoyed Yeſterday, you are wholly at a Loſs for a diſtinct Conception anſwerable to it; you may ſearch your Imagination, but you will find no ſenſible Idea annexed to the Word *Pleaſure*, until, from the different Species of Pleaſures, whereof you have had Experience, one particular Kind be ſingled out. You may apply that general Word to the Charms of Muſic, to a delicious Banquet, to Exerciſe, or Reſt; but the Charms of Muſic, the

pleaſing

pleaſing Taſte of Food, agreeable Exerciſe, or Reſt after Fatigue, are as different Species, and as diſtant in their Relation to each other, as Oak, Aſh, and Elm; or Apples, Pomegranates, and Strawberries: We may in the ſame Manner ſpeak of Pain; we have no particular or diſtinct Idea in the Imagination annexed to it, until we have, from amongſt various Species of Evils, ſelected a particular Kind; a diſagreeable Smell, a grating Sound, the Death of a Friend, the Rigours of Cold or Burning. Nothing can be more obvious, than that theſe Evils do not differ from each other, as greater or leſſer of one Kind, but as Evils of different Kinds; the Truth of which is not the Iſſue of Reaſoning, or Matter of Heſitation; it is the perfect Aſſurance of Senſe and Feeling, of which I requeſt my Reader to ſatisfy himſelf perfectly, at his Entrance on the Theory of Man, and try if the ſlighteſt Reflection on the Pleaſures and Pains I mentioned, does not convince him without Liberty of doubting, that they are of different Kinds. If this be a Point then evident to Senſe and Feeling, it is certain that Mr. *Locke* contradicts the cleareſt Intuitions of the Mind, when he aſſerts, that whatever delight or moleſt us are, on the one Side, different Degrees of the ſame Thing *Pleaſure*, and on the other, different Degrees of the ſame Thing *Pain*; and that he is under the ſame Miſtake, when he calls Pleaſure and Pain ſimple Ideas.

5. To conceive the vaſt Extent of theſe Words, and the prodigious Diſtances by which the various Species of Pleaſures and Pains are ſeparated, we need only recollect, that Pleaſures and Pains arrive to the Mind by every one of the Senſes. Some of the Sources of Pleaſure may be wholly ſtopped up, and a Species of Delight interrupted by the Want of a Senſe; ſo that we can have no Idea whatſoever of that Kind of Pleaſure, while the Reſt remain perfect,

perfect, within our Knowledge and Enjoyment. The Glory of Light, and the beauteous Variety of Colours, can have no Exiſtence in the Imagination of a Man born blind. The Melody of Muſic, and the Charms of the human Voice, are not in the Poſſeſſions of a deaf Man. However wide and various the Extent of the Senſes be, there is ſtill a more diſtant Order of Pleaſures that depend remotely upon the Senſes, and are called Intellectual Pleaſures.

6. The Manner in which we acquire a Knowledge of Pleaſure and Pain, will direct us to the real particular Species, that give Occaſion to the general Names. We never feel any but particular Pleaſures and Pains. An Infant feels Hunger, Thirſt, Cold, and Sickneſs; by advancing his Hand too near a Candle, he burns himſelf; when in Courſe of Time he comes to learn Language, he is taught to give theſe, and all other offenſive Senſations of different Kinds, the Name of *Pain*, juſt as he learns the Uſe of other general Expreſſions: Pain at large then is nothing elſe but thoſe different Senſations. Let us ſuppoſe a Statue, gradually endowed with Life and the human Character, firſt receiving indifferent Perception, ſuch as glides over the Mind in a Revery or Inattention; in which State it is devoid of a Principle of Pain: Let it be next rouſed from a State of calm Perception, by the Appetite *Hunger*; here is one Door opened for Pleaſure and Pain, although there be nothing diſtinct from the mere Appetite introduced into the Breaſt. Yet what are underſtood by the Words *Pleaſure* and *Pain*, *Self-Love*, and *Self-Intereſt*, have already found Footing there. Let there be added further, the whole Groupe of human Paſſions, Appetites, and Averſions; you have then before you the ſelfiſh Creature Man; and you ſee a Creation made of the Love of Pleaſure, and Averſion to Pain, although

though in Fact there is not Exiſtence given to any Thing beſide the human Inclinations, Averſions, and Senſations; ſuch as Hunger, Sickneſs, Thirſt, Love, Pride, Ambition, &c. The Love of Pleaſure and Averſion to Pain then is nothing different from the various Inclinations and Averſions we feel.

The Love of Pleaſure, and Averſion to Pain, cannot therefore be Principles of Action in the Mind, nor indeed have any Exiſtence there, but as general Terms. Here I muſt expect an Outcry againſt me, from the whole Race of ſelfiſh Philoſophers. Are not the Love of Pleaſure, and Averſion to Pain, the original Principles, and radical Stems, from which the Paſſions, Appetites, and Inclinations, vegetate, and the Hinges on which they turn? If my indulgent Reader will pleaſe to give his Attention to the laſt Paragraph, he will find ſatisfactory Proofs, that the Appetites and Inclinations do not ſpring from the Love of Pleaſure or Hatred to Pain, Self-love, or Intereſt; ſeeing that Pleaſure, Pain, Self-love, and Intereſt, depend themſelves ultimately on the Paſſions and Appetites; that is, we are not hungry becauſe we love Pleaſure, nor becauſe it is our Intereſt to eat. Hunger is not the Effect of Judgment or Choice, it is involuntary. The Truth is, we are pleaſed with Eating becauſe we are hungry, and not hungry becauſe we are willing to be ſo, or have diſcovered that it is our Intereſt to nouriſh the Body with Food. We may ſay in the ſame Manner of Thirſt, of Love, of Ambition, and Jealouſy; they are not the Effects of Deſign and Choice, they proceed not from our Love of Pleaſure, or Self-intereſt; but our Intereſts, our Pleaſures, and Pains, are formed by them.

The whole Difficulty of conceiving what I ſay, conſiſts in diſtinguiſhing clearly between general and particular Expreſſions. Are we not ſenſible of ſuch Motives in the human Breaſt, as *Pleaſure* and *Pain*; and

and does not every one feel them, ſays a modern Philoſopher? Yes, juſt as there are in the World ſuch Things as *Trees* and *Fruit*; and every one who does not want his Sight ſees them; but the Word *Tree* does not mean any Thing in Nature, diſtinct from the various Species of Trees, nor the Word *Fruit* any Thing diſtinct from the various Kinds of Fruit. In the like Manner, there are ſuch Perceptions as Pleaſure and Pain; we all feel them, when by thoſe Words you mean to make a general Expreſſion for the particular Pleaſures and Pains we have experienced; abſtracted from which, they are mere Sounds, that have no Reality in Life, but leſs than ſick Mens Dreams.

7. From what has been obſerved, it is obvious that it can no more be ſaid with Propriety or Truth, that Pleaſures and Pains are the firſt Springs and Movers of human Action, when we have not a tacit Reference to the particular Species of Pleaſures and Pains, than it can be ſaid, that we make a Fire of Wood in general, without any particular Species of Wood: And as it is neither Self-love, nor a Love of Pleaſure, makes an Infant eat when he is hungry, or drink when he is thirſty, but the Appetites; by looking cloſely into the Motives of human Actions, we ſhall find thoſe univerſal Paſſions, that make ſuch a Parade in modern Philoſophy, wholly uſeleſs and inactive; and that all the Operations attributed to them, are really performed by Ambition, Envy, Pride, and the other particular Inclinations and Appetites of the human Breaſt.

8. Philoſophers, in framing of Syſtems, generally take Care to have a potent Principle in Reſerve, to perform all their Drudgery, and extricate them out of all Difficulties. The *Peripatetics* had their *ſubſtantial Forms*; the Adepts in the animal Motion have their *animal Spirits*; the eternal Drudges of modern Philoſophy are *Self-love* and *Self-intereſt*: But

But any one who has read the foregoing Lines attentively, muſt obſerve, that there is no Neceſſity for ſuppoſing the Exiſtence of Self-love as an univerſal Principle; and that while we have natural Appetites and Paſſions to impel us, if we ſuppoſe the univerſal Agency of Self-love, we admit a double Principle, without any Occaſion. Hunger alone is undoubtedly ſufficient to impel a Man to eat, and Thirſt to make him drink; what Need then of looking out for any other original Principle to perſuade us to eat and drink.

9. If we ſuſpend our Prejudices a Moment, and look at the Man of Nature, we will ſoon diſcover the Truth in this Caſe. We find ourſelves, and ſee others blindly and involuntarily impelled by the Force of Inclination or Averſion, which we feel equally, whether the Enjoyment we ſeek be for our Intereſt or no: Nay, though we ſee plainly our Ruin depends upon it, we ſtill feel the Deſire, and often plunge deliberately into Deſtruction with our Eyes open. But, ſays Mr. *Locke*, this is the Force of preſent Deſire or Uneaſineſs, acting againſt our deliberate Intereſt, and the greater viſible Good: It is, I own it: Therefore we are not always determined by deliberate Self-intereſt, or the kind Wiſhes we have for ourſelves, but muſt have ſome other Motive, and a ſtrong one, that is thus able to inſult and depoſe Self-intereſt. If Mr. *Locke* had proceeded a Step farther, he would have diſcovered the Truth, that the preſent Uneaſineſs or Deſire is formed by the natural Inclinations and Appetites, the true Springs of human Actions.

It is plain, that if Self-love or Self-intereſt ultimately formed the Springs of Action and Plan of Life, we would never give up our Eaſe and Content, nor ſuffer the Growth of Pride, of Anxiety, Jealouſy, nor Envy, thoſe Torturers of the human Breaſt. When the modern Philoſophers put Self-

intereſt at the Head of the Paſſions, they formed a Labyrinth, from which they were never able to extricate themſelves; and put themſelves under the Neceſſity of making a Variety of forced and painful Evolutions and Countermarches in their Syſtem, to account for the Eagerneſs with which Men plunge into the Way of Cares, Fatigues, and Diſappointments; and for their eternal Tendency to forſake Peace of Mind and Content, and act with their Eyes open againſt their Intereſts. The ſelfiſh Philoſopher is obliged to ſhew us, how Self-love diſtreſſes us with Compaſſion, and makes us take Part with the unfortunate; how it betrays us into the Inquietudes of Love, and Tortures of Jealouſy; how it makes us in the Midſt of Deſpair, even then, eagerly foſter and indulge the devouring Paſſion: He is obliged to explain how Intereſt inſpires the yet innocent Virgin's Boſom with a Tenderneſs, whoſe End or Gratification ſhe does not comprehend; and he muſt ſuppoſe that the ſame Motive whets the Appetite for Food, to repair the Decays of the Body, although we be not conſcious that we are the Projectors of the Appetite, and know as little of the Cauſes of it, as we do of the Oeconomy of the Stomach after we have eaten. The Truth is, we know, by the cleareſt Intuition, that neither the Appetite for Food, nor the tender Paſſion, are deſigned or calculated by us; on the contrary, we are not ſurer of our own Exiſtence, than that they are involuntary Emotions; and if neither Self-love nor Self-intereſt be the Motives of thoſe Deſires, which preſerve our own Being, or the Continuation of the Species, it is in vain to ſuppoſe that they are the primary Springs of any other Paſſion or Appetite.

10. It is very carefully to be attended to, that I do not deny the Reality of *Self-love* and *Self-intereſt*: My View is only to reduce thoſe Words, and the Ideas annexed to them, to the exact Standards of Nature,

Nature, and to that Part they really act in the human Mind. All the Signification we can attribute to the Word *Self-love*, is, that we ourselves feel our own Inclinations and Aversions, and are stimulated by them. The Word *Love*, when directed to external Objects, has quite a different Meaning from the same Word applied to *Self*: Properly speaking, Love signifies an Inclination of the Mind to enjoy in some Manner an external Object; in this Sense, we cannot love or desire ourselves. What is called Self-love is very foreign from this Idea, and means no more than that we feel our own Desires; that the Impulse or Inclination has a certain determined final End or Object, which when attained, the Uneasiness of the Desire ceases to goad the Mind, and we are restored to our former Ease and Tranquillity; but we feel not this Impulse, because we do love ourselves; Self-love ought therefore to be distinguished from the Inclination that attracts us to external Objects. In Fact, Mankind are so far from finding Attraction or Complacency in themselves, that they fly their own Conversation, and industriously disengage themselves from their own Company, by plunging into Amusement and Crowds: Even those who are fondest of Solitude, employ the Imagination on foreign and external Prospects, on Schemes of Grandeur, Poetic Scenes, or Dreams of Love. But when they lose the View of these, and such pleasing Visions, they are as miserable as the rest of Mankind, in a lonely and self-accompanied State.

11. There is also a Principle of *Self-interest* in the human Breast, to which most of our Actions, and our Plan of Life, is to be referred; but it is a subordinate Principle, and very different from the all-comprehending Self-interest that appears in the System of the selfish Philosophers. The true Account of it is as follows: Man, who is a sagacious and observant Animal, draws general Observations

and Concluſions from the paſt Part of Life to the future, and models his preſent Conduct to ſupply the Calls of his Hunger, Thirſt, Pride, and of his other Paſſions and Deſires, for the Time to come. A provident Scheme of Operations, that has in View our Inclinations, Appetites, and Averſions in future Life, is properly called Self-intereſt: But this Self-intereſt of the Man of Nature pre-ſuppoſes the Exiſtence of the Appetites of the Mind and Body, and is ſubſervient to them. If the Appetites ceaſe, Self-intereſt and Self-love have no longer any Exiſtence or Meaning. Let Pride, and the troubleſome Senſations of Cold and Heat, be no more felt by our Species; in ſuch Caſe, half the Sources of Self-love and Self-intereſt are ſtopped up; our Deſires of Dreſs, or even of Covering, of Diſtinction, and agreeable Accompliſhments, are extinguiſhed; and ſo far ſhould we be from affecting Palaces, or fine Houſes, that hardly any one would be at the Trouble to build himſelf a Hut, and we ſhould return back to ſleep under Trees, or in Caves. If you would nearly take away the other Half of Self-intereſt, let Hunger and Thirſt be known no more, or let Food, in its utmoſt Perfection, grow to our Hand, and only give us the Trouble of pulling it off from the bended Bough. In that Situation, the Miſer would take no more Pains for Gold, than at preſent he does for broken Bits of Glaſs or Tinſel; and Self-intereſt would vaniſh like a River whoſe Fountains are dried up. Self-intereſt is diſtinguiſhed from the Appetites and Inclinations, as the Foreſight of a Paſſion is from the preſent Impulſe of the ſame Paſſion; it is therefore more calm, moderate, and deliberate; it takes Scope for a regular Plan of Life: At a Diſtance we view ſedately the Objects of our Appetites and Inclinations, and are able to make a tacit Balance and Compariſon, in Proportion to their Greatneſs and apparent Value, and to form our Conduct

Conduct accordingly. This Power of balancing Good and Evil, Preſent and Future, while the Mind is ſedate and free, is the material Part of what we call *Reaſon:* But this even and regular Plan of Conduct is always diſturbed by the exorbitant Preſſure of the preſent Paſſion or Impulſe, which, like a mighty Current, drags us perpetually out of the Courſe of Reaſon, in the Voyage of Life; whence it is, that thoſe who indulge the preſent Paſſion, at the Expence of future Happineſs of vaſtly greater Extent or Duration, are ſaid to act irrationally; that is, they have not made a Balance in their own Minds; or if they have, they determined in Favour of the leſſer Pleaſure, becauſe its Influence is preſent; or, to ſpeak in Mr. *Locke*'s Phraſe, becauſe it is juſt now attended with Uneaſineſs. Real Self-intereſt then is evidently a ſubordinate and dependant Principle, that owes its Exiſtence to the Appetites and Paſſions. The Self-intereſt I would explode is that of the ſelfiſh Philoſophy, which is ſuppoſed to be in human Nature the primary Spring and firſt Mover of our Actions; and in that frigid Syſtem is looked upon as the Parent of the Paſſions. When we have diſcovered that the Self intereſt that obtains in Nature, is only the calm Deſire of making Proviſion for our Paſſions and Appetites, then the Inclinations that impel us to Action appear; the Plan of human Nature opens to View; we ſee why Men ſtep coolly and conſiderately into Vice and Toil; and we get a Glimmering of the capricious Part which Reaſon generally ſuſtains in the Drama of Life.

12 Having enquired into the true Value of the Words Pleaſure, Pain, Self-love and Self-intereſt, I muſt add, that they are uſeful Terms in Converſation and Philoſophy, when they are confined to their intrinſic Meaning and Value. Self-love is that ſecret, involuntary, impreſſed Force of unknown ſuperior Power, by which the Paſſion or Appetite im-

pels us to the Enjoyment of the Object of Satiety, or drags us from the Object of Averſion; and Self-intereſt is a provident Preparation for the Entertainment and Satiety of our Paſſions and Appetites, at a future Regale: But theſe Terms have been wreſted out of their natural Import, to make a Foundation for a wretched, debaſing, and unnatural Syſtem of Philoſophy, that has clouded common Senſe, and in Theory darkened the cleareſt Intuitions of the Mind; that by a Kind of Magic peculiar to itſelf, has reverſed the Order of Nature, and ſent Men in a Circle to deduce the Motives of the human Heart from general and relative Ideas, that themſelves depend on thoſe very Motives.

13. Let us make the Diſtinction clearly, and ſet their exact Limits to the Terms *Pleaſure*, *Pain*, and *Self-love*. In Obſervations and Diſcuſſions, we may ſubſtitute the general Terms to Particulars, and attribute human Actions at large to a Love of Pleaſure and Averſion to Pain, juſt as we ſay, that Fruit are the Production of Fruit-trees. The Truth is, in accounting for the whole of human Actions, we are obliged to place them to the Account of Generals, and not to particular Appetites or Paſſions, becauſe they are not the Effect of any one Paſſion, Appetite, or Averſion, but of a great many; but when we ſpeak of particular Effects, and treat of particular Actions, we muſt quit general and indiſtinct Principles, and ſingle out the Paſſions or Appetites that influence Men. It would be equally obſcure to attribute the Conduct of *Cromwell*, or of *Sextus Quintus*, to Self-love, or to a Love of Pleaſure, which was really the Effect of their Ambition, as to attribute the peculiar Taſte of a Pine-apple to the general Nature of Vegetables. Here we may ſee plainly the true Foundation of the ſelfiſh Syſtem, and where that Syſtem ſwells beyond the Foundation. When Philoſophers derived human Actions in general from a Love

of Love of Pleaſure and Averſion to Pain, the Audience aſſented, becauſe the Effects of a Variety of Motives in a general View, could only be attributed to an abſtract or general Idea, comprehending all thoſe Motives; but when they proceeded to trace the particular Actions and Sentiments from the Love of Pleaſure and Averſion to Pain, from Self-love or Self-intereſt, then they ſet the ſhadowy factitious verbal Repreſentation, in the Place of the real Cauſe. There is little Need of further Illuſtration to a Point ſo plain: When we ſay that Fruit is the Produce of Fruit-trees, we ſpeak very intelligibly, becauſe there are many Kinds of Fruit-trees; but ſhould a Traveller, in a Deſcription of the *Indies*, tell us, there is a certain Vegetable there called a *Fruit-tree*, that bears Pine-apples, Nutmegs, Piſtachio-nuts, Dates, Oranges, Cocoa, Mango, Pomegranates, and a vaſt Variety of other Fruit, of different Forms, Reliſh, and Flavour, ſome fit for one Uſe, and ſome for another; that the Leaves, Bark and Bloſſoms, as well as the Fruit of the *Indian Fruit-tree*, differ widely in Texture and Quality; no Perſon would judge this a juſt and proper Account of the Fruit-trees of *India*; yet ſuch exactly, and equally exceptionable, is the ſelfiſh Philoſopher's Syſtem, by which he attributes the various Effects of the human Inclinations, Averſions, and Appetites, to the Love of *Pleaſure* and Hatred of *Pain*, which, like the Word *Fruit-tree*, are only general Terms.

14. The Difference between attributing human Actions to the general Love of Pleaſure, and Averſion to Pain, or to Self-love; and attributing them to the Paſſions, Appetites, and various Species of Pains of Mind and Body that diſtreſs our Kind, does not appear, upon a ſlight View, as wide as it really is. If the primary Spring of our Actions be Selfiſhneſs, and Intereſt be our ultimate View, then is Man always, and neceſſarily, under the Direction

of apparent Reaſon. For his own Sake he chuſes always what ſeems to be right; and Right and Wrong are only Names for a true and a miſtaken Intereſt; Vice is only a Name for innocent Error, for Misfortune, and a wrong Judgment; and all our lofty Ideas of Virtue, of Truth, of Fidelity, of Gratitude and Humanity, all the Props of Morality and Natural Religion, ſink at once: Goodneſs is but exact Calculation; and Man, however ſpecious his Pretences be, appears no more than an Animal of more extenſive Cunning, without real Dignity or Worth, but that of being more potent than his dumb and unſociable Neighbours, the Wolves and Horſes.

Every one, whoſe Sentiments are not wholly diſlocated, and new ſet by Syſtem, finds this laſt too harſh a Concluſion; the generous Feelings of Men rebel againſt the Doctrine they hold in Theory. Many have acknowledged the Prevalence of Self-love and Self-intereſt, who have denied that they are the Principles of Virtue or Humanity; but they never went to the Bottom of the Error: They allowed Self-Intereſt to be the main Spring of the Appetites, and of moſt of the Paſſions; they only excepted Virtue, and gave it a nobler Origin. Their Arguments are undoubtedly good in this Reſerve; but while they allowed the Agency of Self-love, as the firſt Mover and Cauſe of any of the human Appetites or Purſuits, they became only the Jeſt of the adverſe Party; for if you allow beſides Hunger, a ſecond Cauſe, *Self-love*, to make you eat, why ſhould not you allow Self-love, as a ſecond Cauſe beſides Compaſſion, to make you relieve the diſtreſſed? If it be anſwered, that Hunger terminates in our own Support, I own there would be ſomething in this Objection, if Men had calculated and created the Appetite for their Preſervation; but Children who are hungry before they know the Purpoſe of Nature

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In the Appetite, are actually as diſintereſted in eating when they are hungry, as the tender-hearted and humane are in relieving the unhappy and miſerable, whoſe Diſtreſſes make them uneaſy, and melt them into Tears. I have often with Pity beheld the Friends of Virtue ſtruggle in vain againſt Materialiſts and ſelfiſh Philoſophers, while they admitted the Principles of Self-love or Self-intereſt to actuate the Breaſt of Man in any Caſe.

15. When we turn our Views to the real Motives that actuate the human Heart, we ſee vaſt Revolutions take Place in the Theory of Man: We ſee the ſubtle, unintelligible, ſelfiſh Syſtem, and a Variety of infidel Principles that hang upon it, vaniſh like a Cloud; and inſtead of theſe Phantoms, we ſee the original human Paſſions, Appetites and Averſions, ariſe to View; the moſt ſublime Object in Nature, the human Mind, emerges out of Obſcurity, and preſents to us Objects of Amazement and Grandeur, beyond the Reach of Deſcription, that move us by the Feelings of our own Hearts: and what is of ineſtimable Importance, we ſhall probably in the human Plan, if we trace it carefully, meet with indubitable Marks of our Origin, and final End.

The Portrait Painter, who is deſirous to prove that his Picture is a juſt Repreſentation, placeth it beſide the Original, that you may judge of the Exactneſs of the Similitude. In like Manner, in deſcribing the human Motives, if we truly follow Nature, the Heart itſelf will in a Moment witneſs for them, and anſwer the Deſcription. It brings an eternal Suſpicion on the ſelfiſh Syſtem, that its Explications of the Movements and Operations of the Heart, are ſubtle and unintelligible: Whereas the Emotions that we perpetually feel muſt in the Deſcription appear with the cleareſt Conſciouſneſs and Intimacy. To this Conſciouſneſs I appeal; I alſo hope that it will not appear unreaſonable to require

require *that you muſt not argue againſt the Reality of a Fact, becauſe you cannot comprehend in what Manner the Fact exiſts.* You ſhall not contend with me that you and I do not move while we walk, becauſe we cannot account for Self-motion; nor muſt you ſay, that I have no Memory, becauſe the Ideas I do not now think of are no where, and have no Exiſtence.

Some further Reflections upon the ſelfiſh Syſtem.

As this is at preſent the prevalent Syſtem, and I am ſenſible of the enormous Power of Prejudice againſt me, I have added ſome further Reflections on my Subject, which may have ſome Degree of Weight.

1. There are two Schemes, either of which may be adopted by the ſelfiſh Philoſopher who is willing to derive human Actions from Self-love:

Firſt, he may ſuppoſe that we ourſelves create our Senſations of Pleaſure and Pain, in order to our Preſervation and Happineſs:

Or, ſecondly, allowing that our Senſations are independent on the Will, he may ſuppoſe that the Memory or remaining Senſe of Pleaſures and Pains having no Influence upon us, as long as it remains ſtrong upon the Imagination, makes us chuſe the Good or Pleaſant, and avoid the Bad or Painful, and that on this Choice our Paſſions turn: For Inſtance, any one, ſays he, reflecting upon the Thought he has of the Delight which any preſent or abſent Object is apt to produce in him, has the Idea we call *Love*; on the contrary, the Thought of the Pain, which any Thing preſent or abſent is apt to produce in us, is what we call *Hatred.*

2. The firſt of theſe Schemes is too abſurd to be aſſented to by any one, although it be abſolutely neceſſary to thoſe who aſſert that Self-love is the main Spring of our Actions: The ſecond Scheme is Mr. *Locke*'s, and it ſeems to be plauſible in general

neral Terms; but when we come to particular Facts, we ſhall ſee it vaniſh, or fall into Inconſiſtence and Contradiction: let us put it to a Trial.

Upon Mr. *Locke*'s Scheme, it is evident that Hunger muſt be the Effect of a Reflection made on the Benefit or Pleaſure of Eating; that when a Man has filled his Belly with good Grapes, and the Pleaſure of eating them, or of eating any Thing elſe, is freſh on the Memory, he will then have the greateſt Appetite; and that in Proportion to the Time he is faſting, and that the Idea of the Pleaſure has been receding off his Memory, the Appetite for them muſt decreaſe: it alſo follows from this Scheme, which ſuppoſes the Love to follow from the Perception of Pleaſure, that before young Men or Women fall in Love, it is neceſſary they ſhould lead impure Lives; conſequently, that no Perſon in a Virgin State could feel the tender Paſſion; and that after the nuptial Happineſs, the Ardours and Deſires of Lovers ſhould increaſe; all of which are contrary to Fact, and demonſtrate that our Paſſions and Appetites do not ariſe from our Perceptions of Pleaſure or Pain; on the contrary, there is nothing of which we have a clearer Knowledge than that the Enjoyment, inſtead of giving Birth to the Appetite, or raiſing it, ſatiates us, and that the Appetite is juſt laid when we have eat or drank to our utmoſt Satisfaction, while yet the Pleaſure is freſheſt on the Memory, which is utterly inconſiſtent with Mr. *Locke*'s Scheme.

3. In Fact it is manifeſt, that it was the utter Repugnance of the Truth to his Scheme, that made him miſs the Truth when he came ſo near to it as to acknowledge, that it was not the Idea of the greateſt poſitive Good, or of the greateſt Evil, that determines the Will or creates Deſire, but the preſent Uneaſineſs: for if *Good*, *Happineſs*, *Pleaſure*, *Self-love*, or *Self-intereſt*, (for he has ſhifted through all theſe Changes) be the ruling Principle of Man;

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by what Logick or Reaſoning can it be ſuppoſed, that the leſſer apprehended Good determines the Will more powerfully than the greater, which may not ſerve to prove that two Pounds are heavier than three Pounds, and that twelve Inches are longer than twenty-four Inches; when he ſaw clearly that the greateſt acknowledged poſitive Good, and the greateſt Evil did not determine the Mind, but the greateſt preſent Uneaſineſs: it was then very natural to aſk the Queſtion, What other Conſideration, beſide the greateſt poſitive Good and Evil, forms the preſent Uneaſineſs? The Anſwer is readily found; the preſent Uneaſineſs is formed by the preſent Paſſion or Appetite; and conſequently Good, Pleaſure, Happineſs, Self-love or Self-intereſt, are not the ruling Principles of Man, or the Springs of the Paſſions and Deſires.

It had been happy for Man, if Pleaſure and Pain formed the Spring-Head of his Actions, and the Memory of Good and Evil directed him through Life; but the human State is governed in a very different Manner: our Inclinations and Appetites impel us with Tyranny, and the Returns they make us in Pleaſure, are inadequate and trifling; we ſee and acknowledge the Emptineſs and Vanity of our Purſuits, we know with the cleareſt Conviction that they are not worth the Trouble; and yet when the Inclination or Appetite calls upon us anew, we fly, and obey it with Paſſion and Alacrity.

SECT. II.

Of the Words Motive, Impreſſion, *and* Subſtance, *applied to the Mind.*

1. If Men had been originally in a lonely and diſjointed State, they muſt at their firſt Advances to Society and to a common Language, have ſtruggled with almoſt infinite Difficulties, to make each other comprehend what Ideas they annexed to their Words.

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It was eaſy to fix a Name or Expreſſion for any viſible Body or for any Attitude that often occurred, and could be readily pointed out. It was not difficult to get a Child to call this a Chair, that a Table; to call one Motion *Running*, another *Walking*, and a third *Stooping*. It was alſo eaſy to eſtabliſh Names for Paſſions, whoſe Symptoms are ſtriking and manifeſt to the Eye or Ear; ſuch as Anger, Grief, Joy; or for thoſe Inclinations that determine us to familiar Actions, and towards familiar Objects, ſuch as Hunger and Thirſt; but how ſhall a Man diſtinguiſh by Words the ſlighter Emotions of the Mind, whoſe Symptoms are tranſient and hardly diſcernible, and that terminate in no particular viſible Object, ſuch as *Reflection*, *Apprehenſion*, *Diſturbance*, *Diſguſt*, &c.

2. This Difficulty, however, the Invention of Man got over; and to unravel the Manner of doing it, we muſt recur to a peculiar Power in the human Mind, of diſcovering at a Glance Analogies, Similitudes and Likeneſſes in the moſt diſtant Objects: This fine Faculty I ſpeak of, is perhaps the Spirit of Poetry in the human Boſom; at leaſt Poeſy derives from it the whole of its creating Power and Enchantment, ſuch as its Similitudes, Metaphors, and Invention; and this ſubtle and remarkable Faculty it is that aſſiſts us to expreſs intelligibly the ſlighteſt and moſt latent emotions of the Mind. We may ſuppoſe proper Expreſſions found for the viſible Motions of the Body, and for the Circumſtances of our Appetites: Theſe being fixed and known familiarly, we are enabled, by our quick Senſe of Similitude, to apply to every Emotion of the Mind, however delicate and tranſitory, the Denomination of any ſenſible Motion or Circumſtance that bears an Analogy thereto, however diſtant in other Reſpects: for Inſtance, *imagine*, *reflect*, *apprehend*, *adhere*, *diſturb*; which Words, and their proper Ideas, are actual Hieroglyphics of the

the internal Emotions of the Mind, and become Subſtitutes, by much the ſame Kind of Artifice by which a Painter, in order to expreſs a Paſſion, paints a Face with certain Diſtortions. The Painting of the Operations of the Mind, which do not come under the Cognizance of the Senſes, by Words borrowed from Objects of Senſe, is called *Metaphor*. It is eaſy to apprehend from what I have ſaid, that Metaphors ſhould be for the moſt Part taken from Objects of Viſion, from Motion, and Light, whoſe Ideas are moſt lively and diſtinct, which is agreeable to Fact. From theſe Obſervations it follows, that the Words *imagine*, *reflect*, *apprehend*, *diſturb*, &c. were not made Uſe of, becauſe Nature in the naming of Things, ſuggeſted unawares, that ſenſible Ideas are the Origin of all human Knowledge, as Mr. *Locke* ſeems to think; but becauſe the Ideas of Intellect, although equally real, known, and felt with the Ideas of Senſe, cannot be diſtinctly and clearly pointed out to a Perſon who is learning Signs or Language, unleſs they be thus repreſented by ſenſible Ideas, that readily occur, and bring along with them to the Imagination the Analogy that ſerves to interpret the Hieroglyphic.

3. The Word *Motive*, applied to the Idea that determines the Mind; and the Word *Motion*, applied to the Reſolution taken, are Metaphors; and the Analogy extremely remote. We ſee that one Body ſtriking againſt another, communicates its Motion to that other; the fanciful and viſionary Imagination juſt catches an Alluſion, between this ſenſible Effect and the Determination of the Mind by an Object that affects it. But the Moment you attempt to contemplate the Analogy or Similitude between the Colliſion of Bodies, and the Manner in which Motives affect the Mind, it diſappears wholly, and you loſe it; for the Idea did not roll along, nor change Place in the Mind; it was there, but it did not impinge on it, nor was the Mind put

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out of its Situation by the Stroke; the Idea, which is a real diſtinct Eſſence or Being, having its own proper Qualities, has neither Solidity nor Extenſion; it has not Length, nor Breadth, nor Reſiſtance, nor Motion, nor a Capacity for moving any Thing. You have an Idea in a Dream, or you recollect People long dead; theſe Ideas, though real, are not material, nor are they capable of moving any material Being by impinging on it: neither are Ideas homogeneous with the Mind, as Bodies are that obtrude againſt each other; an Idea is evaneſcent, and its Eſſence, as a great Writer obſerves, conſiſts in its being *perceived*; but the Soul is not tranſitory, and it becomes ſenſible of its own Exiſtence, *by perceiving*. Whence it appears, that the Analogy between the Colliſion of Bodies, and the Determinations of the Mind, is ſo extremely ſhadowy and remote, that the Moment you deſire to fix upon it as an Object of View, and endeavour to find the Analogy or Point of Likeneſs, it recedes from your Apprehenſions, and is utterly loſt; and that when Materialiſts or Fataliſts draw Arguments from the Words *Motive*, or *Impulſe*, to ſhew the paſſive or material Nature of the Mind, they loſe Sight of their Subject, and have not the Nature or Properties of Mind in Contemplation, but the Qualities which paſſive, inert Matter, diſcovers in its Concuſſions and Motions.

4. The Word *Impreſſion*, when applied in a proper Senſe to Mind, is equally inadequate and illuſive. An Impreſſion on Paper, or a Pedeſtal, is moſt legible and plain when new made; it is of a conſiderably permanent Nature, but when obliterated, its Exiſtence is no more: but the Impreſſions on the Mind, however vivid, are, by changing the Diſcourſe, or by the Wandering of the Imagination, immediately obliterated, and a new Impreſſion ſucceeds; the new vaniſhes in Turn, and leaves a *Charte blanche* for a third Impreſſion; thoſe that

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are out of View, are no where; they are in utter Non-exiſtence; yet they are not irretrievable; we can recollect them again, and as it were new create them: thus, by a ſurprizing Power of reſtoring to Exiſtence that which had no Being any where, Memory brings back the Impreſſions of the loſt Objects, and renews an obliterated Scene. The Imagination, by a perpetual Viciſſitude, demonſtrates that the Nature of the Mind is wholly different from that of a Tablet or Sheet of Paper; that it does not retain the Inſcriptions made on it, like a *raſa Tabula*, but by a Law wholly peculiar to itſelf, that diſtinguiſhes it clearly from all material Subſtances. In like Manner, the Paſſions ſpring up and vaniſh. When Love is impreſſed upon the Heart deeply, a ſudden Voice, the Appearance of an Acquaintance, Hunger, Sleep, or the Yelping of a Cur, annihilates it; the Mind loſes the Impreſſion, and no Veſtiges of it remain in Being; yet the Paſſion, on the firſt vacant Moment, by its Return, will demonſtrate to you that it is not like an Inſcription, which being obliterated, returns no more; and it will convince you, that the Mind is not like a Tablet, or like Paper; whence it is evident, that the Terms *Inſcription*, *Imprinting*, *Impreſſion*, and ſuch like, applied to the Mind, are highly metaphorical and improper, and ſhould be uſed only in an emblematic and looſe Senſe; and that we muſt not draw any Conſequences from theſe Words, or their Ideas, in our Enquiries into the real Nature of the human Mind.

5. The Term *Subſtance*, even when applied to Body or Matter, is a very remote Metaphor. It was ſuppoſed by certain Philoſophers, whoſe Opinions came into ſuch Repute as to give a Bias to the Language of the Learned, that beſides the ſimple Ideas of ſenſible Qualities, which united give us the Idea of Body, there is a latent Subject of Union, different from the ſenſible Qualities, which fixes them,

them, and holds them together. The Relation between this unknown ideal Subject of Union, and the Qualities to which it was ſuppoſed to give a permanent Conſiſtence, ſeemed to bear ſome Alluſion or Similitude to that between the *Foundation* and the *Superſtructure*; between a Body *ſupporting*, and a Body *ſupported*; on Account of which Analogy, it was called *Subſtance*; and when it is ſaid that Qualities inhere in the Subſtance, we have an Idea ſomewhat like a Mountain with its incumbent Rocks and Trees upon it; but the Metaphor is ſo exceeding inadequate, and ſo remote from common Senſe, that the whole Body of the Learned in Succeſſion, who ſeemed to have Language in their own Hands, and actually corrupted it in other Inſtances, have not been able to give this Word a Currency in that Senſe, beyond the Doors of Colleges and Cloſets; for in the common Phraſe, *Subſtance* ſignifies Goods or Chattels.

It is plain, that whether there exiſts an obſcure Something in which the Qualities cohere, or no, the Analogy I ſpeak of is exceeding remote; and that Qualities bear not the ſame Relation to their Subſtance, that a ſuperior Body does to that on which it reſts; and that the Relation between the Qualities and the Subſtance, is wholly different from that between the Foundation and the Superſtructure: ſo that, when we turn our Imagination from the Metaphor, and conſider the real Exiſtence of Qualities, we find every Idea of Subſtance and of Superincumbence vaniſh into Emblem. But the Word *Subſtance*, carried on from Body, and transferred to Mind, as the Support of intellectual Qualities, is the Metaphor of a Metaphor; for, as I juſt before obſerved, neither Ideas nor Paſſions reſide in Mind as Qualities do in Body; the Ideas, the Deſires and Appetites, are of a fugitive evaneſcent Nature, and Ideas are themſelves real Beings, having their own

Qualities; to call the Mind therefore a Subſtance, or an immaterial Subſtance, is to paint the Hieroglyphic of an Hieroglyphic; which however may be done in common Diſcourſe, provided we carry in our Minds the Impropriety, and do not pretend, like *Spinoſa* and his Followers, to draw any Conſequences from the Term, concerning the Nature of the Soul.

6. It is true, we have very clear Ideas of Motion, and of Impulſe by which Motion is communicated from one Body to another. We know what Printing is on Paper, and Engraving on Marble; and we eaſily conceive a Horſe, or a Joint Stool, ſtanding under a Load. The Words *Motive*, *Impreſſion*, and *Subſtance*, bring familiar Ideas to the Imagination; but when we take our Eye off from the Metaphor or Emblem, and direct our Thoughts to the human Mind, theſe familiar Ideas appear to be only Reflexion and Shade. The very Similitude almoſt vaniſhes, and we find ourſelves receding into Obſcurity, becauſe it is indeed the Obſcurity of the Objects that forces Men originally to betake themſelves to Metaphor for Illuſtration.

7. There are Men who pretend to reflect and reaſon, who tell you, that they can conceive the Mind only as *moved*, *impreſſed*, and a *Subſtance*; and therefore conclude that it muſt be actually moved, impreſſed, and material. Theſe Gentlemen ſpeak exactly like Children, who ſeeing the Names of the Paſſions printed under their Pictures, tell you, that Anger, and Love, and Jealouſy, are made of Paper and Colours, and deny that there are any other, becauſe you cannot tell them the Dimenſions of Anger, the Length of Jealouſy, or Colour of Love; whereas, they ſay our printed Paſſions are clear Objects of Senſe and Conception.

8. Let us diſtinguiſh what we really know from what we only imagine confuſedly: the Mind is determined,

termined, without being moved; it has Ideas and Inclinations without Impreſſions; and it exiſts, without being Subſtance: the true Reſult of which is, that Mind is of a different Nature from Body, and obeys Laws wholly repugnant and unrelated to the Laws of Matter. The Gentlemen who complain, that when you ſtrip the Mind of all Motion, Inſcription and Subſtance, you take away every Thing conceivable from it, and ſeemingly annihilate it, have certainly been impoſed upon; they never had any Conception of the Mind; and although they uſed the Word, and ſpoke of Soul and Spirit, all that filled their Imagination was, *Paper*, *a Tablet*, *Balls in Motion*, and ſuch external Objects of Viſion. I need not tell my ingenious Reader who is acquainted with Mr. *Locke*'s Eſſay, that he has made numberleſs Inferences which he applied to the Mind, that appear obviouſly, from what I have ſaid, to be applicable only to Paper, Pedeſtals, and Bodies at Motion or Reſt. Theſe Obſervations are neceſſary to be made in an Enquiry into the Nature of the human Mind, to keep our Thoughts free from Metaphors, and emblematic Objects, that lead us aſtray in our Reaſoning, and to keep our Attention cloſe to the Operations of the Spirit of Man, and to the real Laws under which it diſplays its Powers. By a Defect, obvious in the very Nature of Language or of artificial Signs, we cannot repreſent Ideas of the Mind that are attended with no remarkable Symptom, by a proper Word. This Impediment to Language put the Genius of Man upon the moſt ſubtile Contrivance perhaps of which he is capable, the Subſtitution of allegorical Expreſſions, where a Gleam of Likeneſs is diſcernible; and now the common Uſe of the moſt remote metaphorical Expreſſions, makes us take no Notice of the ſuperlative Sagacity that at firſt diſcovered this ſhadowy Similitude; in common Uſe they paſs current, be-

cauſe they are often uſed, and diſcover our moſt incommunicable Thoughts: but where Men in ſtrict Reaſonings, and philoſophic Reſearches, miſtake the Metaphor for a proper Word, they make ſtrange Confuſion in Philoſophy. I think I may ſafely aſſert, that the natural Inability of Man to expreſs his intellectual Ideas, and the Abuſe of Language conſequent thereto, has led Men into greater Errors in Philoſophy, than all the other Abuſes of Language put together.

SECT. III. *Of Inſtinct.*

The Infant Mind, at coming into the World, is a mere *raſa Tabula*, deſtitute of all Ideas and Materials of Reflection. It is a *Charte blanche*, ready for receiving the Inſcriptions of Senſe; yet it behoves us carefully to obſerve, that it differs from a *raſa Tabula* or a Sheet of clean Paper, in the following Reſpect; that you may write on clean Paper, *that Sugar is bitter, Wormwood ſweet, Fire and Froſt in every Degree pleaſing and ſufferable; that Compaſſion and Gratitude are baſe; Treachery, Falſhood, and Envy, noble; and that Contempt is indifferent to us:* Yet no human Art or Induſtry are able to make thoſe Impreſſions on the Mind: in Reſpect to them, the Mind diſcovers not a paſſive Capacity, but it reſiſts them with the Force of Fate: the Signification of the Words may indeed be altered; but then we take our Attention off from the Words, and place it on the Ideas; I mean, that no human Power is able to impreſs the Ideas I ſpeak of on the Mind of Man, in the Order and Relation I write them. The Infant Mind then is juſtly compared to a Sheet of clean Paper, in being pure of all Ideas, and ſuſceptible of a vaſt Variety; but it cannot be compared to a Sheet of clean Paper in this other Reſpect, that prior to the Impreſſion, they are both equally indifferent to

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the Inſcription they are to bear. For the human Mind hath ſeveral predetermined Taſtes and Sentiments, which ariſe from a Source that lies beyond Experience, Cuſtom or Choice; that with abſolute Authority decides the *good* and *bad* of the Ideas we receive.

2. To conceive proper Notions of the Prediſpoſitions of the Minds of animated Creatures, let us turn aſide, and make a ſmall Excurſion amongſt the Brute Creation, in whom Inſtinct is leſs diſguiſed and leſs complicated than in Man: Brutes nurſed and bred up in the ſame great Common, diſplay very different Diſpoſitions, and follow various Occupations in Life. If they had been all originally of one Temper and Frame of Mind, and had the ſame directing Principles of Action from Nature, their untutored Diſpoſitions would appear for ever the ſame, and they would only differ according to their various Powers of Action, nearly as Sparrow-Hawks do from Eagles, as *Swift*'s Houynhnms from a Nation of Philoſophers, or as *Locke*'s wonderful Parrot from a tractable Servant; they would run along one Courſe of Life, as large and ſmall Waves purſue each other down the ſame Current.

But in the Common of Nature, and in the ſame Scenes, in Woods, Plains and Deſarts, we meet with Inhabitants of very different Characters and Occupations; we meet with Tyrants who lay waſte the Foreſt, and roam in Search of Blood: we meet with peaceable Colonies, who yet retain the Diſpoſitions of the Golden Age, and feed only on Vegetables; and with Tribes of induſtrious Labourers, who work in Wood, or live by Fiſhing, or by weaving Nets in which to take their Prey. That the Occupations and Manner of Life of the Brute Creation are not the Effects of Cuſtom, or Experience of their Powers or Capacities of Action, but of a predetermined, innate Diſpoſition, appears from num-

berleſs Inſtances; Cocks ſtrike with their Legs before their Spurs grow, and Bulls puſh before their Horns appear. The Puppies of all Beaſts of Prey, while they are yet offenceleſs and innocent of Blood, play and exerciſe themſelves in the Arts of Deſtruction; while the helpleſs Animals, who are devoted to be their Prey, practiſe, in unexperienced Youth, the Shifts of Flight and Eſcape. Ducklings juſt parted from the Shell, and hatched by a Hen, rejoice at the Water, and the Moment they come to it, launch thereon with the utmoſt Security, accompliſhed Sailors before they row, or ſtrike the firſt Oar. Young Birds hatched in a Cage by a Step-mother, and brought along with her to a Country where none of the Species ever dwelt before, ſhall not follow the Step-mother's Plan, or be led aſide by acquired Knowledge, but if they find Materials, build exactly in the Model of their Anceſtors, without the leaſt Deviation; as they never quit the Plan of their Forefathers, neither do they improve by Time and Experience, or perform any Work of Fancy. No Bird was ever known to alter the Form of his Family Neſt, or to contrive a more commodious Nurſery for her Young; nor, as an ingenious Writer obſerves, did any Hive of Bees ever add or retrench a ſingle Angle in the Building of their Cells.

3. In looking over the Inſtincts of Animals, there are two Obſervations we can hardly miſs: the one is, that they are the Effects of Calculation and Deſign, which has ſo finely adapted them to their Powers of Execution; and the ſecond is, that this Calculation is not theirs. How deſtructive had it been to the Species of Ducks, if they had ſuch Boldneſs to plunge into the Waves without an Oar to ſtrike, or an unknown Means of keeping out the Water from penetrating their Feathers. The prodigious Ornament of the Lion is but the external

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Part of the Design of Nature: when you discover that the taming of this fierce Animal is the most difficult Undertaking imaginable, and that his Wrath and Thirst of Blood are not to be subdued, you then see the Meaning of the Armament of the destructive Creature. It is equally remarkable, that in the regular stated Actions of very stupid Animals, who have hardly any Traces of Prudence or Reflection, we discover an Intimacy *a priori* with the most secret Powers of Nature. Hens and Turkies perform Operations very familiarly, which after they are known, and become the Objects of our Enquiry, no Depth of Philosophy can account for. Shall we say, that the Hen and Turkey, foreseeing Powers and Effects, which Sir *Isaac Newton* could not calculate, nor even explain, undertook the Office of Hatching? Is it not evident that we must attribute the Process to some Being who is acquainted with the Seeds of Life in the Egg, who knows the Powers of Heat, and the just Degree necessary for warming the Embrio into Life?

There is no Need of heaping Instances of an Œconomy, that is taken Notice of by every Writer of Natural History, and occurs to every one in familiar Life. I will proceed to lay it down as a general Maxim, that it is the common Method of Nature to direct her animal Creation by Instinct or unacquired Disposition; and from it I draw this undeniable Conclusion, that it is equally practicable for Nature to direct Man as the Brute by Instinct or Predisposition; I do not mean from the Possibility to bring an Argument for the Fact, but only to shew, that there is no Violence in supposing human Instincts, and that no Argument lies against them from the Difficulty of conceiving their Nature or Operation, seeing that the same Difficulties remain in Force against the Instinct of Brutes, which nevertheless are certain and real.

4. But it must be carefully noted, that Instincts and Predispositions do not infer innate Ideas, Rules, Maxims, or Inscriptions on the Imagination. I already observed, that the Use of the Words *Inscription*, *Imprinting*, and *Impression*, applied to the Mind in a proper Sense, has led the modern Philosophers into great Confusion and Error. I likewise took Notice, that the human Inclinations, Appetites, Sentiments, and even Ideas, pass away totally off the Mind, and have no Existence; yet by their Return, they demonstrate that they are not lost like a defaced Inscription, and that they are in the Mind in a Manner very different from a Proposition on Paper, or an Inscription on a Pedestal. I own at the same Time, there is no conceiving how a Man can have a Sentiment, a Taste for Music in his Frame of Mind, or an Idea in his Memory, without perceiving them there. We see nothing in Matter correspond to this Property of the intellectual Part of Man; yet I must here call to my Assistance the Axiom I premised, that we must not argue against the Reality of the Fact, which we intuitively know, merely because we do not comprehend the Manner of its Existence.

5. When we withdraw our Thoughts from metaphorical Images, and place them on the real Operations of the Mind, we find that some Instincts of great Influence do not appear until certain Seasons of Life, and certain pre-ordained Ideas call them forth to Action; nothing can be more different from the Nature of Inscriptions on Paper or Stone: Inscriptions are clearest and most legible when they are fresh, but the Instincts of Animals are sometimes imperceptible in tender Youth, and are displayed only when the Mind comes to Maturity, and the Season of Passion is arrived; the mutual Inclinations of the Sexes in Birds is warmed into a Flame by the Approach of Spring, and every Bird then discovers, without

without Miſtake, the Object of his Engagements: By this Obſervation we are led to take Notice of the univerſal Deſign that runs through the Creation, and governs all the animated Inhabitants of the Earth. The Minds of Animals are calculated for the Objects that in Proceſs of Time are to attach them; at the Preſence of thoſe Objects they feel a new Deſire, which is the ſecret Intelligence of Nature, and it is this Pre-engagement that forms their Characters, and leads them to their different Occupations and Courſe of Life: It directs the various Tribes or Species to their peculiar hereditary Eſtates in the Common of Nature; it peoples Lakes and Bogs, Mountains and particular Trees, with their proper Inhabitants, who feel a real *amor Patriæ*, that will ſuffer them to reſide no where elſe; and this divine Intelligence inſtructs them in their different Occupations by which they live, and is the ingenious Arbiter of their Pleaſures and Enjoyments.

6. What I have been ſaying requires the fulleſt and cleareſt Light, in order to bring us acquainted with the Laws of the Mind. A modern Philoſopher objects to me, and ſays, 'Let us take the following 'Propoſitions: A Thruſh in the Spring courts the 'Company of his Mate; a Man has a Taſte for 'Muſic; theſe Propoſitions are formed of Ideas, the 'Ideas are not innate, neither are the Propoſitions 'that are formed of them.' I own it, learned Sir; but I neither ſaid Propoſitions nor Ideas are innate; on the contrary, I am convinced they are not; and yet it is certainly true, that the Mind is ſo framed before the Reception of the Idea, as upon its Appearance to feel a Paſſion, an Appetite, or Inclination, that was before out of Perception, and was neither engraved nor imprinted, ſo as to be perceivable. The Duckling has no original Idea of Water, yet the Moment he deſcries it, he is moved with a new Deſire to ſwim; he flings himſelf upon it

it the first Moment with perfect Security, and before he draws a Stroke is an accomplished Rower. The Bee has no innate Ideas of Honey, of Flowers, or of Wax; yet he is a perfect Virtuoso in these Matters, and without Line or Compass, or studying a Problem in *Euclid*, sets out no ordinary Geometrician and Architect. It is certain, that Instincts do not require innate Ideas, and that Dispositions and Tastes belong to the Mind unperceived, ready to be put in Motion by the Scene which is to direct their Operations.

7. Let us now quit this Excursion into the Department of Brutes, to return to the human System; and let us examine whether or no Man has his Instincts to direct him in the Concerns of Life. I hope that the Explanations I have already made, will keep me free from Cavils that interfere not with my Meaning or Design. I am not going in Quest of innate Characters, nor innate Propositions impressed on the Understanding; but, in order to give the most distinct Idea possible of the Object of my Enquiry, I will quote a Passage from Mr. *Locke*, that comes up exactly to my Purpose: 'I deny not that there are natural Tendencies imprinted on the Minds of Men; and that 'from the very first Instances of Sense and Perception, there are some Things that are grateful, 'and others unwelcome to them; some Things 'that they incline to, and others that they fly: 'But this makes nothing for innate Characters on 'the Mind, which are to be the Principles of Knowledge, regulating our Practice; such natural Impressions on the Understanding are so far from 'being confirmed hereby, that this is an Argument 'against them; since, if there were certain Characters 'imprinted by Nature on the Understanding as the 'Principles of Knowledge, we could not but perceive them constantly operate in us, and influence 'our Knowledge, as we do those others on the Will

'and

' and Appetite, which never ceaſe to be the conſtant ' Springs and Motives of all our Actions, to which ' we perpetually feel them ſtrongly impelling us.' It is plain from this Paſſage, that he diſtinguiſhes between natural Tendencies imprinted on the Minds of Men, which are the conſtant Springs and Motives of our Actions; and innate Characters, which are the Principles of Knowledge, and appear in the Form of Rules and Maxims: The Firſt he acknowledges, and only argues againſt the Second. Here then, once for all, before I proceed to the Theory of the Human Mind, I declare that I think it extremely abſurd to imagine that Infants come to the World with Rules, Maxims, Principles, or Ideas imprinted on their Underſtanding; and that my Attempt is only to bring to open Light Tendencies or Inſtincts that cannot be acquired by Reaſon, and which are diſtinguiſhed from Principles or Propoſitions in this Reſpect, that no Reaſon can be given for them; and as they are not acquired, they appear to be Appendages to human Nature univerſally felt, that may be traced in every Nation and Society of Men, that ever came to our Knowledge, whether ſavage or civilized,

8. To proceed then; Mankind know by Inſtinct the Paſſions on the human Countenance, when they become violent, and are not diſguiſed. This is a Science ſo clearly ſettled by Nature, that Painters are able to repreſent the Paſſions with Force and Life to all Nations upon Earth, ſo that the wildeſt Savages, the Moment they caſt their Eyes on the Picture, ſhall underſtand, with the utmoſt Evidence, the Emotions of Mind delineated; it is becauſe all the Race of Man know the Paſſions by Inſtinct, that the Statues of ancient *Greece* and *Rome* ſpeak their Emotions this Day as intelligibly to the Travellers of all Countries, as they did to the Sculptor's Cotemporaries and Acquaintances. Love, Grief,

Grief, Anger, Envy, corporal Pain, Pity, have each their unerring Symptoms that diſcover the Agitations of the Soul at a Glance. It may be alledged, that theſe Symptoms were at firſt uſed by Accident, and continued after by Cuſtom ſo conſtantly, that every one learns them, and underſtands the Paſſions to which they are become Signs; as by Uſe, the Words which indiſputably are factitious, bring to our Thoughts their correſpondent Ideas; in ſhort, that the Symptoms of the Paſſions acquired in Youth, and by conſtant Uſe, are become an univerſal Language.

The Symptoms of the Paſſions indeed form an univerſal Language well underſtood; but they do ſo only becauſe they are taught by Nature. An artificial Language is alterable, and, like all the other Works of Man, is ſubject to Variation and Decay; and there is no ſuch Thing as fixing it for a Perpetuity, while it continues in public Uſe. Affectation and Novelty will be always buſy, making Changes and Deviations, which although ſlender in any one Age, yet, like the ſlow Touches of Time, they become ſenſible at length; but the pictureſque Language of the Paſſions has never varied a Tittle, nor is it within the Reach of human Art or Power to vary them. *Alexander* or *Cæſar*, who governed the known World, were not able to make a Laughter paſs for a Sign of Melancholy, or a Frown for the Expreſſion of Approbation: Beſides, every one is conſcious of the ſuperior Force of the Expreſſions of Nature to that of Words, and conſequently of their Difference. It is idle to purſue this Argument farther, becauſe hardly any one who can ſee, will diſpute that the Symptoms of the Paſſions are both produced and underſtood by Inſtinct.

The Paſſions alſo diſcover themſelves by peculiar Sounds; a Sigh, a Groan, Laughter, the piercing Cries of Agony, and the ſlow Wailings of Sorrow, are

are underſtood by every Ear. There are ſtill ſlighter Emotions, and gentler Modulations of Sound taught by eloquent Nature, that enter into familiar Diſcourſe, and are underſtood by every one without Grammar or Proſody, that concur much to the Charms of Elocution, and diſcover a Senſibility of Taſte. The ſoft bewitching Tone of Love, as well as the Smile, give a brief, but a very intelligible Account of the Heart. Raillery, Grief, Anger, Fear, vary the Sound as well as the Features, and diſcover to us, by the Light of Inſtinct, the Speaker's Sentiments, although he uſes a Language we do not underſtand.

The Attitudes and Flexions of the Body alſo, ſtrongly expreſs the Motions of the Mind; whence it is, that Orators chuſe to ſpeak ſtanding, and in a moving Poſture. Theſe three I have mentioned, the Geſture, Tone and Attitude, form the Spirit and Soul of Language: And if Nature had not endowed Man with an inſtinctive Knowledge of them, he would be hardly capable of Speech: The Uſe they are of to us, in rendering us intelligible to each other, and ſmoothing the Way to Language, may be obſerved in the Geſtures and Modulations of Children, who come ſlowly to the Power of Speech, and of Strangers who endeavour to converſe and become intelligible, without underſtanding each other's Language; for in ſuch Caſes, Neceſſity brings them back to the Principles and Elements of natural Expreſſion.

9. There is nothing has puzzled Philoſophers more than the peculiar Marks and Diagnoſtics of the human Species: It is not that they are unknown, or that they are not obvious; it is manifeſt that every one perceives and knows them by the Ability of every one to diſtinguiſh a Man; but the Difficulty lies in ſelecting out thoſe univerſal Marks. Is it not ſurpriſing, that however eaſy this Taſk appears,

appears, the whole Succeſſion of Philoſophers miſſed of it, and were not able to tell what every Clown and Savage eaſily perceives? In ſhort, the diſtinguiſhing Marks of the Species, are the Symptoms of the human Mind appearing in open View, in the Countenance and Geſture, modulating the Voice to the Hearer's conſcious Feelings, and painting to both the Senſes, if I may ſay ſo, the well-known Emotions and Sentiments of the Mind: Untaught Inſtinct diſcovers them, and theſe being found conſtantly joined to the human Shape and Countenance, and being naturally expreſſed by them, as I juſt obſerved, the Shape and Countenance ſerve, as a Label does on a Grocer's Cheſt, to let us know the Repoſitory of the human Mind, even although Sleep at preſent ſeals up the Man's Intellects. It is here proper to obſerve, that human Madneſs or Folly are peculiar to the Mind of Man, and characterize it equally with its calm common Senſe. Its Pride and Ambition appear as real under a Crown of Straw, as a Crown of Gold. Its Paſſions, its Geſture and Characters, appear as diſtinctly in *Bedlam* as at a City Committee; and in the Extravagance of a Mad-man, we know the human Mind diſconcerted and out of Arrangement, with the ſame Certainty that we know Houſhold-Furniture in the Ruins of a Houſe that has been overturned by a Storm. Geſture and Modulation are more preſerved in the Languages of the South Part of *Europe*, and in the ſame Climate round the Earth, than in the Climates to the North; the Cauſe is unknown, but the Effect indubitable, which forbids Oratory to arrive at the ſame Perfection, or to have the ſame Powers as in *Greece* and *Rome*. For the ſame Reaſon, pantomime Entertainments are the Growth of *Italy*, and Exotics in our cold Climate, like their Oranges; but although the northern Inhabitants want the Expreſſions of Nature,

Nature, they have not loſt the Taſte; as Men who are themſelves no Poets, are ſenſible of the Beauties of Poetry: whence it has happened, that while the northern Critics ceaſe not to ridicule the ſilent conſcious Expreſſions of Pantomime, their Women, Children, and the Illiterate, who are happy in knowing no Rule but the Rule of Inſtinct, flock to thoſe Exhibitions of the Soul. I am here perſuaded to give a Hint that I think may be uſeful to Preachers, Lawyers, and others who are deſtined to ſpeak in public; it is, that they often practiſe before a Glaſs, or good Judges, the pure Expreſſion of Nature, free from the Bluſter and Confuſion of Words, and fix an habitual Propriety and Grace of Geſture, which few of our Countrymen are happy in.

10. Muſic, with a ſuperior Power that is not acquired, and cannot be reſiſted, ſeizes on the human Mind, and opens the Springs of the Paſſions. The Effects of Muſic is the Subject of the fineſt Lines in our Language; my Reader of Taſte is ſenſible I mean *Dryden's* Feaſt of *Alexander*. We comprehend by Inſtinct, without the Aſſiſtance of Reaſon, that Muſic is related to Poetry. The principal Object of both is ſomething beyond Conception rapturous and elevating; when we would fix our View upon it, we find that it lies yet below our Horizon, and only appears in a Dawn whoſe Splendour ſurprizes us. Accordingly, there is a Perfection, a *plus ultra* ſtill behind, beyond Expreſſion and Attainment in both, of which great Poets and Muſicians have a confuſed Idea, without Ability ever to arrive at it. But although they know it not, they are ſenſible when they approach to it, by the noble Elevation that ſeizes the Soul, the Raptures in which it ſtruggles as it were to get looſe, and approach to the unknown Object, that ſeems at the ſame Time to appear and hide from the Imagination. Muſic,

like

like Poetry, hath its Tragedy and Comedy, and often a fantaſtic Mixture of both; which latter ſeems to be the preſent Taſte.

Muſic, like all Sciences whoſe Standard is in Nature, can only be corrupted by the Profeſſors, or the learned in Muſic, becauſe the Senſe of the untutored Part of Mankind is the true Standard, and can never be wrong; but the Learned are always liable to be corrupted by Vanity and Affectation: The ſame Thing happens in Eloquence; the Senſe of the Crowd is the true Standard of Eloquence; yet from the Time Oratory became an Art, it has been ſeldom free from the falſe Beauties of the learned in Oratory. The true Beauties of Muſic affect every Ear that is not corrupted by Art, but the Maſters are often led, by a falſe Emulation of diſplaying a Maſter-hand, to introduce what may properly enough be called the Puns and Quibbles of Muſic; theſe they at preſent cultivate with great Care and Perſeverance, while they neglect the wild Graces, the nobly-plaintive Strains, the Sounds that charm and elevate, that aſſuage the petulant Cares of this Life, that wrap us in golden Viſions, and bring forward lofty Paſſions, which we never knew before, and now perceive in Song with Surprize and Ecſtaſy.

There appears little Reaſon to judge that our inſtinctive Taſte of Muſic has been communicated to any other Species, or is any other than a Charm relative to the human Mind, and confined to it. Every Species of Birds who ſing, have, it is true, their own hereditary Strain, at leaſt ſufficient to diſtinguiſh them to the other Sex within the Species; but however we admire the Variety of the Song, yet it is not Muſic to us, although it be to them the irreſiſtible Breathing of the Voice of Love, that melts them into Paſſion, and diſtinguiſhes the Lover ordained by Fate for the Nuptials.

11. The Tranſition from Muſic to Beauty is eaſy and natural. Beauty is not abſolute no more than Muſic, but relative, and the well known Symbol of pre-ordained Union. Every Creature finds the Object of Deſire in his own Species; and there are few Temptations to tranſgreſs thoſe Bounds: An Appetite indeed of Mind or Body may be depraved or warped in a few Inſtances, but it never can be loſt or altered, nor yet ſo far miſled to a wrong Object, as not to leave the Intention of Nature very clear and obvious. Man does not diſcover the Beauty that gives Birth to Paſſion, until both himſelf and the Fair arrive near the Summit of Youth. I am obliged to be the more explicit on this Inclination that unites the Sexes, and enſures the Continuation of the Species, becauſe it clearly decides a Point of the utmoſt Importance to be known in the Theory of Man; it is, that the natural Springs of human Actions, although they be the inſtinctive Impreſſions of Nature on the Breaſt, yet they are not impreſſed ſtrongeſt on Children; and ſome, for Inſtance this I ſpeak of, do not appear until after a conſiderable Advance in Life. Man beheld Beauty and a good Air from his Infancy, but the unutterable Elegance that forms the Soul of Beauty, and kindles tender Deſires, lay hid from him in puerile Youth. What is this Grace which Lovers and Poets feel while they mourn their Inability to expreſs their Thoughts? It is the conſcious Symptom of the Seaſon of Life, intended by Nature for the human Nuptials, when the Paſſion, juſt opening into Bloom in the Breaſt, ſeeks for an Object of its Tenderneſs, and throws reſiſtleſs Embelliſhment and Softneſs over the Manner and Expreſſion; theſe Symptoms are beſt underſtood by Savages, but they are more affected and practiſed by polite Nations, who imitate the Graces of Nature, and make them ſubmit to eſtabliſhed Rules of Art. Al-

though this conscious Grace generally fades and dies along with the Season of Passion, yet in some Women it is fixed by Education and Habit, and communicates a Tincture of Beauty and Softness to the Actions, until old Age utterly defaces it.

It is sufficient to my present Purpose, to shew in a few Instances that Man hath his Instincts, his natural Directions, and innate Lights, which depend not on Deduction, Design, or Reason; but are the Revelations of Nature, made to him by a silent Notice to his Heart, without Pains or Reflection; and that these tacit Revelations form his common Sense, his Character, and Course of Life. A Man's Sense of Beauty confines him sufficiently to the Mother and Nurse of his Species, and the kind Companion of his Cares; the Sympathy of Countenance and Gesture, and the innumerable Flexions and Modulations of his Voice, both expressive of the human Mind, discover to Man his Society, and form the Out-strokes of Language, which is the Chain that binds together the Members of the great Leviathan.

12. We find then that the Minds of Animals in Regard to the Instincts or primary Springs of Action, are very improperly compared to a *rasa Tabula*, or Sheet of clean Paper: But in an infant State, they may be more justly compared to the nearest Image of animated Life, a Tree. In Winter, naked Fruit-trees of different Species seem little distinguishable; but when Spring and powerful Suns invigorate them, and call forth their innate Properties, then different Kinds of Blossoms, Leaves and Fruit appear, whose Existence were before unperceivable. Thus the Instincts and Dispositions of Animals that lie unperceived in the infant Mind, open and appear in the active and destined Season of Life, when their respective Objects call them forward into Operation.

Instinct

Inſtinct appears with various Degrees of Clearneſs and Certainty in various Animals; in Bees, Ducks, and perhaps in moſt Inſects, it is deciſive and perfect at their Entrance upon an active Life; in Dogs and other Animals that approach the human Sagacity, it is at firſt obſcure, and requires an Exerciſe and Diſcipline which they naturally fall into, to bring it to Perfection; in Man, Inſtinct is more latent, complicated, and reſtrained by oppoſite and irreconcileable Deſires, and therefore more liable to be perverted, miſtook, or miſled by Habit; yet its Intelligence throughout the Species will for ever remain clear enough to ſhew its End, and the Views of Nature.

13. However obvious Inſtinct appears in the Actions of Animals, and in determining their Characters and Courſe of Life, it finds no Room in modern Philoſophy. The Inſtincts of the Brute Creation are equally inconſiſtent with its Principles, as the Inſtincts of Men: This Obſervation is ſufficient to make an unbiaſſed Perſon ſtrongly ſuſpect, that the modern Syſtem of the human Mind is imperfect; and in Fact, while the current Philoſophy treats with minute and tedious Exactneſs of ſenſible Ideas, which are only fortuitous and fugitive Objects in the Mind, it leaves in Oblivion the Soul itſelf. The Lights of Philoſophy are held to us carefully through all the trifling Objects of the Underſtanding, and we are committed to utter Darkneſs, where only it is of the greateſt Conſequence to us to have ſome Knowledge.

Whoever has read the foregoing Reflections attentively, and is acquainted with Mr. *Locke*'s Arguments againſt innate Ideas, may eaſily ſee that the celebrated Diſpute he has entered into on that Subject is merely verbal, and that the Queſtion to be decided with him is only, Whether Inſtincts ſhould be called Ideas or Principles, or ſhould not? If

the Term *Idea*, agreeable to the proper Import, be taken to ſignify the Repreſentatives we have in the Mind of Objects of Senſe, or our Reflections on them, which is the Meaning Mr. *Locke* has taken the Word in; then it is certain there are no innate Ideas; and indeed the Propoſition is not worthy of ſuch a formal Induction of Proofs as Mr. *Locke* has made, ſeeing that nothing can be added in Evidence clearer than the Poſition itſelf, viz. *that ſenſible Ideas are derived from Senſe, and conſequently are not innate.* What is ſaid of ſenſible Ideas holds equally of Principles formed of them. Principles made of ſenſible Ideas can no more be innate than the Ideas of which they are formed.

But then, when we have concluded that we have no innate Ideas or Principles, it is neceſſary that another Propoſition ſhould be eſtabliſhed, in order to give Men ſome uſeful Knowledge of the Nature of the human Spirit; it is, that in the human Mind there are Inſtincts not acquired by Senſe, and therefore diſtinguiſhable from both Ideas and Principles, that riſe into Perception and Influence, as the Powers of the Soul open and diſplay themſelves. But this moſt important Part of the Knowledge of the Mind has been neglected by Mr. *Locke*, and indeed appears inconvenient to his Syſtem, and when it is eſtabliſhed, his Syſtem appears partial and trifling; ſenſible Ideas, of which he ſo largely treats, are only Paſſengers in the Mind, that occaſionally take up a ſhort Abode there, and paſs away; the Theory of them is therefore proportionably unimportant; but Inſtincts are the eſſential diſtinguiſhing Qualities of the Mind, and the permanent Laws of its Actions and Feelings.

When the Inſtincts of animated Beings are taken no Notice of in Philoſophy, and only mere tranſitory Perception is attended to, then no Diſtinction appears in the intellectual Creation but the Degrees

of

of Capacity, or greater and leſſer Powers, and Philoſophy becomes barren and unimportant; but when we diſtinguiſh Animals by their Inſtincts, the various Deſigns of Providence appear full in View, and the all-governing Spirit acts, directs and rules thro' the Proſpect of Nature, and gives their ſeparate Code of Laws to every Species on Earth, from which there is no Appeal. From the human Inſtincts it is, that we may expect to diſcover, by the Light of Nature, and by the Teſtimony of Analogy, the End and Purpoſe of that great, miſerable, and complicated Creature, Man. I ſhall only add to what I have ſaid concerning Mr. *Locke*'s Arguments againſt innate Ideas and innate Principles, that he has not advanced one Syllable againſt unacquired Inſtincts, and that his Reaſonings on thoſe Subjects conclude nothing againſt what I have contended for in this laſt Section.

14. Upon the Whole, I flatter myſelf that I have in the foregoing Tracts proved, with ſufficient Evidence, that the Syſtem, which ſuppoſes Self-intereſt to be the Parent of the Paſſions, and the ultimate Mover of human Actions, is a Figment and a Deception, formed by ſubſtituting general Expreſſions which have no Ideas or Reality annexed to them, for the particular Inclinations and Averſions which are the real Sources of our Deſires. That the Mind is not *moved*, or *impreſſed* as Matter is; that theſe Expreſſions which are borrowed from material Objects, are metaphorical and improper in the higheſt Degree when applied to the Mind, and afford no Sanction to the uſual Reaſonings of the Materialiſts; on the contrary, that the Mind obeys Laws wholly different from, and inconſiſtent with the Laws of Matter; and that the human Mind hath, in Embrio, Diſpoſitions, Sentiments, and Taſtes, prior to the Impreſſions of Senſe, which determine and form the human Character and

Courſe of Life, and that we are by an inviſible Power enlightened and led by the Hand, whoſe Directions we always feel with ſufficient Clearneſs.

Having diſplayed the Errors of thoſe Syſtems that diſtorted modern Philoſophy, the Way at leaſt is cleared to the ſacred Springs of Morality and Virtue, and a Path opened to the human Plan, which it concerns us ſo much, in this Age of Infidelity and Enquiry, to be perfectly acquainted with.

P. S. Every one who is acquainted with Mr. *Locke*'s Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding, will readily ſee that no two Syſtems can be more oppoſite than his, and this I have juſt ſketched out. When it is proved that the Judgments and common Senſe of Men are directed by Inſtincts, then the Deſign of Mr. *Locke*'s Chapters againſt innate Ideas and innate Principles is overturned, as well as his whole ſubſequent Syſtem, as far as it is founded on the Principles begun in thoſe celebrated Chapters, and carried on throughout the whole Body of his Eſſay; Self-Intereſt, which, agreeable to his general Plan, forms every Law that binds Mankind, which directs their Judgment, and moves them to Action, falls to the Ground; and Virtue and Morality muſt appear under a very different Character, and different Laws from thoſe which his Plan admits. Senſible of the prodigious Authority that lies againſt me, and of the general Aſſent given to Mr. *Locke*'s Scheme, I would not venture to oppoſe it, if I had not the ſtrongeſt Aſſurance of the Truth of the Opinions I advance, and a Conviction that the Cauſe of Virtue and Morality is deeply intereſted in the Diſpute. With ſuch Reflections I thought proper to communicate my Thoughts to the Public, that they may have a fair Trial, notwithſtanding any Authority upon Earth: This is a Freedom of Examination that Mr.

Mr. *Locke* himſelf has taken, and ſtrenuouſly contended for.

My intelligent Reader will eaſily foreſee, that in the Proſecution of this Subject, the next Attempt ſhould be to enquire what are the Inſtincts peculiar to Man, that diſtinguiſh him from the other known Animals who ſhare this Earth with him; whether, amongſt the human Inſtincts, there be any that form fixed and univerſally-felt Fountain-heads of Religion and Duty: and if it appears that we really have ſuch, then it is evidently of the greateſt Importance to point them out, and to examine what they plainly infer, and what they teach us concerning the End and Deſtination of Man.

THE

LIFE

OF

THOMAS PARNELL, *D.D.*

ARCHDEACON of CLOGHER.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

THE Life of a Scholar ſeldom abounds with Adventure. His Fame is acquired in Solitude. And the Hiſtorian who only views him at a Diſtance, muſt be content with a dry Detail of Actions by which he is ſcarce diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of Mankind. But we are fond of talking of thoſe who have given us Pleaſure, not that we have any Thing important to ſay, but becauſe the Subject is pleaſing.

Thomas Parnell, D. D. was deſcended from an ancient Family, that had for ſome Centuries been ſettled at *Congleton* in *Cheſhire*. His Father, *Thomas Parnell*, who had been attached to the Commonwealth Party, upon the Reſtoration, went over to *Ireland*; thither he carried a large perſonal Fortune, which he laid out in Lands in that Kingdom. The Eſtates he purchaſed there, as alſo that of which he was poſſeſſed in *Cheſhire*, deſcended to our Poet, who was his eldeſt Son, and ſtill remain in the Family.

Thus

Thus Want, which has compelled many of our greateſt Men into the Service of the Muſes, had no Influence upon *Parnell*; he was a Poet by Inclination.

He was born in *Dublin* in the Year 1679, and received the firſt Rudiments of his Education at the School of Doctor *Jones* in that City. Surpriſing Things are told us of the Greatneſs of his Memory at that early Period, as of his being able to repeat by Heart forty Lines of any Book at the firſt Reading; of his getting the third Book of the *Iliad* in one Night's Time, which was given in order to confine him for ſome Days. Theſe Stories, which are told of almoſt every celebrated Wit, may perhaps be true. But for my own Part, I never found any of thoſe Prodigies of Parts, although I have known enough that were deſirous, among the Ignorant, of being thought ſo.

There is one Preſumption, however, of the early Maturity of his Underſtanding. He was admitted a Member of the College of *Dublin* at the Age of Thirteen, which is much ſooner than uſual, as at that Univerſity they are a great deal ſtricter in their Examination for Entrance, than either at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. His Progreſs through the College Courſe of Study was probably marked with but little Splendour; his Imagination might have been too warm to reliſh the cold Logic of *Burgerſdicius*, or the dreary Subtleties of *Smigleſius*; but it is certain, that as a claſſical Scholar few could equal him. His own Compoſitions ſhew this, and the Deference which the moſt eminent Men of his Time paid him upon that Head, put it beyond a Doubt. He took the Degree of Maſter of Arts the ninth of *July*, 1700; and in the ſame Year, he was ordained a Deacon, by *William*, Biſhop of *Derry*, having a Diſpenſation from the Primate, as being under twenty-three Years of Age. He was admitted into Prieſt's

Prieſt's Orders about three Years after, by *William*, Archbiſhop of *Dublin*; and on the ninth of *February*, 1705, he was collated by Sir *George Aſhe*, Biſhop of *Clogher*, to the Archdeaconry of *Clogher*. About that Time alſo he married Miſs *Anne Minchin*, a young Lady of great Merit and Beauty, by whom he had two Sons, who died young; and one Daughter, who is ſtill living. His Wife died ſome Time before him, and her Death is ſaid to have made ſo great an Impreſſion on his Spirits, that it ſerved to haſten his own. On the thirty-firſt of *May*, 1716, he was preſented, by his Friend and Patron Archbiſhop *King*, to the Vicarage of *Finglaſs*, a Benefice worth about four hundred Pounds a Year, in the Dioceſe of *Dublin*, but he lived to enjoy his Preferment a very ſhort Time. He died at *Cheſter*, in *July*, 1717, on his Way to *Ireland*, and was buried in *Trinity* Church in that Town, without any Monument to mark the Place of his Interment. As he died without Male Iſſue, his Eſtate devolved to his only Nephew, Sir *John Parnell*, Bart. whoſe Father was younger Brother to the Archdeacon, and one of the Juſtices of the *King's Bench* in *Ireland*.

Such is the very unpoetical Detail of the Life of a Poet. Some Dates, and ſome few Facts ſcarce more intereſting than thoſe that make the Ornaments of a Country Tomb-ſtone, are all that remain of one, whoſe Labours now begin to excite univerſal Curioſity. A Poet, while living, is ſeldom an Object ſufficiently great to attract much Attention; his real Merits are known but to a few, and theſe are generally ſparing in their Praiſes. When his Fame is increaſed by Time, it is then too late to inveſtigate the Peculiarities of his Diſpoſition; the Dews of the Morning are paſt, and we vainly try to continue the Chace by the meridian Splendour.

There

There is ſcarce any Man but might be made the Subject of a very intereſting and amuſing Hiſtory, if the Writer, beſides a thorough Acquaintance with the Character he draws, were able to make thoſe nice Diſtinctions which ſeparate it from all others. The ſtrongeſt Minds have uſually the moſt ſtriking Peculiarities, and would conſequently afford the richeſt Materials: but in the preſent Inſtance, from not knowing Doctor *Parnell*, his Peculiarities are gone to the Grave with him, and we are obliged to take his Character from ſuch as knew but little of him; or who, perhaps, could have given very little Information if they had known more.

Parnell, by what I have been able to collect from my Father and Uncle, who knew him, was the moſt capable Man in the World to make the Happineſs of thoſe he converſed with, and the leaſt able to ſecure his own. He wanted that Evenneſs of Diſpoſition which bears Diſappointment with Phlegm, and Joy with Indifference. He was ever very much elated or depreſſed, and his whole Life ſpent in Agony or Rapture. But the Turbulence of theſe Paſſions only affected himſelf, and never thoſe about him: he knew the Ridicule of his own Character, and very effectually raiſed the Mirth of his Companions, as well at his Vexations as at his Triumphs.

How much his Company was deſired, appears from the Extenſiveneſs of his Connexions, and the Number of his Friends. Even before he made any Figure in the literary World, his Friendſhip was ſought by Perſons of every Rank and Party. The Wits at that Time differed a good deal from thoſe who are moſt eminent for their Underſtanding at preſent. It would now be thought a very indifferent Sign of a Writer's good Senſe to diſclaim his private Friends for happening to be of a different Party in Politics; but it was then otherwiſe, the Whig Wits held the Tory Wits in great Contempt, and theſe

retaliated

retaliated in their Turn. At the Head of one Party were *Addiſon*, *Steele*, and *Congreve*; at that of the other, *Pope*, *Swift*, and *Arbuthnot*. *Parnell* was a Friend to both Sides, and with a Liberality becoming a Scholar, ſcorned all thoſe trifling Diſtinctions, that are noiſy for the Time, and ridiculous to Poſterity. Nor did he emancipate himſelf from theſe without ſome Oppoſition from Home. Having been the Son of a Commonwealth's Man, his Tory Connexions on this Side of the Water gave his Friends in *Ireland* great Offence; they were much enraged to ſee him keep Company with *Pope*, and *Swift*, and *Gay*; they blamed his undiſtinguiſhing Taſte, and wondered what Pleaſure he could find in the Converſation of Men who approved the Treaty of *Utrecht*, and diſliked the Duke of *Marlborough*. His Converſation is ſaid to have been extremely pleaſing, but in what its peculiar Excellence conſiſted, is now unknown. The Letters which were written to him by his Friends, are full of Compliments upon his Talents as a Companion, and his Good-nature as a Man. I have ſeveral of them now before me. *Pope* was particularly fond of his Company, and ſeems to regret his Abſence more than any of the reſt. A Letter from him follows thus:

DEAR SIR, *London, July 29.*

'I Wiſh it were not as ungenerous as vain to complain too much of a Man that forgets me, but I could expoſtulate with you a whole Day upon your inhuman Silence; I call it inhuman; nor would you think it leſs, if you were truly ſenſible of the Uneaſineſs it gives me. Did I know you ſo ill as to think you proud, I would be much leſs concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the beſt-natured Men alive neglects me;

'and

'and if you know me ſo ill as to think amiſs of me, 'with Regard to my Friendſhip for you, you really 'do not deſerve half the Trouble you occaſion me. 'I need not tell you, that both Mr. *Gay* and my- 'ſelf have written ſeveral Letters in vain; and that 'we are conſtantly enquiring of all who have ſeen '*Ireland*, if they ſaw you, and that (forgotten as 'we are) we are every Day remembering you in 'our moſt agreeable Hours. All this is true, as 'that we are ſincerely Lovers of you, and Deplo- 'rers of your Abſence, and that we form no Wiſh 'more ardently than that which brings you over to 'us, and places you in your old Seat between us. 'We have lately had ſome diſtant Hopes of the 'Dean's Deſign to reviſit *England*; will not you 'accompany him? or is *England* to loſe every Thing 'that has any Charms for us, and muſt we pray for 'Baniſhment as a Benediction?—I have once been 'Witneſs of ſome, I hope all of your ſplenetic Hours; 'come, and be a Comforter in your Turn to me, in 'mine. I am in ſuch an unſettled State, that I 'can't tell if I ſhall ever ſee you, unleſs it be this 'Year; whether I do or not, be ever aſſured, you 'have as large a Share of my Thoughts and good 'Wiſhes as any Man, and as great a Portion of 'Gratitude in my Heart as would enrich a Monarch, 'could he know where to find it. I ſhall not die 'without teſtifying ſomething of this Nature, and 'leaving to the World a Memorial of the Friend- 'ſhip that has been ſo great a Pleaſure and Pride to 'me. It would be like writing my own Epitaph, 'to acquaint you what I have loſt ſince I ſaw you, 'what I have done, what I have thought, where I 'have lived, and where I now repoſe in Obſcurity. 'My Friend *Jervas*, the Bearer of this, will in- 'form you of all Particulars concerning me, and 'Mr. *Ford* is charged with a thouſand Loves, and a 'thouſand Commiſſions to you on my Part. They

'will

'will both tax you with the Neglect of ſome Promiſes which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot; if you care for any of us, tell them ſo, and write ſo to me. I can ſay no more, but that I love you, and am, in Spite of the longeſt Neglect of Happineſs,

DEAR SIR,

'Your moſt faithful affectionate Friend
'And Servant,

'A. POPE.

'*Gay* is in *Devonſhire*, and from thence goes to '*Bath*. My Father and Mother never fail to commemorate you.'

Among the Number of his moſt intimate Friends was Lord *Oxford*, whom *Pope* has ſo finely complimented upon the Delicacy of his Choice.

For him, thou oft haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the Stateſman in the Friend;
For *Swift* and him, deſpis'd the Farce of State,
The ſober Follies of the Wiſe and Great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning Crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.

Pope himſelf was not only exceſſively fond of his Company, but under ſeveral literary Obligations to him for his Aſſiſtance in the Tranſlation of *Homer*. *Gay* was obliged to him upon another Account; for being always poor, he was not above receiving from *Parnell* the Copy-money which the latter got for his Writings. Several of their Letters now before me, are Proofs of this; and as they have never appeared before, it is probable the Reader will be much better pleaſed with their idle Effuſions, than with any Thing I can hammer out for his Amuſement.

Binfield,

Binfield, near Oakingham, Tueſday.

DEAR SIR,

'I Believe the Hurry you were in hindered your giving me a Word by the laſt Poſt, ſo that I am yet to learn whether you got well to Town or continue ſo there. I very much fear both for your Health and your Quiet; and no Man living can be more truly concerned in any Thing that touches either than myſelf. I would comfort myſelf, however, with hoping that your Buſineſs may not be unſucceſsful for your Sake; and that at leaſt it may ſoon be put into other proper Hands. For my own, I beg earneſtly of you to return to us as ſoon as poſſible. You know how very much I want you, and that however your Buſineſs may depend upon any other, my Buſineſs depends entirely upon you; and yet ſtill I hope you will find your Man, even though I loſe you the mean while. At this Time, the more I love you, the more I can ſpare you; which alone will, I dare ſay, be a Reaſon to you to let me have you back the ſooner. The Minute I loſt you, *Euſtathius*, with nine hundred Pages, and nine thouſand Contractions of the *Greek* Characters, aroſe to View! *Spendanus*, with all his Auxiliaries, in Number a thouſand Pages, (Value Three Shillings) and *Dacier*'s three Volumes, *Barnes*'s two, *Valterie*'s three, *Cuperus*, half in *Greek*, *Leo Allatius*, three Parts in *Greek*; *Scaliger*, *Macrobius*, and (worſe than them all) *Aulus Gellius!* All theſe ruſhed upon my Soul at once, and whelmed me under a Fit of the Headach. I curſed them all religiouſly, damn'd my beſt Friends among the reſt, and even blaſphemed *Homer* himſelf. Dear Sir, not only as you are a Friend, and a good-natured Man, but as you are a Chriſtian and a Divine, come back ſpeedily, and prevent the

'Increaſe

'Increaſe of my Sins; for at the Rate I have begun 'to rave, I ſhall not only damn all the Poets and 'Commentators who have gone before me, but be 'damn'd myſelf by all who come after me. To be 'ſerious; you have not only left me to the laſt De'gree impatient for your Return, who at all Times 'ſhould have been ſo, (though never ſo much as 'ſince I knew you in beſt Health here) but you have 'wrought ſeveral Miracles upon our Family; you 'have made old People fond of a young and gay 'Perſon, and inveterate Papiſts of a Clergyman of 'the Church of *England*; even Nurſe herſelf is in 'Danger of being in Love in her old Age, and (for 'all I know) would even marry *Dennis* for your 'Sake, becauſe he is your Man, and loves his 'Maſter. In ſhort, come down forthwith, or give 'me good Reaſons for delaying, though but for a 'Day or two, by the next Poſt. If I find them 'juſt, I will come up to you, though you know 'how precious my Time is at preſent; my Hours 'were never worth ſo much Money before; but 'perhaps you are not ſenſible of this, who give 'away your own Works. You are a generous Au'thor, I a Hackney Scribbler; you a *Grecian*, and 'bred at an Univerſity; I a poor *Engliſhman*, of my 'own educating; you a reverend Parſon, I a Wag. 'In ſhort, you are Dr. *Parnelle* (with an *E* at the 'End of your Name) and I

'Your moſt obliged and
'Affectionate Friend and
'Faithful Servant,
'A. POPE.

'My hearty Service to the Dean, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, 'Mr. *Ford*, and the true genuine Shepherd of 'of *Devon*. I expect him down with you.

We may eaſily perceive by this, that *Parnell* was not a little neceſſary to *Pope* in conducting his Tranſlation; however, he has worded it ſo ambiguouſly, that it is impoſſible to bring the Charge directly againſt him. But he is much more explicit, when he mentions his Friend *Gay*'s Obligations in another Letter, which he takes no Pains to conceal.

DEAR SIR,

'I Write to you with the ſame Warmth, the ſame 'Zeal of Good-will and Friendſhip with which 'I uſed to converſe with you two Years ago, and 'can't think myſelf abſent, when I feel you ſo 'much at my Heart; the Picture of you, which '*Jervas* brought me over, is infinitely leſs lively a 'Repreſentation than that I carry about with me, 'and which riſes to my Mind whenever I think of 'you. I have many an agreeable Reverie through 'thoſe Woods and Downs where we once ram-'bled together; my Head is ſometimes at the *Bath*, 'and ſometimes at *Letcomb*, where the Dean makes 'a great Part of my imaginary Entertainment, this 'being the cheapeſt Way of treating me; I hope 'he will not be diſpleaſed at this Manner of paying 'my Reſpects to him, inſtead of following my Friend '*Jervas*'s Example, which, to ſay the Truth, I 'have as much Inclination to do as I want Ability. 'I have been ever ſince *December* laſt in greater Va-'riety of Buſineſs than any ſuch Men as you (that 'is, Divines and Philoſophers) can poſſibly imagine 'a reaſonable Creature capable of. *Gay*'s Play, 'among the reſt, has coſt much Time and long 'Suffering, to ſtem a Tide of Malice and Party, 'that certain Authors have raiſed againſt it; the 'beſt Revenge upon ſuch Fellows is now in my 'Hands, I mean your *Zoilus*, which really tran-'ſcends the Expectation I had conceived of it. I

have put it into the Press, beginning with the Poem *Batrachom*. For you seem, by the first Paragraph of the Dedication to it, to design to prefix the Name of some particular Person. I beg therefore to know for whom you intend it, that the Publication may not be delayed on this Account, and this as soon as is possible. Inform me also upon what Terms I am to deal with the Bookseller, and whether you design the Copy-money for *Gay*, as you formerly talked, what Number of Books you would have yourself, &c. I scarce see any Thing to be altered in this whole Piece. In the Poems you sent I will take the Liberty you allow me: The Story of *Pandora*, and the *Eclogue upon Health*, are two of the most beautiful Things I ever read. I do not say this to the Prejudice of the rest, but as I have read these oftener. Let me know how far my Commission is to extend, and be confident of my punctual Performance of whatever you enjoin. I must add a Paragraph on this Occasion in regard to Mr. *Ward*, whose Verses have been a great Pleasure to me; I will contrive they shall be so to the World, whenever I can find a proper Opportunity of publishing them.

I shall very soon print an entire Collection of my own Madrigals, which I look upon as making my last Will and Testament, since in it I shall give all I ever intend to give, (which I'll beg your's and the Dean's Acceptance of). You must look on me no more a Poet, but a plain Commoner, who lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no Man. I hope before I die to discharge the Debt I owe to *Homer*, and get upon the whole just Fame enough to serve for an Annuity for my own Time, though I leave nothing to Posterity.

I beg our Correspondence may be more frequent than it has been of late. I am sure my Esteem and Love for you never more deserved it from you, or

'or more prompted it from you. I desired our 'Friend *Harvey* (in the greatest Hurry of my Busi- 'ness) to say a great deal in my Name, both to 'yourself and the Dean; and must once more re- 'peat the Assurances to you both, of an unchange- 'ing Friendship and unalterable Esteem.

'I am, dear Sir, most entirely,

'Your affectionate, faithful,

'Obliged Friend and Servant,

'A. POPE.'

From these Letters to *Parnell*, we may conclude, so far as their Testimony can go, that he was an agreeable, a generous, and a sincere Man. Indeed he took Care that his Friends should always see him to the best Advantage; for when he found his Fits of Spleen and Uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for Weeks together, returning, he returned with all Expedition to the remote Parts of *Ireland*, and there made out a gloomy Kind of Satisfaction, in giving hideous Descriptions of the Solitude to which he retired. It is said of a famous Painter, that being confined in Prison for Debt, his whole Delight consisted in drawing the Faces of his Creditors in Caricatura. It was just so with *Parnell*. From many of his unpublished Pieces which I have seen, and from others that have appeared, it would seem, that scarce a Hog in his Neighbourhood was left without Reproach, *and scarce a Mountain rear'd its Head unsung*. 'I can easily,' says *Pope*, in one of his Letters, in Answer to a dreary Description of *Parnell*'s, 'I can easily image to my Thoughts the solitary 'Hours of your eremitical Life in the Mountains, 'from something parallel to it in my own Retire- 'ment at *Binfield*:' and in another Place, 'We 'are both miserably enough situated, God knows; 'but of the two Evils, I think the Solitudes of the 'South are to be preferred to the Deserts of the 'West.'

'West.' In this Manner *Pope* answered him in the Tone of his own Complaints; and these Descriptions of the imagined Distresses of his Situation served to give him a temporary Relief; they threw off the Blame from himself, and laid upon Fortune and Accident a Wretchedness of his own creating.

But though this Method of quarrelling in his Poems with his Situation served to relieve himself, yet it was not so easily endured by the Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood, who did not care to confess themselves his Fellow-sufferers. He received many Mortifications upon that Account among them; for being naturally fond of Company, he could not endure to be without even theirs, which however, among his *English* Friends, he pretended to despise. In Fact, his Conduct, in this Particular, was rather splendid than wise; he had either lost the Art to engage, or did not employ his Skill in securing those more permanent, though more humble Connexions, and sacrificed for a Month or two in *England* a whole Year's Happiness by his Country Fireside at Home.

However, what he permitted the World to see of his Life was elegant and splendid; his Fortune (for a Poet) was very considerable, and it may easily be supposed he lived to the very Extent of it. The Fact is, his Expences were greater than his Income, and his Successor found the Estate somewhat impaired at his Decease. As soon as ever he had collected in his annual Revenues, he immediately set out for *England*, to enjoy the Company of his dearest Friends, and laugh at the more prudent World that were minding Business and gaining Money. The Friends to whom, during the latter Part of his Life, he was chiefly attached, were *Pope*, *Swift*, *Arbuthnot*, *Jervas*, and *Gay*. Among these he was particularly happy, his Mind was entirely at Ease, and gave a

Loose

Loose to every harmless Folly that came uppermost. Indeed it was a Society, in which, of all others, a wise Man might be most foolish without incurring any Danger or Contempt. Perhaps the Reader will be pleased to see a Letter to him from a Part of this Junto, as there is something striking even in the Levities of Genius. It comes from *Gay*, *Jervas*, *Arbuthnot*, and *Pope*, assembled at a Chop-house near the *Exchange*, and is as follows:

MY DEAR SIR,

'I Was last Summer in *Devonshire*, and am this 'Winter at Mrs. *Bowyer's*. In the Summer I 'wrote a Poem, and in the Winter I have pub-'lished it; which I have sent to you by Dr. *Elwood*. 'In the Summer I eat two Dishes of Toad-stools of 'my own gathering, instead of Mushrooms; and 'in the Winter I have been sick with Wine, as I 'am at this Time, blessed be God for it, as I must 'bless God for all Things. In the Summer I spoke 'Truth to Damsels; in the Winter I told Lies to 'Ladies: Now you know where I have been, and 'what I have done. I shall tell you what I intend to 'do the ensuing Summer; I propose to do the same 'Thing I did last, which was to meet you in any 'Part of *England* you would appoint; don't let me 'have two Disappointments. I have longed to hear 'from you, and to that Intent I teazed you with 'three or four Letters; but having no Answer, I 'feared both your's and my Letters might have mis-'carried. I hope my Performance will please the 'Dean, whom I often wish for, and to whom I 'would have often wrote, but for the same Reasons 'I neglected writing to you. I hope I need not tell 'you how I love you, and how glad I shall be to hear 'from you; which, next to seeing you, would be 'the greatest Satisfaction to your most affectionate 'Friend and humble Servant, J. G.'

Dear Mr. Archdeacon,

'Though my Proportion of this Epiſtle ſhould 'be but a Sketch in Miniature, yet I take up half 'this Page, having paid my Club with the good 'Company both for our Dinner of Chops and for 'this Paper. The Poets will give you lively De'ſcriptions in their Way; I ſhall only acquaint you 'with that which is directly my Province. I have 'juſt ſet the laſt Hand to a Couplet, for ſo I may 'call two Nymphs in one Piece. They are *Pope*'s 'Favourites; and though few, you will gueſs muſt 'have coſt me more Pains than any Nymphs can be 'worth. He has been ſo unreaſonable to expect that 'I ſhould have made them as beautiful upon Canvas 'as he has done upon Paper. If this ſame *Mr. P*— 'ſhould omit to write for the dear Frogs, and the '*Pervigilium*, I muſt intreat you not to let me lan'guiſh for them, as I have done ever ſince they 'croſſed the Seas: Remember by what Neglects, 'Sc. we miſſed them when we loſt you; and there'fore I have not yet forgiven any of thoſe Trifflers 'that let them eſcape and run thoſe Hazards. I am 'going on at the old Rate, and want you and the 'Dean prodigiouſly, and am in Hopes of making 'you a Viſit this Summer, and of hearing from you 'both now you are together. *Forteſcue*, I am ſure, 'will be concerned that he is not in *Cornhill*, to ſet 'his Hand to theſe Preſents, not only as a Witneſs, 'but as a

'*Serviteur tres humble*

'C. JERVAS.

'It is ſo great an Honour to a poor *Scotchman* to 'be remembered at this Time a day, eſpecially by 'an Inhabitant of the *Glacialis Iernæ*, that I take it 'very thankfully, and have, with my good Friends, 'remembered you at our Table in the Chop-houſe

'in

'in *Exchange-Alley*. There wanted nothing to com-
'pleat our Happineſs but your Company, and our
'dear Friend the Dean's. I am ſure the whole En-
'tertainment would have been to his Reliſh. *Gay*
'has got ſo much Money by his *Art of Walking the*
'*Streets*, that he is ready to ſet up his Equipage:
'He is juſt going to the *Bank* to negotiate ſome
'Exchange Bills. *Mr. Pope* delays his ſecond Vo-
'lume of his *Homer* till the martial Spirit of the
'Rebels is quite quelled, it being judged that the
'firſt Part did ſome Harm that Way. Our Love
'again and again to the dear Dean, *fuimus Tory*, I
'can ſay no more.

'ARBUTHNOT.'

'When a Man is conſcious that he does no
'Good himſelf, the next Thing is to cauſe others
'to do ſome. I may claim ſome Merit this Way,
'in haſtening this Teſtimonial from your Friends
'above-written: Their Love to you indeed wants
'no Spur, their Ink wants no Pen, their Pen wants
'no Hand, their Hand wants no Heart, and ſo
'forth, (after the Manner of *Rabelais*, which is
'betwixt ſome Meaning and no Meaning;) and
'yet it may be ſaid, when preſent Thought and
'Opportunity is wanting, their Pens want Ink,
'their Hands want Pens, their Hearts want Hands,
'&c. till Time, Place and Conveniency, concur to
'let them a writing, as at preſent, a ſociable Meet-
'ing, a good Dinner, warm Fire, and an eaſy
'Situation do, to the joint Labour and Pleaſure of
'this Epiſtle.

'Wherein if I ſhould ſay nothing I ſhould ſay
'much, (much being included in my Love) though
'my Love be ſuch, that if I ſhould ſay much, I
'ſhould ſay nothing, it being (as *Cowley* ſays)
'equally impoſſible either to conceal or to ex-
'preſs it.

'If I were to tell you the Thing I wish above all Things, it is to see you again; the next is to see here your Treatise of *Zoilus*, with the *Battachomyomachia*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, both of which Poems are Master-pieces in several Kinds; and I question not the Prose is as excellent in its Sort, as the *Essay on Homer*. Nothing can be more glorious to that great Author, than that the same Hand that raised his best Statue, and decked it with its old Laurels, should also hang up the Scare-crow of his miserable Critick, and gibbet up the Carcase of *Zoilus*, to the Terror of the Witlings of Posterity. More, and much more, upon this and a thousand other Subjects, will be the Matter of my next Letter, wherein I must open all the Friend to you: At this Time I must be content with telling you, I am faithfully your most affectionate and humble Servant,

'A. POPE.'

If we regard this Letter with a critical Eye, we shall find it indifferent enough; if we consider it as mere Effusion of Friendship, in which every Writer contended in Affection, it will appear much to the Honour of those who wrote it. To be mindful of an absent Friend in the Hours of Mirth and Feasting, when his Company is least wanted, shews no slight Degree of Sincerity. Yet probably there was still another Motive for writing thus to him in Conjunction. The above-named, together with *Swift* and *Parnell*, had some Time before formed themselves into a Society, called the *Scribblerus Club*, and I should suppose they commemorated him thus, as being an absent Member.

It is past a Doubt that they wrote many Things in Conjunction, and *Gay* usually held the Pen. And yet I do not remember any Productions which were the joint Effort of this Society, as doing it Honour.

There

There is something feeble and queint in all their Attempts; as if Company repressed Thought, and Genius wanted Solitude for its boldest and happiest Flexions. Of those Productions in which *Parnell* had a principal Share, that of the Origin of the Sciences from the Monkies in *Ethiopia*, is particularly mentioned by *Pope* himself in some Manuscript Anecdotes which he left behind him. The Life of *Homer* also, prefixed to the Translation of the *Iliad*, is written by *Parnell* and corrected by *Pope*; and, as that great Poet assures us in the same Place, this Correction was not effected without great Labour. 'It is still stiff,' says he, 'and was written still 'stiffer: as it is, I verily think it cost me more Pains 'in the Correcting, than the Writing it would have 'done.' All this may be easily credited; for every Thing of *Parnell*'s, that has appeared in Prose, is written in a very awkward, inelegant Manner. It is true, his Productions teem with Imagination, and shew great Learning, but they want that Ease and Sweetness for which his Poetry is so much admired, and the Language is also most shamefully incorrect. Yet, though all this must be allowed, *Pope* should have taken Care not to leave his Errors upon Record against him, or put it in the Power of Envy to tax his Friend with Faults that do not appear in what he has left to the World. A Poet has a Right to expect the same Secrecy in his Friend as in his Confessor; the Sins he discovers are not divulged for Punishment, but Pardon. Indeed *Pope* is almost inexcusable in this Instance, as what he seems to condemn in one Place, he very much applauds in another. In one of the Letters from him to *Parnell*, above mentioned, he treats the Life of *Homer* with much greater Respect, and seems to say, that the Prose is excellent in its Kind. It must be confessed however, that he is by no Means inconsistent; what he says in both Places may very easily be reconciled

to

to Truth; but who can defend his Candour and his Sincerity?

It would be hard, however, to suppose that there was no real Friendship between those great Men. The Benevolence of *Parnell*'s Disposition remains unimpeached; and *Pope*, though subject to Starts of Passion and Envy, yet never missed an Opportunity of being truly serviceable to him. The Commerce between them was carried on to the common Interest of both. When *Pope* had a Miscellany to publish, he applied to *Parnell* for poetical Assistance, and the latter as implicitly submitted to him for Correction. Thus they mutually advanced each other's Interest or Fame, and grew stronger by Conjunction. Nor was *Pope* the only Person to whom *Parnell* had Recourse for Assistance. We learn from *Swift*'s Letters to *Stella*, that he submitted his Pieces to all his Friends, and readily adopted their Alterations. *Swift*, among the Number, was very useful to him in that Particular; and Care has been taken that the World should not remain ignorant of the Obligation.

But in the Connexion of Wits, Interest has generally very little Share; they have only Pleasure in View, and can seldom find it but among each other. The *Scribblerus Club*, when the Members were in Town, were seldom asunder, and they often made Excursions together into the Country, and generally on Foot. *Swift* was usually the Butt of the Company, and if a Trick was played, he was always the Sufferer. The whole Party once agreed to walk down to the House of Lord *B*——, who is still living, and whose Seat is about twelve Miles from Town. As every one agreed to make the best of his Way, *Swift*, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind him, fully resolved, upon his Arrival, to chuse the very best Bed for himself, for that was his Custom. In the mean Time,

Time, *Parnell* was determined to prevent his Intentions, and taking Horse, arrived at Lord *Berkley*'s by another Way, long before him. Having apprized his Lordship of *Swift*'s Design, it was resolved at any Rate to keep him out of the House, but how to effect this was the Question. *Swift* never had the Small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it: As soon therefore as he appeared striding along at some Distance from the House, one of his Lordship's Servants was dispatched, to inform him, that the Small-pox was then making great Ravages in the Family, but that there was a Summer-house with a Field-bed at his Service, at the End of the Garden. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold Supper that was sent out to him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last, they took Compassion on him; and upon his promising never to chuse the best Bed again, they permitted him to make one of the Company.

There is something satisfactory in these Accounts of the Follies of the Wise; they give a natural Air to the Picture, and reconcile us to our own. There have been few poetical Societies more talked of, or productive of a greater Variety of whimsical Conceits, than this of the *Scribblerus Club*; but how long it lasted, I cannot exactly determine. The whole of *Parnell*'s poetical Existence was not of more than eight or ten Years Continuance; his first Excursions to *England* began about the Year 1706, and he died in the Year 1718; so that it is probable the Club began with him, and his Death ended the Connexion. Indeed the Festivity of his Conversation, the Benevolence of his Heart, and the Generosity of his Temper, were Qualities that might serve to cement any Society, and that could hardly be replaced when he was taken away. During the two or three last Years of his Life, he

was

was more fond of Company than ever, and could scarce bear to be alone. The Death of his Wife, it is said, was a Loss to him that he was unable to support or recover. From that Time he could never venture to court the Muse in Solitude, where he was sure to find the Image of her who first inspired his Attempts. He began therefore to throw himself into every Company, and to seek from Wine, if not Relief, at least Insensibility. Those Helps that Sorrow first called in for Assistance, Habit soon rendered necessary, and he died before his fortieth Year, in some Measure a Martyr to conjugal Fidelity.

Thus, in the Space of a very few Years, *Parnell* attained a Share of Fame equal to what most of his Cotemporaries were a long Life in acquiring. He is only to be considered as a Poet; and the universal Esteem in which his Poems are held, and the reiterated Pleasure they give in the Perusal, are a sufficient Test of their Merit. He appears to me to be the last of that great School that had modelled itself upon the Ancients, and taught *English* Poetry to resemble what the Generality of Mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct Observer of Antiquity, he set himself to consider Nature with the Lights it lent him, and he found that the more Aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy Nature is a Task the most bungling Workman is able to execute; to select such Parts as contribute to Delight, is reserved only for those whom Accident has blest with uncommon Talents, or such as have read the Ancients with indefatigable Industry. *Parnell* is ever happy in the Selection of his Images, and scrupulously careful in the Choice of his Subjects. His Productions bear no Resemblance to those tawdry Things, which it has for some Time been the Fashion to admire; in writing which the Poet sits down

down without any Plan, and heaps up ſplendid Images, without any Selection; where the Reader grows dizzy with Praiſe and Admiration, and yet ſoon grows weary, he can ſcarce tell why. Our Poet, on the contrary, gives out his Beauties with a more ſparing Hand; he is ſtill carrying his Reader forward, and juſt gives him Refreſhment ſufficient to ſupport him to his Journey's End. At the End of his Courſe the Reader regrets that his Way had been ſo ſhort, he wonders that it gave him ſo little Trouble, and ſo reſolves to go the Journey over again.

His poetical Language is not leſs correct than his Subjects are pleaſing. He found it at that Period, in which it was brought to its higheſt Pitch of Refinement; and ever ſince his Time it has been gradually debaſing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by *Dryden*, *Addiſon*, and *Pope*, to improve and harmonize our native Tongue, that their Succeſſors ſhould have taken ſo much Pains to involve it in priſtine Barbarity. Theſe miſguided Innovators have not been content with reſtoring antiquated Words and Phraſes, but have indulged themſelves in the moſt licentious Tranſpoſitions, and the harſheſt Conſtructions, vainly imagining, that the more their Writings are unlike Proſe, the more they reſemble Poetry. They have adopted a Language of their own, and call upon Mankind for Admiration. All thoſe who do not underſtand them are ſilent, and thoſe who make out their Meaning, are willing to praiſe, to ſhew they underſtand. From theſe Follies and Affectations the Poems of *Parnell* are entirely free; he has conſidered the Language of Poetry as the Language of Life, and conveys the warmeſt Thoughts in the ſimpleſt Expreſſion.

Parnell has written ſeveral Poems beſides thoſe publiſhed by *Pope*, and ſome of them have been made

made public with very little Credit to his Reputation. There are still many more that have not yet seen the Light, in the Possession of Sir *John Parnell*, his Nephew, who, from that laudable Zeal which he has for his Uncle's Reputation, will probably be slow in publishing what he may even suspect will do it Injury. Of those in the following Collection, some are indifferent, and some moderately good, but the greater Part are excellent. A slight Structure on the most striking shall conclude this Account, which I have already drawn out to a disproportioned Length.

Hesiod, or the *Rise of Women*, is a very fine Illustration of an Hint from *Hesiod*. It was one of his earliest Productions, and first appeared in a Miscellany, published by *Tonson*.

Of the three Songs that follow, two of them were written upon the Lady he afterwards married; they were the genuine Dictates of his Passion, but are not excellent in their Kind.

The Anacreontic, beginning with, *When Spring came on with fresh Delight*, is taken from a *French* Poet whose Name I forget, and, as far as I am able to judge of the *French* Language, is better than the Original. The Anacreontic that follows, *Gay Bacchus*, &c. is also a Translation of a Latin Poem, by *Aurelius Augurellus*, an *Italian* Poet, beginning with,

Invitat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suos
Cõmum, Jocum, Cupidinem.

Parnell, when he translated it, applied the Characters to some of his Friends; and as it was written for their Entertainment, it probably gave them more Pleasure than it has given the Public in the Perusal. It seems to have more Spirit than the Original; but it is extraordinary that it was published as an Original, and not as a Translation. *Pope* should have acknowledged it, as he knew.

The

The *Fairy Tale* is incontestably one of the finest Pieces in any Language. The old Dialect is not perfectly well preserved, but that is a very slight Defect where all the rest is so excellent.

The *Pervigilium Veneris*, (which, by the bye, does not belong to *Catullus*) is very well versified, and in general all *Parnell*'s Translations are excellent. *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, which follows, is done as well as the Subject would admit; but there is a Defect in the Translation, which sinks it below the Original, and which it was impossible to remedy; I mean the Names of the Combatants, which in the *Greek* bear a ridiculous Allusion to their Natures, have no Force to the *English* Reader. A *Bacon-Eater* was a good Name for a Mouse, and *Pternotractas* in *Greek*, was a very good sounding Word, that conveyed that Meaning. *Puff-cheek* would sound odiously as a Name for a Frog; and yet *Physignathus* does admirably well in the Original.

The Letter to Mr. *Pope* is one of the finest Compliments that ever was paid to any Poet; the Description of his Situation at the End of it is very fine, but far from being true. That Part of it where he deplores his being far from Wit and Learning, as being far from *Pope*, gave particular Offence to his Friends at Home. *Mr. Coote*, a Gentleman in his Neighbourhood, who thought that he himself had Wit, was very much displeased with *Parnell* for casting his Eyes so far off for a learned Friend, when he could so conveniently be supplied at Home.

The Translation of a Part of the *Rape of the Lock* into monkish Verse, serves to shew what a Master *Parnell* was of the *Latin*; a Copy of Verses made in this Manner, is one of the most difficult Tasks that can possibly be imagined. I am assured that it was written upon the following Occa-

sion.

sion. Before the *Rape of the Lock* was yet compleated, *Pope* was reading it to his Friend *Swift*, who sat very attentively, while *Parnell*, who happened to be in the House, went in and out without seeming to take any Notice. However, he was very diligently employed in listening, and was able, from the Strength of his Memory, to bring away the whole Description of the Toilet pretty exactly. This he verified in the Manner now published in his Works, and the next Day when *Pope* was reading his Poem to some Friends, *Parnell* insisted that he had stolen that Part of the Description from an old monkish Manuscript. An old Paper with the *Latin* Verses was soon brought forth, and it was not till after some Time that *Pope* was delivered from the Confusion which it at first produced.

The *Book-Worm* is another unacknowledged Translation from a *Latin* Poem by *Beza*. It was the Fashion with the Wits of the last Age to conceal the Places from whence they took their Hints, or their Subjects. A trifling Acknowledgment would have made that lawful Prize, which may now be considered as Plunder.

The *Night-Piece* on *Death* deserves every Praise, and I should suppose, with very little Amendment, might be made to surpass all those Night-Pieces and Church-yard Scenes that have since appeared. But the Poem of *Parnell*'s best known, and on which his best Reputation is grounded, is the *Hermit*. *Pope*, speaking of this in those Manuscript Anecdotes already quoted, says, *That the Poem is very good. The Story*, continues he, *was written originally in* Spanish, *whence probably* Howel *had translated it into Prose, and inserted it in one of his Letters. Addison liked the Scheme, and was not disinclined to come into it.* However this may be, Dr. *Henry More*, in his Dialogues, has the very same Story;

and

and I have been informed by some, that it is originally of *Arabian* Invention.

With respect to the Prose Works of *Parnell*, I have mentioned them already; his Fame is too well grounded for any Defects in them to shake it. I will only add, that the Life of *Zoilus* was written at the Request of his Friends, and designed as a Satire upon *Dennis* and *Theobald*, with whom his Club had long been at Variance. I shall end this Account with a Letter to him from *Pope* and *Gay*, in which they endeavour to hasten him to finish that Production.

DEAR SIR, *London, March* 18.

'I Must own I have long owed you a Letter, but you must own, you have owed me one a good deal longer. Besides, I have but two People in the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* to take Care of, the Dean and you; but you have several who complain of your Neglect in *England*. Mr. *Gay* complains, Mr. *Harcourt* complains, Mr. *Jervas* complains, Dr. *Arbuthnot* complains, my Lord complains, I complain. (Take Notice of this Figure of Iteration, when you make your next Sermon.) Some say, you are in deep Discontent at the new Turn of Affairs; others, that you are so much in the Archbishop's good Graces, that you will not correspond with any that have seen the last Ministry. Some affirm, you have quarrelled with *Pope* (whose Friends they observe daily fall from him on account of his satirical and comical Disposition); others, that you are insinuating yourself into the Opinion of the ingenious Mr. *What-d'ye-call-him*. Some think you are preparing your Sermons for the Press, and others that you will transform them into Essays and moral Discourses.

'But the only Excuſe that I will allow, is, your 'Attention to the Life of *Zoilus*. The Frogs already 'ſeem to croak for their Tranſportation to *England*, 'and are ſenſible how much that Doctor is curſed 'and hated, who introduced their Species into 'your Nation; therefore, as you dread the Wrath 'of St. *Patrick*, ſend them hither, and rid your 'Kingdom of thoſe pernicious and lœquacious 'Animals.

'I have at length received your Poem out of 'Mr. *Addiſon's* Hands, which ſhall be ſent as ſoon 'as you order it, and in what Manner you ſhall 'appoint. I ſhall in the mean Time give Mr. '*Tooke* a Packet for you, conſiſting of divers merry 'Pieces. Mr. *Gay's* new Farce, Mr. *Burnet's* Let-'ter to Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Pope's* Temple of Fame, 'Mr. *Thomas Burnet's* Grumbler on Mr. *Gay*, and 'the Biſhop of *Aleſbury's* Elegy, written either by 'Mr. *Cary* or ſome other Hand.

'*Mr. Pope is reading a Letter, and in the mean 'Time, I make Uſe of the Pen* to teſtify my Uneaſineſs 'in not hearing from you. I find Succeſs, even 'in the moſt trivial Things, raiſes the Indignation 'of Scribblers: for I, for my What-d'-ye call-it, 'could neither eſcape the Fury of Mr. *Burnet*, or 'the *German* Doctor; then where will Rage end, 'when *Homer* is to be tranſlated? Let *Zoilus* haſten 'to your Friend's Aſſiſtance, and envious Criticiſm 'ſhall be no more. I am in Hopes that we may 'order our Affairs ſo as to meet this Summer at the '*Bath*; for Mr. *Pope* and myſelf have Thoughts of 'taking a Trip thither. You ſhall preach, and we 'will write Lampoons; for it is eſteemed as great 'an Honour to leave the *Bath*, for Fear of a broken 'Head, as for a *Terræ Filius* of *Oxford* to be ex-'pelled. I have no Place at Court; therefore, 'that I may not entirely be without one every

'where,

"where, shew that I have a Place in your Remembrance.

"Your most affectionate,
Faithful Servant,
A. POPE, and J. GAY.

"*Homer* will be published in Three Weeks."

I cannot finish this Trifle, without returning my sincerest Acknowledgments to Sir *John Parnell*, for the generous Assistance he was pleased to give me, in furnishing me with many Materials, when he heard I was about writing the Life of his Uncle; as also to Mr. and Mrs. *Hayes*, Relations of our Poet; and to my very good Friend Mr. *Steevens*, who, being an Ornament to Letters himself, is very ready to assist all the Attempts of others.

THE STATE OF THE GENERAL INFIRMARY AT LEICESTER

By J. CRADDOCK, Esquire

MOST Ages have borne some characteristic Mark of their Excellence and Attainments. It is the peculiar Happiness of the present to be equally distinguished for its Progress in the Arts, as for its rapid Advancements in the Duties of Humanity. The many public Buildings which have of late Years been erected, are living Monuments of the vast Improvements that have been made in modern Architecture; and the various Purposes for which they have been applied, as well as the known Utility which has been received from them, have alike evinced, that Charity has gone Hand in Hand with Magnificence. So many Hospitals are now interspersed through the whole Kingdom, that there is scarce any Part of the Wretched, who do not

ſome Degree feel their good Effects; but this Species (of which we now give an Account) ſeems to be the moſt highly entitled to our Attention and Regard,—for it is founded on the ſoundeſt Principles of political Wiſdom as well as Piety—is addreſſed to thoſe who from their very Occupations muſt experience the utmoſt Rigours of inclement Elements—who breathe as it were Diſeaſe from the Inſtruments they uſe, and the Materials they employ, to thoſe who in the Hand of Providence are the Bulwarks and Security of our national Welfare.—And where can Relief be ſo readily ſupplied as in public Infirmaries? The Patients receive every requiſite Help, the moſt able Advice, the moſt proper Medicines, and in a Manner which the Rich can rarely experience even in their own Houſes.—In ſhort, what do they not experience, but the moſt effectual Means towards the Accompliſhment of the beſt End?

In the Infancy of this Charity a Prejudice prevailed, (and where has it not?) that Trials of Skill were to be made, and that the Torture of the Patient was the Experience of the Phyſician—the Prejudice is as ill founded as it is illiberal, and has only been propagated by thoſe who wiſhed for ſome ſpecious Pretence for with-holding their Subſcriptions—this, like moſt other Prejudices, carries the Height of Abſurdity on the very Face of it—for what is it but in other Words to ſay, that the Skilful aſſemble to defeat their own Art, and a Set of Gentlemen are employed, at a vaſt Expence, to erect a Charity, to deſtroy the very Purpoſes of its Inſtitution.

The Poor, who have hitherto benefited by this Charity, have not proved themſelves unworthy of the Care that has been ſhewn for them; and we have Reaſon to hope that they will ever moſt thankfully expreſs their Senſe of Gratitude for the Aid

they have received in this merciful Aſylum, as they are now fully convinced of its Uſe and Efficacy.

Of the Continuance of ſuch Bleſſings little more need be ſaid, than that the Charity (as it was at firſt founded) is ſtill ſupported by Men of Character and Integrity, who will watch with Aſſiduity and Care the good Work they have begun, and enſure (as far as human Power can enſure) that the ſame Care and Aſſiduity ſhall be tranſmitted to Poſterity, of which themſelves are ſuch eminent Examples.

Such is the Nature of that Charity we ſo ſtrongly recommend, a Charity beneficial to Individuals, and moſt uſeful to the Public—for though the good Man would in every Age, from the generous Impulſe of his own Heart, in ſome Degree, ſupply the Want of ſuch Eſtabliſhments, by 'caſting his 'Bread upon the Waters,' yet he has now the happier Conſolation to reflect, that under the judicious Regulation of them, he gives *that* 'Bread to 'the *hungry*.'

H

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

ON A

GENTLEMAN's SON

OF

NINE YEARS OLD.

By J. CRADDOCK, Esq.

HERE rests the faireſt Bud of Hope
That e'er to fondeſt Wiſh was given;
If thou would'ſt know its happier State,
Repent—and ſeek the Flower in Heaven.

ELEGY

TO A LADY

Who wiſhed not to hear the Toll of a Bell on the Evening of the late Princeſs Dowager's Funeral.

By J. CRADDOCK, Esq.

AND why not hear the Sound of yonder Bell?
Ah why from ſerious Thought for ever fly?
It tolls a ſober, awful, ſolemn Knell,
A wiſh'd-for Knell to Immortality.

Think not a Round of Folly's mad Career
Can always ſhield thee from Reflection's Pow'r;
The Young, the Fond, the Rich, the Gay, muſt fear,
Too long regardleſs of an awful Hour.

Think not that beauteous Form that now you wear,
That Glow of Crimſon—thoſe inſpiring Eyes
Muſt linger ever here—they all declare—
They ſpeak aloud their Kindred to the Skies.

Do not the Hour, the Day, the Month, the Year,
All in their Courſe expire?—But all renew;
All Nature ſhews, alas! a Proſpect drear;
All Nature ſhews there's Happineſs in View.

Long

Long toſt in Storms, do Mariners repine
When the glad Pilot diſtant Land deſcries?
And ſee them eager trace the ſolid Line,
See their Hopes kindle as the Objects riſe!

And ſhall my Fair, with brighteſt Hopes in Store,
Not once look up beyond this barren Clod?
Shall ſhe alone her Deſtiny deplore,
Her Anchor Heaven! and her Pilot God?

EPIGRAM,

ON THE

Four Tranſlations of HOMER.

IN *Ogilby*'s dull Strains lay *Homer* dead;
Hobbs tried in vain to make him lift his Head;
He roſe to live in *Pope*'s immortal Verſe,
And now lies buried in *Mac——ſon*'s Erſe.

AN

AN
ODE
ON THE
AUTHOR's BIRTH-DAY.

By HAWKINS BROWN, Esq.

ONCE more the Sun his yearly Tour
Hath finish'd since in plaintive Mood
I usher'd in my natal Hour,
A Prey to joyless Solitude;
As then to joyless Solitude a Prey,
Now Muse begin a more harmonious Lay.

For lo! She comes: the Queen of Love
Propitious comes, and by her Side
The Graces musically move;
Leading with gentle Hand a Bride,
Fairer than e'er inspir'd a Poet's Dreams,
When Fancy with its lov'd Idea teems.

Blind to Events, in vain we pry
Thro' future Life's mysterious Scene;
Oft from the dark and sullen Sky
Breaks forth a Sunshine unforeseen,
As now Bright Hymen's Lamp, with sudden Blaze,
Dispell'd the Gloom that hover'd o'er my Days!

Thanks that my once-thought cruel Fate
Check'd the fond Hopes of youthful Rage,

And

And, that Deſire on Choice might wait,
Reſerv'd me for maturer Age,
When Truth and Friendſhip, and Affections pure,
Feed the ſoft Flame, and laſting Joys aſſure.

Thanks to the Muſe, that o'er my Birth
Preſiding, gave me to deſpiſe
All the gay-ſeeming Droſs of Earth,
The Wealth, the Pomp that others prize;
Theſe let Ambition ſeek; inſtead of theſe
Grant a kind Conſort, and domeſtic Eaſe.

'Twas thus I pray'd, nor vain my Pray'r;
Heaven, all-indulgent, hath beſtow'd
A Conſort kind, domeſtic Fair,
Wife, faithful, amiable and good,
With every Virtue, every Grace ſupply'd,
And, to adorn my Station, Wealth beſide.

Hence Æra of my Days proceed,
The paſt was all a Void forlorn:
'Tis from this Date I live indeed
To Hymeneal Solace born:
Unwedded Hours the ſame dull Circle run,
Life without Love is Earth without a Sun.

AUTHOR TO BE LET.

BEING

A PROPOSAL humbly addreſſed to the Conſideration of the Knights, Eſquires, Gentlemen, and other worſhipful and weighty Members of the ſolid and ancient

SOCIETY OF THE BATHOS,

By their Aſſociate and Well-wiſher,

ISCARIOT HACKNEY.*

Evil be thou my Good. SATAN.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM glad to find you meddle with the dirty Work of your Brother Journaliſts. To be inoffenſive is a puritanical Spirit, and will never ſucceed in a free-thinking Age. What is Gold itſelf (ſays the Philoſopher) but Dirt? It is dug out of dirty Mines, and, as a Proof it retains its Nature, we come at it eaſieſt through dirty Means. Be aſſured, a Scavenger of Wit is a more gainful Occupation than that of a delicate, moral Writer.

By this I mean to let you ſee my Ability, and to proffer my Service. You muſt know then my Mo-

* *Richard Savage*, was the Author of this Pamphlet which was publiſhed about the Year 1730. It is much commended by Dr. *Samuel Johnſon* in his Life of that Gentleman.

ther

ther was pregnant of me, she once dreamed she was delivered of a Monster. It was observed also, at the Time of my Birth, that a Weezle was heard to shriek; and a Bat (though at Noon-Day) flew into the Room, and settled upon the Midwife's Wrist, just as she received me. While in the Cradle I was very froward. Early at School I discovered a promising Genius for Mischief. I carried Tales from one Boy to another to set them a fighting, and afterwards to the Master, to have them whipped. I had always Cunning enough, when I committed a Fault, to lay the Blame upon another, and laughed to see him suffer for it. (A sure Prognostic of my future Judgment in Politics!) I was fond of tearing away the Legs and Wings of Flies, of picking out the Eyes of some little Bird, or laming some favourite Lap-Dog, merely by Way of Amusement. This was only a Sign, that one Time or other I should have Ill-nature enough for a *great Wit*. Now I understand to be a *great Wit*, is to take a Pleasure in giving every Body Pain, and to shew no Mercy to a Reputation, which is dearer to some Fools than perhaps a Limb, or an Eye. I was also given to pilfer whatever lay in my Way; a Proof only that I would never scruple being a Plagiary, should I turn Author. I was expert at almost every Thing except learning my Books, but neither Encouragement nor Correction could bring me to any Sense of Duty. I was always very sullen after being corrected; and if my Master forgave, and admonished me in a friendly Manner, I all the while ridiculed the old *Pax* (as I then called him) by making Mouths or Horns over his Shoulder. This shewed I had always Wit enough to laugh at the common Notion of Gratitude. I hooted at any unfortunate, ill-dressed Person in the Street, if he looked like a Gentleman, and never failed to mock the Infirmities of *old Age*. When at a Sermon, I was very full of Play myself, and fond

of

of interrupting the Devotion of others, so that (I thank my Stars!) in my Youth I had a fashionable Contempt for Religion. I came young into the World, with little Education, less Money, and no visible Way of living: However I qualified myself (though of mean Birth) for a Gentleman of Wit and Humour about Town. I have naturally a Sourness of Temper, a droll Solemnity of Countenance, and a dry Manner of joking upon such Accidents, as Fools who value themselves upon Humanity, would be apt to compassionate. I have also a Propensity to sneer upon all Mankind, and particularly upon those who fancy they can oblige me. These elegant Qualities recommended me early to the Friendship of *Dick Morley*, Author of *Matha Wiseborn*. We met frequently at a little snug Gaming-House, never yet discovered by informing Constables. A Similitude of Circumstances and Sympathy of Souls endeared us to each other; and to him I owe the Improvements of my afore-mentioned Faculties. These he cultivated, and many others implanted in me of the like Nature.

We commenced Authors together. At my first setting out I was hired by a reverend Prebend to libel Dean *Swift* for Infidelity. Soon after I was employed by *Curll* to write a merry Tale, the Wit of which was its Obscenity. This we agreed to palm upon the World for a posthumous Piece of Mr. *Prior*. However, a certain Lady, celebrated for certain Liberties, had a Curiosity to see the real Author. *Curll*, on my Promise that if I had a Present, he should go Snacks, sent me to her. I was admitted while her Ladyship was *shifting*; and on my Admittance, Mrs. *Abigail* was ordered to withdraw. What passed between us, a Point of Gallantry obliges me to conceal; but after some extraordinary Civilities, I was dismissed with a Purse of Guineas, and a Command to write a Sequel to my Tale.

Tale. Upon this I turned out smart in Dress, bit *Curll* of his Share, and run out most of the Money in printing my Works at my own Cost. But some Years after (just at the Time of his starving poor *Parnell*) the Varlet was revenged. He arrested me for several Months Board, brought me back to my Garret, and made me drudge on in my old dirty Work. 'Twas in his Service that I wrote Obscenity and Profaneness, under the Names of *Pope* and *Swift*. Sometimes I was Mr. *Joseph Gay*, and at others Theory *Burnet* or *Addison*. I abridged Histories and Travels, translated from the *French* what they never wrote, and was expert at finding out new Titles for old Books. When a notorious Thief was hanged, I was the *Plutarch* to preserve his Memory; and when a great Man died, mine were his Remains, and mine the Account of his last Will and Testament. Had Mr. *Oldmixon* and Mr. *Curll* agreed, my Assistance had probably been invited into Father *Bohour*'s Logic, and the critical History of *England*.

But before all this happened, a young Nobleman gratified me for letting some Verses of mine be handed about at Court in Manuscript under his Name. This was the first Time that I ever heard my Writings generally commended. But alas! how short-lived the Applause! They unfortunately stole into Print, lost their Reputation at once, and I am now ashamed to write any more, as a Person of Quality. I am a great Joker, and deal in Clenches, Puns, Quibbles, Gibes, Conundrums, and Carry-which-its. Many a good Time have I lashed the whole Body of Clergy, and crack'd many a smart Joke upon the Trinity. One of my Books had the Honour of being presented for a Libel by the Grand Jury, and another was made a Burnt Offering by the Hands of the Common Hangman. If an Author writes a Piece that has

Success

Success in his own Character, I abuse him; but if in a fictitious one I endeavour to personate him, and write a second Part to his Work. I am very deeply read in all Pieces of Scandal, Obscenity, and Profaneness, particularly in the Writings of Mrs. *Haywood*, *Henley*, *Welsted*, *Morley*, *Fenton*, *Cooke*, *De Foe*, *Norton*, *Woolston*, *Dennis*, *Ned Ward*, *Concanen*, *Journalist-Pit*, and the Author of the *Rival Modes*. From these I propose to compile a very grand Work, which shall not be inferior to *Utopia*, *Carimania*, *Gulliveriana*, *Art of Flogging*, *Daily Journal*, Epigrams on the *Dunciad*, or *Oratory Transactions*; and, as this is designed for the Use of young Templars, it is hoped they will promote my Subscription. Since private Vices have been proved to be public Benefits, I would venture to call it, *An Useful Body of* IMMORALITY, and print it in a broad, pompous *Folio*; but such a one as may very well be bound up with Dean *Smedley's* intended *Body of Divinity*.

By the Help of Indexes, and technical Dictionaries, I work on every Branch of Learning. I pore often over the Volumes of State Tracts, whence I collect Paragraphs, which I mix with Remarks of my own, and range under several Heads. Those against a discarded Minister I send to the *London Journal*, or *Concanen's Daily*, or *Weekly Papers*. *Concanen is a precious Fellow! I once lowed him for his Ingratitude to Dean *Swift*; I now adore him for his dull Humour, and malevolent blundering *Billingsgate* against my Lord *Bolingbroke*. Other Paragraphs more virulent against a Prime Minister (for I naturally hate my Superiors) are for my very good Friend the *Craftsman*. How long have I

* In thy felonious Heart, tho' Malice lies,
It does but touch thy *Irish* Pen, and dies.

called up the Shades of *Sejanus*, *Buckingham*, and *Wolsey*, to compare them to one who mortifies me by laughing at the Comparison? How long shall I find, press on one, whom I continually call *State-plunderer*, and *wicked Minister*? Perhaps till the World will maliciously liken me to a *Taylor's Goose*†, which is at once *hot* and *heavy*. Rather than stand out of Play, I have penned Panegyrics, in *Mist* or *Fog* on *Rich*'s Pantomimes, and *Theobald*'s *Shakespeare Restored*. I am always listed by Mr. *Lun* the Harlequin, to hiss the first Night at any of the *Drury-Lane* Performances. Sometimes I draw up Challenges for the Champions of Mr. *Figg*'s Amphitheatre, and sometimes for the Disputants of Mr. *Henley*'s Oratory.

I have an excellent Knack at Birth-day Odes, Elegies, Acrosticks, Anagrams, Epithalamiums, Prologues, Recommendatory Poems, Rhimes for Almanack-makers, and witty Distiches for the Signs of Country-inns and Ale-houses. When with an audible Voice I spout forth my own Verses, marvellous is their Effect! The very Bell-man has been touched with Envy——An Author, who like Mr. *Ralph*‡, has distinguished himself by *Night*; the shrillness of my clamorous, dunning Landlady, has been charmed into a still Attention! Nay, the very Bailiff, in Act to rush upon me, has stopped short to listen, and for a Minute suspended the rapacious Palm that was to fall upon my Shoulders!

I have well perused the Writings of *Luke Milbourn*, *Shadwell*, *Settle*, *Blackmore*, and many others of our Stamp, notable for salt Wit upon *Dryden*. From these I have extracted curious Hints to assist *Wynne* in his new Satire against *Pope*, which was once (he told me) to have been christened *Labeo*.

† A Composition of Dr. *South*'s.
‡ Author of a Poem called *Night*.

'Tis yet an Embrio, and there are divers Opinions about the Birth of it. Some expect it will spring from his wise Noddle, like *Minerva* from the Head of *Jupiter*, and work Wonders. Others, that it will resemble *Milton*'s Figure of *Sin* coming from the Brain of the Father of Lies. Then, say they, it will damn its Parent's Reputation. But most are of Opinion, that my Brother has no Reputation to lose, and therefore the Brat will be still-born. 'Tis possible also, he may miscarry of his second Epistle to Mr. *Pope*, though *James Moore Smythe*, Esq; is to officiate Man-Midwife.

When a Man of Quality is distinguished for a Wit, or an Encourager of it, I endeavour to strike him for a Dedication; but I have generally been so unhappy as to disgust my Patrons, by praising them in the wrong Place. For, want of being acquainted with polite Life, I have unwittingly complimented a Person for an illustrious Birth, who really owed his rise entirely to his Merit. Thus have I caused his Enemies to sneer, and, perhaps, to libel him for my squab Compliment; when, had I left him to his Choice, he had rather chose my Satire than my Panegyric.

I am as famous as one of the Suitors in *Homer*'s *Odyssey*, for *dead-born Jests*. Many a Sonnet of mine, and several *Bouts Rimez* that were filled up by me, has *Moore* read, with his usual Modesty, at *White*'s and the Drawing-Room, for his own; but as they were mere Slips of my Pen, and could be of no Advantage to my Reputation, (low as it stands) I am contented to humour his Vanity, and forbear to claim them. I assisted in a pretty Play of Words on the Letter *P*, and the *Advertisement* of the *Lady*'s *Writing-Desk*. Soon after I chopp'd Sides, and wrote the *History of the* Norfolk *Dumpling*, the Verses on the *Norfolk Lanthorn*, *Robin's Reign*, *Robin's Game*, *The Fall of Mortimer*, and many other popular

popular Libels on Persons who least deserved them; but the Reason of that was, because they were of the Ministry.

Now is the Session of Parliament, and the Poetical Quarrels must give Way to the Political. Consequently the Affairs of State (as *Abel* in the Play of the *Committee* observes) *will lie heavy upon my Neck and Shoulders*. It is a Custom among great Generals to send Spies into an Enemy's Camp; and among Politicians, to employ them in foreign Courts. I have therefore (as I am determined to oppose the Ministry) settled a secret Correspondence with several Gentlemen of the Party-coloured Cloth; Men of Dignity! such as have no less an Honour than that of holding a Plate in the Presence of some certain Knights of the Blue Ribbon. My Bribe is a Pot of Ale, and my Intelligence the Scraps of Conversation that fall at the Table of great Ministers. By these I am enabled to discuss the Matters in Debate at the *House of Commons*, and the Congress of *Soissons*, to state the Debts of the Nation, to arraign the Conduct of those at the Helm, and to hold the Balance of *Europe*, with as much Ease as a Monkey does a Chesnut, in my own Paw.

The Time has been, when, after an Evening's hard Boosing, my Brother Bards (who have been what we call seedy, or Crop-sick) have bilked the publick House, and barbarously left me in Pawn for the Reckoning. On this Emergency I have written an Account of a *sharp and bloody Fight*; a *Vision in the Air*; or a *Wonderful Prophecy* to be hawked about the Streets: And (would you believe it?) even these Productions of mine have passed for designed Wit, and I have silently sneered, to find the Merit of them claimed and boasted of by *Jemmy Moore*.

I have sometimes taken it in my Head, that I might make a Fortune by writing for the Stage. As a Proof that I have an excellent Taste, I always de-

ſpiſed the Tragedies of *Shakeſpeare*, *Otway*, *Young*, and *Thomſon*; and preferred with Admiration a certain Perſon's Operas at the *Hay-Market*. I wonder that the Succeſs of the latter ſhould be applied to Mr. *Handel*'s Muſic, or the Performances of *Seneſino*, *Fauſtina*, and *Cuzzoni*: The Town in this have been ſhamefully blind to the Merit of that Gentleman. He has followed the Ancients ſo cloſely in the Propriety of his Conduct, the Unity of his Characters, the natural Variety of Paſſions, the Strength of Sentiment, and the Elegance of Diction, that I here invite him to join with me in an *Engliſh* Tragedy on an Opera Plan.

If the Gentleman thinks this too arduous an Undertaking, let us venture at a lower Caſt! Without any Recourſe to Wit, Humour, Natural Dialogue, Songs aptly introduced, or any other of thoſe Trifles with which the *Beggar's Opera* abounds, we have one ſure Comfort; that is, we cannot fall ſhort of many late Performances of that Kind, nor be excelled by *Roome* and his led Captain *Concanen*. *Roome* cannot excel me, unleſs he excels himſelf.

I have tried all Means (but that which Fools call honeſt ones) for a Livelihood. I offered my Service for a ſecret Spy to the State, but had not Credit enough even for that. When it was indeed very low with me, I printed Propoſals for a Subſcription to my Works, received Money, and gave Receipts, without any Intention of delivering the Book. Tho' I have been notoriouſly prophane, and was never at an Univerſity, I once aimed to be admitted into Orders; but being obliged to abſcond lately from the Pariſh-Officers, on account of a Baſtard Child, and falling beſides into an unlucky Salivation, my Character was ſo ſcandalous, that I could not prevail even on the loweſt of the *Fleet-Priſon* Parſons to ſign my Teſtimonials.

My

My laſt Attempt was to have been a travelling Tutor to ſome young Gentleman. If I am deficient in Claſſic Learning, I could yet have inſtructed him in the Laws of his own Country; for though I never ſtudied *Coke* upon *Littleton*, yet I have converſed with Bailiffs and petty-fogging Attornies; nay, I have conned over the *Abridgments of Giles Jacob*; I could alſo have read him Lectures of Politics from Eſſays of my own in *Weekly Journals*. What, though I wanted Knowledge to make Diſſertations upon the Languages, Manners, Hiſtories, Statues, Coins, Paintings, Architecture, or any other Curioſities, ancient or modern, of foreign Climes? What, though I could not have traced out any one Country in a Map? Could I not have pillaged Voyage-Writers, and have taken the Reports of Inn-keepers or Poſtillions, to have told where there were good Wine, good Beds, buxom Girls, and tall Steeples? Few foreign Tutors underſtand the dead Languages; but if they play at Cards, dance, talk of Things they never ſaw; or, having ſeen, could not underſtand; if they put on the ſwaggering Air of Half-pay Captains, and ſwear *French* military Oaths with a *bon Grace*, will they not paſs for Men of Wit, Experience and Knowledge? I ſhould have made a very faſhionable Tutor, I would have ſpirited up my Pupil to run away with a Nun; and, if he aimed at ſmaller Game, not ſcrupled being Pimp. I have ſtudied Phyſic under the *Anodyne Necklace* Doctor, and would have prepared and exported a whole Cargo of *Anti-venereal* Pills for his Safety. No one, I am perſuaded, will blame me if I took this Opportunity of feathering my own Neſt. I ſhould perhaps have made him pay Ten *per Cent.* for his own Money, when I diſburſed it, and a Guinea on many Occaſions for his Honour, Twenty Shillings of which I might have put in my own Pocket. Who knows but I might

have married some rich Widow, by securing my Pupil for one of her Daughters! I would have contrived he should have stolen the young Lady to avoid paying her Fortune. If this Scheme failed, I had another, for which I am afraid I might have been a little censured; it was only to have set him at a Gaming-Table (when abroad) for about a thousand Pounds, and afterwards gone Snacks with the Sharpers. But on second Thoughts, where had been the Hurt? When returned, and at Age, I could easily have made him Amends, by negotiating a Mortgage, or the Sale of a Reversion for him with honest *Ch-rt-r-s*.

Thus, though I had but a hundred a Year, and for no more than two or three Years Service, I could retire to *Switzerland*, or *Wales*, with about Fifteen Hundred Pounds in my Pocket, and an Annuity of Fifty Pounds *per Annum* for Life. In such a Retirement I should have sat down to writing an *Account of my Travels*. When those were finished, by carefully extracting from Gazettes, I should have been able to have left my Executors the Memoirs of my own Times; then would I have indulged my Spleen against the present Ministers for neglecting to gratify my Merit. It is dangerous to anger a Poet or Historian.

I observed at the Head of this Letter, that I have a Drollery in my Countenance; Egad! it is as *peculiar* a one as *Roome*'s. We are so alike, that before he scribbled himself into Preferment, we have actually been mistaken for each other. Our Looks are so happy, as to have passed off many a Saying in Conversation for Wit and Humour, that, when published, has been thought flat; Nay, the same Thing has been said of me, as was uttered by a certain *Wit* (one very different from our Rank) on him, *viz.* that the *R—g—'s Misfortune is, he cannot print his Face to his Joke.*

While

While I am thus delineating my Features, permit me to own, that I wish my Portrait might shine in a Mezzotinto through the Glass-Windows of Picture-Shops in *Fleet-Street* and *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; then should I be gazed on with Admiration by Mercers 'Prentices! But I will at least indulge my Vanity in appearing on a large Sheet of Paper, in a wooden Cut, which ingenious School-Boys may delight to colour with yellow and red Ochre. What a glaring Figure shall I then make in the long Piazzas of *Covent-Garden!* I shall be surrounded by venerable old Ballads; and several of my Family Pieces, such as the *Sinners Coat of Arms*, and the dreadful Sketches of *Death*, *Judgment*, and *Damnation!* Thence shall I be translated to the naked Walls of Country Ale-houses, Coblers Stalls, and Necessary Houses!——And thou, O *R—me*, thou who art my *other Self!* be this my Glory! however different our Fortunes, however unlike the Incidents of our Lives, yet whensoever the Countenance of *Iscariot Hackney* is seen, thy own *dear Phiz* will be called to Remembrance.

In short, I am a perfect Town Author: I hate all Mankind, yet am occasionally a mighty Patriot. I am very poor, and owe my Poverty to my Merit; that is, to my Writings: I am as proud as I am poor; yet, what is seemingly a Contradiction, never stick at a mean Action, when the Welfare of the Republic of Letters, or, in other Words, my own Interest is concerned. My Pen, like the Sword of a *Swiss*, or the Pleading of a *Lawyer*, is generally employed for *Pay*. There is one Piece of Advice, Gentlemen, which I would propose to you: If any Papers of a *dead Wit* should fall into the Hands of a Member of your Society, let him be sure to print them, though never so derogatory to the Person's Reputation, to get himself Money; and if, among whole Heaps of indigested Papers, he finds a few with

large *Corrections* and *Additions* by another, *excellent Hand*, (which he well knows) let him be sure to suppress *that Circumstance* in his Publication. Now to return to myself.—My Pamphlets sell many more Impressions than those of celebrated Writers; the Secret of this is, I learned from *Guild* to clap a new Title-Page to the Sale of every half Hundred; so that when my Bookseller has sold two Hundred and Fifty Copies, my Book generally enters into the *Sixth Edition*. 'Tis reckoned a villainous Action to write a Libel, but more so to father one on a Person who neither wrote it, nor approves it; now I own I never scruple to do both. When a Man of Figure (perhaps an Ornament of his Country) has been cruelly aspersed in his Life-time, I love to revive the Aspersion at his Death: It is Mirth to me to grieve a whole Family, by insulting his Memory before his Body is cold in the Grave. In this I imitate the Author of *Sarah the Quaker in the Shades*, to *Lothario lately deceased*. Though I am so ready to libel others, I am downright frightened if I but hear of a Satire where my Name is likely to be inserted. When a Person does me a Favour, I either suspect he has some Design on me, or think it less than my Due, and that he is obliged to me, because an *Author*, for accepting it. I am very testy if I am not allowed *Dictator* of my Company; nor had I ever a Friend, whom I did not in his Absence sacrifice to my Jest. I contemn the Few who admire me, am angry with the Multitude who despise me, and mortally hate all who have any ways obliged me. I assure you, I am very famous for several Treatises in Defence of *Ingratitude*: I never fail to illustrate them with the Examples of *Marcus Brutus* among the *Ancients*, and very eminent *Statesmen* among the *Moderns*. My private Resentment, like that of other *Great Men*, is always a public Justice.

Now,

Now, Gentlemen, if you like me for a Correspondent, my Price is the Price of a *Journalist*, a Crown; and, in the Stile of a Love-Bargain, half wet, half dry. You may find me in a Morning at my Lucubrations over a Quartern Pot in a *Geneva* Shop in *Clare-Market*; a House where I propose many learned Interviews with Orator *Henley*, who has removed his *Stage* to that Place. I generally dine with a Brother *Bard*, at one of the little Cook's Shops near *St. Martin's* Church, and probably spend the Evening with him at a Night-Cellar in the *Strand*, where I shall be ready to enter into a Treaty with you.

Yours,

From my Chamber, *Hockley in the Hole*. ISCARIOT HACKNEY.

OF

OF PUBLIC SPIRIT,

IN REGARD TO

PUBLIC WORKS:

A POEM,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK Prince of WALES.

By RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq.

GREAT *HOPE* of *BRITAIN!*
Here the *Muſe* eſſays
A Theme, which, to attempt alone, is Praiſe.
Be *Her's* a Zeal of *Public Spirit* known!
A *Princely* Zeal!—a Spirit all your *Own!*

Where never Science beam'd a friendly Ray,
Where one vaſt Blank neglected Nature lay;
From *Public Spirit*, ceaſeleſs there employ'd,
Creation varying glads the chearleſs Void.
The Arts, whence Safety, Treaſure and Delight,
Bleſs Land and Sea, theſe Arts, O Muſe, recite;
Once more to view the long-loſt Wonders raiſe,
Diſplay their Dignity, diffuſe their Praiſe.

Let

Let Thoſe of Luxury, with Theſe to vie,
Magnificently uſeleſs ſtrike the Eye!
What tho' no Streams, in fruitleſs Pomp diſplay'd,
Riſe a proud Column, fall a grand Caſcade;
Thro' ſecret Pipes, which nobler Uſe renowns,
Here dactile Riv'lets viſit diſtant Towns.
On Fens, where Peſtilence, with poiſon'd Breath,
Tainted the Gale, and fill'd the Land with Death,
New drain'd, the Grove aſcends, the Harveſt ſprings,
The Heifer grazes, and the Linnet ſings.
Now, where the Flood deep rolls, or wide extends,
From Road to Road the Bridge connective bends;
O'er the broad Arch the Cars of Commerce go,
And fearleſs hear the Billows rage below.
Now the firm *Iſthmus* links a wat'ry Space,
And wonders in new State, at naval Grace;
While Commerce check'd by Nature's Bars no more,
Steers, thro' the Land, a Courſe unknown before.
Now Harbours open, and where Mounds were vain,
The bulwark Mole repels the boiſt'rous Main.

When the ſunk Sun no homeward Sail befriends,
On the Rock's Brow the *Light-Houſe* kind aſcends,
And from the ſhoaly, o'er the gulphy Way,
Points to the Pilot's Eye the warning Ray.
Count ſtill, my Muſe (to count what Muſe can ceaſe?)
The Works of *Public Spirit*, Freedom, Peace!
By them ſhall Plants, in Foreſts, reach the Skies;
Then loſe their leafy Pride, and Navies riſe;
Navies, which to invaſive Foes explain,
Heav'n throws not round us Rocks and Seas in vain.
The Sail of Commerce, in each Sky, aſpires,
And Property aſſures what Toil acquires.

Who digs the Mine or Quarry, digs with Glee;
Lord of Himſelf, his Choice and Gain are free:
Him the ſame Laws the ſame Protection yield,
Who plows the Furrow, as who owns the Field.

Unlike

Unlike where Tyranny the Rod maintains
O'er barren, leafless and uncultur'd Plains;
Here Herbs of Food and Phyſic, Plenty ſhowers,
Gives Fruits to bluſh, and colours various Flowers.
Where Sands or ſtony Wilds once ſtarv'd the Year,
Laughs the green Lawn, and nods the golden Ear.
White ſhine the fleecy Race, which Fate ſhall doom
The Feaſt of Life, the Treaſure of the Loom.

On Plains now bare, ſhall Gardens wave their Groves,
While ſettling Songſters woo their feather'd Loves.
Where pathleſs Woods no grateful Openings knew,
Walks tempt the Step, and Viſtas court the View.
See the Parterre confeſs expanſive Day!
The Grot, eluſive of the Noon-tide Ray!
Up yon green Slope a Length of Terras lies,
Whence gradual Landſcapes fade in diſtant Skies.
Now the blue Lake reflected Heav'n diſplays;
Now darkens, regularly wild, the Maze.
Urns, Obeliſks, Fanes, Statues intervene;
Now center, now commence or end the Scene.
Iſo proud Alcoves! ſo ſoft ſequeſter'd Bowers!
Retreats of ſocial, or of ſtudious Hours!
Rank above Rank, here ſhapely Greens aſcend;
There others, native ly groteſque, depend.
The Rude, the Delicate immingled tell
How Art would Nature, Nature Art excel.
And how, while theſe their rival Charms impart,
Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art;
Thus blends the various yet harmonious Space,
And all is Symmetry, and Force, and Grace.

But what the flow'ring Pride of Gardens rare,
However royal, or however fair?
If Doors, which to Acceſs ſhould ſtill give Way,
Ope but like *Peter's* Paradiſe for Pay;

If perquisited Varlets frequent ſtand,
And each new Walk muſt a new Tax demand,
What foreign Eye but with Contempt ſurveys?
What Muſe ſhall from Oblivion ſnatch their Praiſe?

When theſe from *Public Spirit* ſmile, we ſee
Free-opening Gates, and bow'ry Pleaſures free;
For ſure great Souls one Truth can never miſs;
Bliſs not communicated is not Bliſs.

Thus *Public Spirit*, Liberty and Peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the Land increaſe;
From peaſant Hands imperial Works ariſe,
And *Britiſh* hence with *Roman* Grandeur vies;
Not Grandeur, that in pompous Whim appears;
That levels Hills; that Vales to Mountains rears;
That alters Nature's regulated Grace;
Meaning to deck, but deſtin'd to deface.
Here let no Forts ſome native Tyrant aid,
To awe the Free—ſhould foreign Foes invade;
How uſeleſs theſe, where Rocks a Barrier lend,
Where Seas encircle, and where Fleets defend.
Here let no *Arch* of *Triumph* be aſſign'd
To laurel'd Pride, whoſe Sword has thin'd Mankind;
Tho' no vaſt Wall extend from Coaſt to Coaſt,
No Pyramid aſpire, ſublimely loſt;
Yet the ſafe Road thro' Rocks ſhall, winding, tend,
And the firm Cauſe-way o'er the Clays aſcend;
Here ſtately Streets, here ample Squares invite
The ſalutary Gale that breathes Delight.
Here Structures mark the charitable Soil,
For caſual Ill; maim'd Valour; feeble Toil,
Worn out with Care, Infirmity and Age;
The Life here ent'ring, quitting there the Stage:
The Babe of lawleſs Birth, condemn'd to moan,
To ſtarve, or bleed, for Errors not his own:
Let the frail Mother ſcape the Fame & ſhame,
If from the murd'ring Mother ſcape the Child!

Oh,

Oh, guard his Youth from Sin's allaring Voice;
From Deeds of dire Neceſſity, not Choice!
His grateful Hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public Welfare build his own.

Thus worthy Crafts which low-born Life divide,
Give Towns their Opulence, and Courts their Pride.
Sacred to Pleaſure ſtructures riſe elate,
To that ſtill worthy of the Wiſe and Great.
Sacred to Pleaſure then ſhall Piles aſcend?
They ſhall—when Pleaſure and Inſtruction blend.
Let *Theatres*, from *Public Spirit*, ſhine!
Such *Theatres*, as, *Athens*, once were thine!
See! the *gay Muſe*, of pointed Wit poſſeſt,
Who wakes the virtuous Laugh, the decent Jeſt:
What, tho' ſhe mock, ſhe mocks with honeſt Aim,
And laughs each fav'rite Folly into Shame.
With lib'ral Light the *Tragic* charms the Age;
In ſolemn-training Robes ſhe fills the Stage;
There human Nature mark'd in diff'rent Lines,
Alive, in Character, diſtinctly ſhines.
Quick Paſſions change, alternate, on her Face;
Her Diction, Muſic; as her Action, Grace.
Inſtant we catch her *Terror-giving* Cares,
Pathetic Sighs, and *Pity-moving* Tears;
Inſtant we catch her gen'rous Glow of Soul,
'Till one great ſtriking Moral crowns the whole.

Hence in warm Youth, by Scenes of Virtue taught,
Honour exalts, and Love expands the Thought;
Hence Pity, to peculiar Grief aſſign'd,
Grows wide Benevolence to all Mankind.

Where various Edifice the Land renowns,
There *Public Spirit* plans, exalts and crowns.
She chears the *Manſion* with the ſpacious *Hall*;
Bids Painting live along the ſtoried Wall;
Seated, ſhe, ſmiling, eyes th' unclaſing Door,
And much ſhe welcomes all, but moſt the Poor.

She

She turns the *Pillar*, or the *Arch* ſhe bends;
The *Quire* ſhe lengthens, or the *Quire* extends;
She rears the *Tow'r*, whoſe Height the Heav'ns admire;
She rears, ſhe rounds, ſhe points the leſs'ning *Spire*:
At her Command the *College-roofs* aſcend;
For *Public Spirit* ſtill is *Learning*'s Friend.
Stupendous Piles, which uſeful Pomp compleats,
Thus riſe *Religion*'s, and thus *Learning*'s Seats:
There moral Truth and holy Science ſpring,
And give the Sage to teach, the Bard to ſing.
There ſome draw Health from Herbs and min'ral Veins,
Some ſearch the Syſtems of the heavenly Plains;
Some call from Hiſtory paſt Times to View,
And others trace old Laws, and ſketch out new;
Thence ſaving Rights, by Legiſlators plann'd,
And guardian Patriots thence inſpire the Land.

Now grant, ye Pow'rs, one great, one fond Deſire,
And, granting, bid a new *White-Hall* aſpire!
Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd *Thames* ſurvey'd,
The ſwelling Arch and ſtately Colonade;
Bid Courts of Juſtice, Senate-chambers join,
Till various All in one proud Work combine!

But now be all the *gen'rous Goddeſs* ſeen,
When moſt diffus'd ſhe ſhines, and moſt benign!
Ye Sons of Miſery attract her View!
Ye ſallow, hollow-ey'd and meagre Crew!
Such high Perfection have our Arts attain'd,
That now few Sons of Toil our Arts demand?
Then to the Public, to itſelf, we fear,
Ev'n willing Induſtry grows uſeleſs here.
Are we too populous at length confeſs'd,
From confluent Strangers refug'd and redreſs'd?
Has War ſo long withdrawn his barb'rous Train,
That Peace o'erſtocks us with the Sons of Men?

So

So long [illegible]
That [illegible]
[illegible]
Tho' [illegible]
Fair, [illegible]
[illegible]
Hence [illegible]
First driv'n by [illegible]
Hence [illegible]
(Torn from Mankind) a miserable Train
Train from, Inspire of Nature's tender Cries,
Parental Mind, and consubial Ties!
The Leader, which on every Shore shall
Hence flies to what Expedient Ends
To prop his question'd Credit now
Others he first involves to share his Fate,
Then for mean Refuge must, self-exil'd,
Never to hope a Friend, nor find a Home,

[illegible]
Her Breast the Throb, her Eye the Tear
(The Patriot Throb that beats, the Tear
For others Welfare, and for others
'Ah! what can I (she said) to save
'Shall I or point out Death, or
'Forth shall I lead 'em to some
'To Conquest lead 'em, and enrich
'Bid [illegible]
'And spill, in shedding others Blood,
'No, [illegible]
'Go sterilize the Fertile with thy
'Whole Nations to depopulate is
'To people, cultivate and
'Then [illegible]
O'er Seas, o'er [illegible]
He settles where
(Vain [illegible]

How many Sons of Want might here enjoy
What Nature gives for Ages but to destroy?
'Bleak, blank, O Sun (she cries) have vainly found,
'To rise, to set, to roll the Seasons round!
'Shall Heav'n's distil in Dews, descend in Rain,
'From Earth gush Fountains, Rivers flow in vain?
'There shall the nat'ry Lives in Myriads stray,
'And be, to be alone each other's Prey?
'Unsought shall here the teeming Quarries own
'The various Species of mechanic Stone?
'From Structure This, from Sculpture That confine?
'Shall Rocks forbid the latent Gem to shine?
'Shall Mines, obedient, aid no Artist's Care,
'Nor give the martial Sword and peaceful Share?
'Ah! shall they never precious Ore unfold,
'To smile in Silver, or to flame in Gold?
'Shall here the vegetable World alone,
'For Joys, for various Virtues rest unknown?
'While Food and Physic, Plants and Herbs supply,
'Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die?
'Shall Fruits, which none but brutal Eyes survey,
'Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away?
'Shall here th' irrational, the savage Kind,
'Lord it o'er Stones by Heav'n for Man design'd,
'And trample what mild Suns benignly raise,
'While Man must lose the Use, and Heav'n the
'Praise?
'Shall it then be?' (Indignant here she rose,
Indignant, yet humane her Bosom glows)
'No! By each heroic'd *Grecian Roman* Name,
'By Men for Virtue deified by Fame,
'Who peopled Lands, who modell'd infant State,
'And then bade Empire be maturely great;
'By *Them* I swear (be witness Earth and Skies!)
'Fair Orders here shall from Confusion rise.
'Where's a barren Colony survey?
'Come then, ye Sons of Mis'ry, come away!

'Let those, whose Sorrows from Neglect are known,
'(Here taught compell'd empower'd) Neglect atone!
'Let those enjoy, who never merit Woes,
'In Youth th' industrious Wish, in Age Repose!
'Allotted Acres (no reluctant Soil)
'Shall prompt their Industry, and pay their Toil.
'Let Families, long Strangers to Delight,
'Whom wayward Fate dispers'd, by Me unite;
'Here live enjoying Life, see Plenty, Peace;
'Their Lands increasing as their Sons increase!
'As Nature yet is found in leafy Glades
'To intermix the Walks with Lights and Shades;
'Or as with Good and Ill, in chequer'd Strife,
'Various the Goddess colours human Life;
'So in this fertile Clime if yet are seen
'Moors, Marshes, Cliffs by Turns to intervene;
'Where Cliffs, Moors, Marshes desolate the View,
'Where haunts the Bittern, and where screams the Mew;
'Where prowls the Wolf, where roll'd the Serpent lies,
'Shall solemn Fanes and Halls of Justice rise,
'And Towns shall open (all of Structure fair!)
'To bright'ning Prospects, and to purest Air,
'Frequented Ports and Vineyards green succeed,
'And Flocks increasing whiten all the Mead,
'On Science Science, Arts on Arts refine;
'On these from high all Heav'n shall smiling shine,
'And *Public Spirit* here a People show,
'Free, num'rous, pleas'd and busy all below.

'Learn future Natives of this promis'd Land
'What your Forefathers ow'd my saving Hand!
'Learn when *Despair* such sudden Bliss shall see,
'Such Bliss must shine from *OGLETHORPE* & *ME!*
'Do You the neighb'ring blameless *Indian* aid,
'Culture what he neglects, not His invade;

'Dare

' Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious View,
' Force or demand Subjection, never due.
' Let by *My* specious Name no *Tyrants* rule,
' And cry, while they enslave, they civilize!
' Know *LIBERTY* and *I* are still the *Same*,
' Congenial!—ever mingling Flame with Flame!
' Why must I *Afric*'s sable Children see
' Vended for Slaves, tho' form'd by Nature free,
' The nameless Tortures cruel Minds invent,
' Those to subject, whom Nature equal meant?
' If these you dare, albeit unjust Success
' Empow'rs you now unpunish'd to oppress,
' Revolving Empire you and your's may doom,
' (*Rome* all subdu'd, yet *Vandals* vanquish'd *Rome*)
' Yes, Empire may revolve, give Them the Day,
' And Yoke may Yoke, and Blood may Blood repay.'

Thus (Ah! how far unequall'd by *my* Lays,
Unskill'd the Heart to melt or Mind to raise)
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly clear,
Worthy a THOMSON's Muse, a FRED'RICK's Ear,
Thus spoke the *Goddess*. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd Works Heav'n gives her to excel.
But who her Sons, that to her Int'rest true,
Conversant lead her to a Prince like you?
These, Sir, salute you from Life's *middle* State,
Rich without Gold, and without Titles great:
Knowledge of Books and Men exalts their Thought,
In Wit accomplish'd, tho' in Wiles untaught,
Careless of Whispers meant to wound their Name,
Nor sneer'd nor brib'd from Virtue into Shame;
In Letters elegant, in Honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect Delight.

Mixing with these a *few* of *Rank* are found,
For Councils, Embassies, and Camps renown'd.

Vers'd in gay Life, in honeſt Maxims read;
And ever warm of Heart, yet cool of Head.
From theſe the circling Glaſs gives Wit to ſhine,
The Bright grow brighter, and ev'n Courts refine;
From Theſe ſo gifted, candid and upright,
Flows Knowledge ſoft'ning into Eaſe polite.

Happy the Men who ſuch a Prince can pleaſe!
Happy the Prince rever'd by Men like theſe!
His Condeſcenſions Dignity diſplay,
Grave with the wiſe, and with the witty gay;
For Him fine Marble in the Quarry lies,
Which in due Statues to his Fame ſhall riſe;
Ever ſhall *Public Spirit* beam his Rays,
And the *Muſe* ſwell it in immortal Lays.

This Satire was printed about the Year 1709, in a Collection of Satirical Poems. A Piece which is not deficient in Wit and Fancy, and has many happy Strokes of Humour, deſerves to be reſcued from Oblivion.

I have endeavoured, but in vain, to learn the Name of the Author.

NEAR to the Rolls, where Parker in Numbers flock
To pick up Cullies to increaſe the Stock;
A lofty Fabric does the Sight invade,
And ſtretches round the Place a pompous Shade,
Where ſudden Shoots the Neighbourhood ſurprize,
And Thund'ring Claps are heard in Weſtminſter-ſkies.
Here thrifty *R——— [illegible] the Day,
And keeps his Memory [illegible]
With deep-mouth'd Actors [illegible]
Here the lewd Punk, with Crowns and Scepters grac'd,
Teaches her Eyes a more Majeſtic Caſt,

* Chriſtopher Rich, Eſq; Father of the late Jeph. Rich, Patentee of Covent Garden Theatre.

This Satire was printed about the Year 1704, in a Collection of ſatirical Poems. A Piece which is not deficient in Wit and Fancy, and has many happy Strokes of Humour, deſerves to be reſcued from Oblivion.

I have endeavoured, but in vain, to learn the Name of the Author.

NEAR to the *Roſe*, where *Punks* in Numbers flock
To pick up Cullies to increaſe the Stock,
A lofty Fabric does the Sight invade,
And ſtretches round the Place a pompous Shade,
Where ſudden *Shouts* the Neighbourhood ſurpriſe,
And *Thund'ring Claps* and dreadful *Hiſſings* riſe.
Here thrifty *R—— hires Monarchs by the Day,
And keeps his *Mercenary Kings* in *Pay*,
With deep-mouth'd Actors fills the *Vacant Scenes*,
And drains the Town for *Goddeſſes* and *Queens*:
Here the lewd *Punk*, with *Crowns* and *Sceptres* grac'd,
Teaches her Eyes a more *Majeſtic Caſt*,

* *Chriſtopher Rich*, Eſq; Father of the late *John Rich*, Patentee of *Covent Garden* Theatre.

And hungry Monarchs, with a numerous Train
Of suppliant Slaves, like *Sancho*, starve and reign.
But enter in, my *Muse*, the Stage survey,
And all its Pomp and Pageantry display;
Trap-doors and Pit-falls form th' unfaithful Ground,
And magic Walls encompass it around:
On either Side maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,
And intermix'd with Brothel-houses rise;
Disjointed Palaces in Order stand,
And Groves obedient to the Mover's Hand
O'ershade the Stage, and flourish at Command.
A Stamp makes broken Towns and Trees entire;
So when *Amphion* struck the vocal Lire,
He saw the spacious Circuit all around
With crowding Woods, and neighbouring Cities crown'd.
But next the Tiring-room survey, and see
False Titles, and promiscuous Quality,
Confus'dly swarm, from Heroes, and from Queens,
To those that swing in Clouds, and fill Machines;
Their various Characters they chuse with Art,
The frowning Bully fits the Tyrant's Part:
Swoln Cheeks, and swaggering Belly, makes a Host,
Pale, meagre Looks, and hollow Voice, a Ghost;
From careful Brows, and heavy down-cast Eyes,
Dull Cits, and thick-skull'd Aldermen, arise:
The Comic Tone, inspir'd by * *F*——*r*, draws
At ev'ry Word loud Laughter and Applause:
The mincing Dame continues as before,
Her Character's unchang'd, and acts a Whore.
Above the rest the Prince with mighty Stalks,
Magnificent in purple Buskins walks:
The royal Robe his haughty Shoulders grace,
Profuse of *Spangles* and of *Copper Lace*:
Officious Rascals to his mighty Thigh,
Guiltless of Blood, th' unpointed Weapon tie;

* Perhaps *Farquhar*.

Then

Then the gay glittering Diadem put on,
Pond'rous with Brass, and starr'd with *Bristol* Stone.
His royal Consort next consults her Glass,
And out of twenty Boxes culls a Face.
The Whit'ning first her ghastly Looks besmears,
All pale and wan th' unfinish'd Form appears;
Till on her Cheeks the blushing Purple glows,
And a false *Virgin Modesty* bestows;
Her muddy Lips the deep Vermillion dyes;
Length to her Brows the Pencil's Touch supplies,
And with black bending Arches shades her Eyes.
Well pleas'd, at length the Picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with artificial *Molds*; §
Her Countenance compleat, the Beaux she warms
With Looks not her's, and spite of Nature charms.

Thus artfully their Persons they disguise,
Till the last Flourish bids the Curtain rise.
The Prince then enters on the Stage in State,
Behind a Guard of Candle-snuffers wait:
There swoln with Empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the Dome, and tears his Lungs with Verse:
His Subjects tremble, the submissive Pit
Wrapt up in Silence and Attention sit;
Till freed at length, he lays aside the Weight
Of public Business and Affairs of State,
Forgets his Pomp, dead to ambitious Fires,
And to some peaceful *Brandy Shop* retires,
Where in full Gills his anxious Thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the Care that waits on Crowns.

The Princess next her pointed Charms displays,
Where every Look the Pencil's Art betrays.
The Callow Squire at Distance feeds his Eyes,
And silently for *Paint* and *Patches* dies;
But if the Youth behind the Scenes retreat,
He sees the blended Colours melt with Heat,
And all the tricking Beauty run in Sweat.
The borrow'd Visage he admires no more,
And nauseates every Charm he lov'd before:

§ Black Patches.

So the ſame Spear, for double Force renown'd,
Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.
And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage,
Where one for twenty Years has given Alarms,
And call'd contending Monarchs to their Arms.
Another fills a more important Poſt,
And riſes every other Night a Ghoſt.
Thro' the left Stage his meagre Face he bears,
Then ſtalks along, groans thrice, and diſappears;
Others with *Swords* and *Shields*, the *Soldiers* Pride,
More than a thouſand Times have chang'd their Side,
And in a thouſand fatal *Battles* dy'd.
Thus ſeveral Perſons ſeveral Parts perform;
Pale Lovers whine, and bluſtering Heroes ſtorm.
The ſtern exaſperated *Tyrants* rage,
Till the kind *Bowl* of *Poiſon* clears the *Stage*:
Then Honours vaniſh, and Diſtinctions ceaſe;
Then with Reluctance haughty Queens undreſs,
Heroes no more their fading Laurels boaſt,
And mighty Kings in private Men are loſt.
He whom ſuch Titles ſwell'd, ſuch Pow'r made proud,
To whom whole Realms and vanquiſh'd Nations bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy Plume, the purple Train,
And is in *Statu quo* himſelf again.

FACTION DISPLAYED.

In a printed Copy of the following Poem which was publiſhed ſoon after the Death of King William, *I have ſeen written, the Name of* W. Shippen, *Eſq. This, I muſt confeſs, does not bear ſufficient Authority to fix it upon that Gentleman, whoſe Principles indeed were well known; nor can it be doubted that he was a ſtaunch Tory. But the Writer of* Faction Diſplayed *ſeems to be an utter Stranger to the moderate and patriotic Views attributed to* W. Shippen: *His Satire is ſometimes extremely virulent, and often degenerates into mere Abuſe. The Poem is upon many Accounts very curious: It gives no ill Picture of the Times in which it was written. We are preſented with a Groupe of Characters remarkable for their Attachment to the illuſtrious Houſe of* Hanover, *who were employed in the moſt eminent Poſts of the Government during the firſt eight Years of Queen* Ann's *Reign.*

The Character of the famous Marquis of Wharton *ſeems to be the Outline of* Pope's *maſterly Deſcription of the Duke his Son.*

The Poetry of this Piece is very unequal: It ſometimes riſes to a juſt Height, and at other Times ſinks into proſaic Flatneſs.

The Characters are often overcharged, and aggravated into Caricaturas; ſuch are thoſe of the Earl of Halifax,

Halifax, *and Lord* Somers. *But there is certainly upon the whole, ſtrong Senſe, much vigorous Turn of Thought, and many lofty and ſpirited Touches of Wit and Pleaſantry in this vehement Satire.*

SAY, Goddeſs Muſe, for thy all-ſearching Eyes
Can Traitors trace thro' ev'ry dark Diſguiſe,
Can penetrate intriguing Statesmens Hearts,
Their deepeſt Plots, and all their wily Arts;
Say how a fierce *Cabal* combin'd of late,
Employ their anxious Thoughts t'embroil the State,
What angry Pow'r inſpires 'em to complain
In *Anna*'s gentle and propitious Reign,
FACTION, a reſtleſs and repining Fiend,
Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind.
Offſpring of *Chaos*, Enemy to *Form*,
By whoſe deſtructive Arts the World is torn.
She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
And *Jove*'s avenging Thunder to defy;
She rais'd the Hand that ſtruck the fatal Blow,
Which *martyr'd Jove*'s Vicegerent here below;
She ſtill purſues him with relentleſs Hate,
Arraigns his Mem'ry, and inſults his Fate.
'Tis ſhe, that wou'd for ev'ry ſlight Offence
Depoſe a true hereditary Prince;
That would *Uſurpers* for their Treaſon crown,
Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong down,
And *exil'd Monarchs* re-aſſert their rightful Throne.
No Conſtitution in the World can boaſt
A Scheme of Laws more rational, more juſt,
Than *England*'s are; where ſov'reign kingly Sway
Is *mixt* and qualify'd with ſuch Allay,
That free-born Subjects willingly obey.
Nor yet ſo baſely *mixt*, as that our Kings
Are only Tools of State, and pow'rleſs Things.

For

For tho' indeed they can have no Pretence
With *fundamental Contracts* to *diſpenſe*,
(For that were Conqueſt) yet, thoſe Rights maintain'd,
Prerogative is high and unreſtrain'd.
In equal Diſtance from Extremes we move,
No Tyranny nor Commonwealth approve.
Nor Tyranny, that ſavage brutal Pow'r,
Which not protects Mankind, but does devour.
Nor Commonwealth, a Monſter, *Hydra* State,
Whoſe many Heads threaten each other's Fate,
And load their Body with unwieldy Weight;
But a ſucceſſive Monarchy we own,
With all the lawful Sanctions of a Crown.
Such was our old eſtabliſh'd *Engliſh* Frame,
Which might have flouriſh'd Ages yet the ſame,
But for this envious Fiend, who ſtill prepares,
To ſow the Seeds of long inteſtine Wars.
Near the imperial Palaces remains,
Where nothing now but Deſolation reigns,
(Fatal Preſage of Monarchy's Decline,
And Extirpation of the regal Line!)
There ſtands an antique venerable Pile,
Whoſe Lords were once the Glories of our Iſle:
But now it mourns, that Race of Heroes dead,
And droops, and hangs its melancholy Head.
This Pile (howe'er for better Ends deſign'd,
An Emblem of the noble Founder's Mind)
Is *Faction*'s Refuge, where ſhe keeps her Court,
Where all her darling Votaries reſort.
Here, when their *glorious Naſſau* fell, they met
On new Reſolves and Meaſures to debate.
Say then, my Muſe, their ſecret Thoughts diſplay,
Expoſe their dark Deſigns to open Day.
This grand *Cabal* was held at Dead of Night,
(For Ghoſts and Furies always ſhun the Light)
Deſpair, and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em dumb,
Till **Moro* roſe (the Maſter of the Dome)

* Duke of *Somerſet*.

A ſtam-

A ſtamm'ring, hot, conceited, laughing Lord;
Who prov'd his Want of Senſe in ev'ry Word,
When hiſſing thus, his fetter'd Tongue broke looſe;
'I take it as an Honour that you've choſe
'For this Debate your humble Servant's Houſe.
'The Houſe henceforward ſhall recorded ſtand
'As the *Palladium* of the ſinking Land,
'And I to future Ages be renown'd
'The *Party*'s Bulwark, and the Nation's Mound.
'Now *Naſſau*, *Naſſau*, the immortal *Naſſau*'s gone,
'We juſtly his untimely Herſe bemoan.
'O that I could reſtore his Life again!
'For who can bear a Woman's ſervile Chain?'
Full of ſuch Stuff, he would have giv'n it Vent,
But that black *Ario*'s Fierceneſs did prevent.
*A *Scotch* ſeditious, unbelieving Prieſt,
The brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Feaſt*,
Who firſt his Patron, then his Prince betray'd,
And does that Church, he's ſworn to guard, invade,
Warm with rebellious Rage, he thus began,
'To talk of calling Life again is vain.
'Peace to the *Glorious* Dead: We juſtly mourn
'His Aſhes, ever ſacred be his Urn:
'But here, my Lord, we are together met
'To vow to *Anna*'s Scepter and her Head
'For ſince my Hope of *Winton* is expir'd,
'With juſt Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
'I'll write, and talk, and preach her Title down,
'My thund'ring Voice ſhall ſhake her in the Throne;
'Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown.'
A Pauſe enſu'd, till †*Patriarcho*'s Grace
Was pleas'd to rear his huge unweildy Maſs;
A Maſs unanimated with a Soul,
Or elſe he'd ne'er be made ſo vile a Tool,
He'd ne'er his Apoſtolic Charge prophane;
And *Atheiſts* and *Fanatics* Cauſe maintain;

* Dr. *Burnet*, Biſhop of *Sarum*. † Dr. *Tenniſon*, Archbp. *Canterbury*.

At

At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,
The bulky Bridge-grave's Oracle broke.
' I much approve my Brother's zealous Heat,
' Such is the reigning Ardour of the Great,
' On which Success and Praise will ever wait.
' But I'm brought up in Politician's Schools,
' Unpractis'd in their Arts and studied Rules,
' By which they make the Wisest of us Fools;
' The Task be therefore your's to forge some Plot,
' And I'll be ready with my crafty Vote,
' Nor e'er give your Commands a second Thought.
' Tho' I were muzzled, you have seen I've stood
' Fix'd as a Rock amidst the beating Flood,
' Witness St. *Stephen's* and St. *Dunstan's* Cause,
' Where obstinately I transgress'd the Laws,
' And did in vigilant Case Injustice show,
' Here sav'd a Friend, there triumph'd o'er a Foe.
Then old *Aristeus* took his Silver Hairs,
Loaded with Learning, Prophecy, and Years,
Whom factious Zeal to fierce *Invection* stirs
Had hurry'd in the last Extreme of Life,
Strange Dotage! thus to sacrifice his Ease,
When Nature whispers Men to crown their Days
With sweet Retirement and religious Peace.
Fore-knowledge struggled in his heaving Breast,
Ere he in these dark Terms his Fears express'd.
' The Stars unfavorable, and malignant Time,
' Some dire Portent (since Comets I divine)
' I plainly in the *Revolution* find
' That *Britain* to the *Host* will be inclin'd,
' However this the and all her Senate frown,
' I'll wage eternal War with *Pactington*,
' And ruin'd Life and Fame to pull him down.
As he went on, his Tongue a Trembling felt,
And all his Pow'rs and Utterance lapsed.
So when the *Sibyl* to the raging God,
She raving left her Vows, and speeches broke.

Unhappy

Unhappy Church, by such Usurpers sway'd!
How is thy primitive Purity decay'd?
How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,
When *Laud* or *Sancroft* fill'd the sacred Chair?
Laud, tho' with some traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,
Whilst *Patriarcho* is despis'd and scorn'd,
Shall be by me for ever prais'd, for ever mourn'd.
Sancroft's unblemish'd Life, divinely pure,
In its own heav'nly Innocence secure,
The Teeth of Time, the Blasts of Envy shall endure.

When for th' establish'd Faith they should contend,
Meekness and Christian Charity pretend;
But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,
For *Schism* and *Toleration* they engage;
With strange Delight and Eagerness espouse
Occasional Conformists shameful Cause,
Oppress thy Friends, and vindicate thy Foes.
Thy guardian Laws to weaken they combine,
And tamely thy essential Rights resign;
The ancient Truths with modern Glosses blend,
Destroying the Religion they would mend.

So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down;
Such Arts have Christianity o'erthrown:
For *Scepticism*, that now triumphant reigns,
Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,
Where she forlorn, contemn'd, despairing lies,
Nor hopes a Refuge, but her native Skies.

But, Muse, proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too long,
That would enflame thy satirizing Song.

* *Clodio* with kindling Emulation heard
What this Triumvirate of Priests declar'd.

* Marquis of *Wharton*.

Clodio,

Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel-Rade,
Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbled by Diſgrace;
Whoſe working, turbulent, fanatic Mind,
No Tenderneſs can move, no Ties can bind.
To gain a *Rake*, he'll drink, and whore, and rant;
T'engage a Puritan, will pray and cant.
So *Satan* can in diff'ring Forms appear,
Or radiant Light, or gloomy Darkneſs, wear.
Thrice he blaſphem'd, and thrice he frantic ſwore
By ev'ry terrible infernal Pow'r,
Then wav'd his Staff, and ſaid,
'Tho' *Naſſau*'s Death has all our Meaſures broke,
Yet never will we bend to *Anna*'s Yoke.
The glorious *Revolution* was in vain,
If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.
Let all be Chaos, and Confuſion all,
Ere that damn'd Form of Government prevail.
O, had he liv'd to perfect his Deſign,
We ne'er had been ſubjected to her Reign,
But rooted out the *Stuarts* hated Line!
However, ſince Fate has otherwiſe decreed,
We may on his unfiniſh'd Scheme proceed;
We may 'gainſt Pow'r repos'd in one inveigh,
And call all Monarchy tyrannic Sway;
We may the Praiſes of the *Dutch* advance,
Rail at the arbitrary Rule of *France*,
Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria*'s Flood,
Which for ten rolling Centuries has ſtood,
Argue how th' *Roman* and *Athenian* State
Were only when Republics truly great;
'Tis eaſy the unreas'ning Mob to guide,
For they are always on the factious Side.
This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Reſort
To manage and cajole *Sephia*'s Court.
Toland alone for ſuch a Work is fit,
In all the Arts of Villainy compleat.
The *Scotch*, a rough, revolting, ſtubborn Kind,
Have long at *England*'s growing Pow'r repin'd.

Nor

'Nor need we with unnecessary Care
'Endeavour to foment Rebellion there;
'For scarce our *Nassau*'s Empire they endur'd,
'Tho' he their ancient Liberties restor'd,
'And murm'ring now they ask a foreign Lord.
'But (Health suppos'd) to * *Ireland* I'll repair,
'And right or wrong usurp the Commons Chair.
'That Point once gain'd, we'll soon secure our Cause,
'Soon undermine our hot-brain'd tow'ring Foes.
'At least I'll substitute some WEALTHY FRIEND,
'Who shall with Heat and Arrogance contend
'To thwart the Court in ev'ry just Command.'
So *Catiline* the Fate of *Rome* design'd,
And when he'd form'd the Scheme within his Mind,
In such a warm Harangue his Friends addrest,
And open'd all the Secret of his Breast,
This hit †*Sigillo*'s Thoughts, and made him cool,
Tho' just before he scarcely could controul
The stormy Passion swelling in his Soul;
His restless Soul that rends his sickly Frame,
Worn with a pois'nous and corroding Flame,
An unjust Judge, and Blemish of the Mace,
Witness the *Bankers* long-depending Case;
A shallow Statesman, tho' of mighty Fame,
For who can e'er that curst *Partition* name
But to his foul Disgrace and to his Shame?
Besides, in spite of all his loud Defence,
He shew'd a Want of Honesty or Sense,
In passing ev'ry plund'ring Courtier's *Grants*.
He is (for Satire dares the Truth declare)
Deist, Republican, Adulterer.
Thus his lov'd *Cledia* for his Speech he prais'd,
And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.
'There spoke the guardian Genius of our Cause,
'Whose ev'ry Word deserves divine Applause.

* This Project was once talked of. † *Somers.*

'Not

'Not e'en *Cethego*'s self could form a Plot
'More nicely ſpun, more exquiſitely wrought;
'Tho' he, to his immortal envy'd Fame,
'The Glory of the Revolution claim.
'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit
'Did *James* and all his *Jeſuit* Train defeat.
'He knew reveal'd Religion was a Jeſt,
'Impos'd upon the World by ſome deſigning Prieſt;
'Nor therefore fear'd, but to their Idols bow'd,
'Prevaricating with his King, his God.
'A *Proteus*, ever acting in Diſguiſe,
'A finiſh'd Statesman, intricately wiſe;
'A ſecond *Machiavel*, who ſoar'd above
'The little Ties of Gratitude and Love;
'Whoſe harden'd Conſcience never felt Remorſe;
'Reflection is the puny Sinner's Curſe.
'But why ſhould I *Cethego*'s Praiſe purſue,
'When all his Virtues, *Clodio*, ſhine in you?
'You can another Revolution frame,
'The ſame your Principle, your Skill the ſame.
'Whilſt then the wav'ring *Trib* are your Care,
'Believe we'll uſe our utmoſt Efforts here,
'Nor Time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Money, ſpare.
'*Cethego*† in your Abſence ſhall preſide
'O'er our Debates, and ev'ry Conſult guide;
'Like the ſupreme directing Hand of *Jove*,
'Shall act unſeen, and all around him move,
'As the Moderator of the Laws,
'Will find a Way to ſanctify our Cauſe;
'Will prove in *Paſſive Jacobites* Deſpite,
'Rebellion is a free-born People's Right,
'Then as we take our Meaſures thro' the Land,
'We'll bound the Iſſue Freeholders to our Hand,
'Awe their Elections, and their Votes command.

* The Patron here repreſented was living at the Time of this Cabal, old *Sunderland*. † Young *Sunderland*.

'When with our faithful City Friends we dine,
'We'll mingle Treaſon with the flowing Wine;
'We'll plant in ev'ry Coffee-houſe a Spy
'That boldly ſhall the Miniſtry decry:
'Shall praiſe the paſt, the preſent Reign condemn,
'And all their Meaſures, all their Councils, blame:
'Shall ſpread a thouſand idle, groundleſs Tales,
'Of foreign Gold, the Pope, and Prince of *Wales*;
'Shall never fail Objections ſtill to raiſe,
'(Whatever is tranſacted with Succeſs)
'And turn their greateſt Honour to Diſgrace.
'This Chymic Art, perverting Nature's Law,
'From ſweeteſt Things will rankeſt Poiſons draw.'
*Narciſſo** next, magnificently gay,
Smil'd his Aſſent, but not a Word would ſay;
He fear'd to ſtrain his Voice by talking loud,
Nor was his Quail-pipe made for ſuch a Crowd.
A batter'd Beau, yet youthful in Decay,
Who dreſſes, whores, and games his Time away.
Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice
With all that Wealth, profuſely ſpent, ſupplies.
And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim
An injur'd Patriot's meritorious Name.
Then ſqueal'd *Orlando*†, but his furious Heat
Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit,
Nor will we here the bluſt'ring Speech repeat.
A Bully Lord, whoſe wild, mad Looks, proclaim
His Boſom warm'd with more than Hero's Flame.
Fighting and Railing are his chief Delight,
Promiſcuouſly oppoſing Wrong and Right.
Whate'er he does is always in Extremes,
Sometimes the *Whig*, ſometimes the *Tory*, damns.
His various Temper and impetuous Mind
To ev'ry Party is by Starts inclin'd.
He never was, nor e'er will be content
With any Prince, with any Government.

* Duke of *Devonſhire*. † Earl of *Peterborough*.

Laſt

Laſt roſe *Bathillo** deck'd with borrow'd Bays,
Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays.
A gay, pragmatical, pretending Tool,
Opiniona'tively wiſe, and pertly dull.
A Demi-Statesman, talkative and loud,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud,
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.
With dapper Geſture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Aſſociates vainly he beſpoke.
' Do you perform the Politician's Part,
' I'll bring th' Aſſiſtance of the Muſes Art;
' The Poet-Tribe are all at my Devoir,
' And write as I command, as I inſpire.
' *Congreve* for me *Paſtora*'s Death did mourn,
' *And her white Name with ſable Verſe adorn.*
' *Rowe* too is mine, and of the *Whiggiſh* Train,
' 'Twas he that ſung immortal *Tamerlane*,
' Tho' now he dwindles to an † humbler Strain.
' I help'd to poliſh *Garth*'s rough, aukward Lays,
' Taught him in tuneful Lines to ſound our Party's Praiſe.
' *Walſh* votes with us, who, tho' he never writ,
' Yet paſſes for a Critic and a Wit.
' *Van*'s bawdy, plotleſs Plays, were once our Boaſt,
' But now the Poet's in the Builder loſt.
' On *Addiſon* we ſafely may depend,
' A Penſion never fails to gain a Friend.
' Thro' *Alpine Hills* he ſhall my Name reſound,
' And make his Patron known in *Claſſic Ground*.
' Theſe pay the Tribute to my Merit due,
' Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecænas* too.
' Princes but ſit unſettled on their Thrones,
' Unleſs ſupported by *Apollo*'s Sons.
' *Auguſtus* had the *Mantuan* and *Venuſian* Muſe,
' And happier *Naſſau* had his *Mountagues*.

* *Halifax.* † The *Fair Penitent.*

'But *Anna*, that ill-fated Tory Queen,
Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet's Pen.

*Triton**, who, like the vaſt *Leviathan*,
Long wallow'd in the Treaſures of the Main
Was all Attention, and ſuſpended hung,
For ev'ry Rebel Heart has not a Tongue.
Beſides, there ſtood a numerous Train of Peers,
Below the Notice of recording Verſe.
Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, B———s, and Cits,
Toaſters, Kit-cats, Divines, Buffoons, and Wits,
Compos'd the Medley Crew; but I forbear
To give 'em any Place or Mention here;
For ſince the Muſe would bluſh to paint their Crimes,
Let Decency reſtrain th'invective Rhimes.

When thus their Chiefs had ſpoke, thro' all the Throng
Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung.
Not ancient *Demagogues* with more Applauſe
Aſſerted and eſpous'd the Rabble's Cauſe.

Now the Aſſembly to adjourn prepar'd,
When *Bibliopolo*† from behind appear'd,
As well deſcrib'd by th'old ſatiric Bard;
With leering Looks, Bull-fac'd, and freckled Fair,
With two left Legs, and Judas-*colour'd Hair,*
With frowſy Pores that taint the ambient Air.
Sweating and puffing for a while he ſtood,
And then broke forth in this inſulting Mood.
'I am the Touchſtone of all modern Wit,
'Without my Stamp in vain your Poets write.
'Thoſe only purchaſe ever-living Fame
'That in my Miſcellany plant their Name.

* *Orford.* † *Jacob Tonſon.*

'Nor

'Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid
'Becauſe I follow a mechanic Trade,
'I'll print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours ſpread.
'I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Cat*‡,
'A Club that gave Direction to the State;
'Twas there we firſt inſtructed all our Youth
'To talk profane, and laugh at ſacred Truth.
'We taught them how to toaſt, and rhime and bite,
'To ſleep away the Day, and drink away the Night.'
Some this fantaſtic Speech approv'd, ſome ſneer'd,
The Wight grew choleric, and diſappear'd.

Mean Time the Fury ſmil'd, who all this while
Sat hov'ring on the Summit of the Pile.
A ſecret and exulting Joy ſhe finds
To ſee her Influence brooding on their Minds;
And the bare Proſpect of ſuch noble Ills
Her Thoughts with rapt'rous Speculations fills.
Then She——————
'With what Delight do I my Sons behold
'So reſolutely brave, ſo fiercely bold?
'Sure nothing can reſiſt their boundleſs Courſe,
'Nothing ſubdue their well-united Force.
'*Volpone**, who will ſolely now command
'The public Purſe, and Treaſure of the Land,
'Wants Conſtancy and Courage to oppoſe
'A Band of ſuch exaſperated Foes.
'For how ſhould he that moves by Craft and Fear,
'Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare?
'What did he e'er in all his Life perform,
'But ſhrink at the Approach of ev'ry Storm?

‡ In a Poem called the *Kit-Cat*, publiſhed in 1708. *Jacob Tonſon* is addreſſed as the Founder of this celebrated Club, which owed its Name to a famous Paſtry-Cook, *Kit-Cat*, of whoſe Pies the Club was ſaid to be very fond.——
And *Kit Cat* Wits firſt ſprung from *Kit Cat*'s Pies.

* Lord *Godolphin*.

'But when the tott'ring Church his Aid requir'd,
'With *Moderation Principles* inspir'd,
'Forsook his Friends, and decently retir'd.
'Nor has he any real just Pretence
'To that vast Depth of Politics and Sense.
'For where's the Depth, when publick Credit's high,
'To manage an o'erflowing Treasury?
'Or where the Sense to know the Tricks of Game,
'Since *S——ms*, Sir *Ja—*, and *H——ll——way* may claim
'A Knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame;
'I fear the Man who dares the Truth assert,
'Who never plays the double-dealing Part;
'The Patriot's Soul disdains the Trimmer's Art.
'Such *Celsus*‡ is; but I foresee his Fate
'To be supplanted by *Sempronia*'s Hate.
'(*Sempronia* of a lewd *procuring* Race,
'The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Disgrace.)
'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,
'For Hell would then employ her Fiend in vain.
'He never knew to prostitute the State,
'Never by being guilty to be great.
'Nor yet when public Storms came rolling on,
'Did he or Danger or his Duty shun.
'*Rome*'s subtle Priests with Sophistry essay'd,
'With Wealth and Honour in the Balance laid,
'To shock his Faith; but nothing could controul
'The firm Resolves of his unbiass'd Soul,
'True to his Conscience as the Needle to his Pole,
'Ally'd in Blood and Friendship to the Throne,
'He nobly makes his Country's Cause his own;
'Whilst others keep their Int'rest still in View,
'And meaner Spirits meaner Ends pursue.
'So the fix'd Stars harmoniously comply
'With the *first publick Motion* of the Sky,
'Whilst wand'ring Planets oppositely move
'Within the narrow Orbs of *private* Love.'

‡ *Rochester.*

She

She ſtopp'd——for now her Anger 'gan to riſe,
Fluſh'd in her Cheeks, and ſparkled in her Eyes.
And well it might: a Fury's Paſſion raiſe,
That ſhe was forc'd the Worth ſhe hates to praiſe.

The Dawn diſpers'd the Crowd, ſhe took her Flight
To the low Regions of eternal Night.

O *England*, how revolving is thy State!
How few thy Bleſſings! How ſevere thy Fate!
O deſtin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd
By thoſe whoſe Duty 'tis to ſerve and aid!
A griping, vile, degen'rate, Viper-Brood,
That tear thy Vitals, and exhauſt thy Blood.
A varying Kind that no fix'd Rule purſue,
But often form their Principles anew;
Unknowing where to lodge ſupreme Command,
Or in the King, or Peers, or People's Hand.
One while the People's Sov'reignty they own,
To vex and load a peaceful Monarch's Crown;
Who to his Subjects, when at length *reſtor'd*,
Without Diſtinction was their common Lord.
What Party elſe to *David*'s happy Throne
Would have preferr'd a giddy *Abſalon?*
But when a King is moulded to their Mind,
Then they to him would have all Sway confin'd;
Noh in their own deſpotic boundleſs Reign
Of injur'd Rights and *Property* complain,
Nay, with a *Standing Force* thy Sons wou'd awe
The Subjects Slavery, the Tyrant's Law.
But if nor King nor Commons will comply
With their deteſted Acts of Villany,
They ſtrive the Peers declining Pow'r to raiſe,
And get *Impeachments* voted into Praiſe.
Bleſt Patriots theſe, who Liberty employ
T'elude thy Laws, and Liberty deſtroy!

Where is the noble *Roman* Spirit fled,
Which once inſpir'd thy ancient Patriots dead?

Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd
When bravely for the public Weal they dy'd:
Who spread, like branching Oaks, their Arms around,
To shelter and protect the Parent Ground;
Tho' Storms of Thunder rattled o'er their Head,
Yet all was safe beneath their Guardian Shade:
Or sure Historians on our Faith impose,
And never such a Race of Men arose;
Or nodding Nature to a Period draws;
Or Providence, incens'd by guilty Times,
With-holds his Grace, and dooms us to our Crimes.

Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,
Will soothe thy anxious Cares, and charm thy Grief)
If my condoling, mournful, Muse presume
To visit thy *Marcellus*' sacred Tomb;
For his hereditary Gifts alone
Could have retriev'd thy Fame, and carried down
The glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has begun.
O may thy Angel guard Her royal Mind,
That *Fav'rites* not seduce, nor *Trimmers* blind.
For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
With Her will flourish, and with Her will end.
But my shock'd Thoughts the sad Idea shun,
(The sad Idea gives eternal Moan)
When she shall late, but ah! too soon comply
With Nature to adorn her kindred Sky.
For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?
Who represent the Mother, but the Son?
O! had the Power that governs human Fate
His Years extended to a longer Date,
To what Transcendence had his Genius sprung,
Which was so ripe, so perfect, yet so young!
But when fresh-blooming Youth seem'd to proclaim
The lasting Structure of his beauteous Frame,
When Health and Vigour with a kind Presage
Promis'd the hoary Happiness of Age,

Then

Then with a momentary ſwift Decay
Thy Pride, thy darling Hope, was ſnatch'd away.
So by the Courſe of the revolving Spheres,
Whene'er a new-diſcover'd Star appears,
Aſtronomers with Pleaſure and Amaze
Upon the Infant Luminary gaze.
They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence
Some bleſt, ſome more than common Influence;
But ſuddenly, alas! the fleeting Light
Retiring leaves their Hopes involv'd in endleſs Night.

THE

THE

TEARS of GENIUS.

AN ODE,

TO THE

MEMORY of Mr. GRAY.

(By J. T———.)

ON Cham's fair Banks, where *Learning*'s hallow'd Fane
Majeſtic riſes on th'aſtoniſh'd Sight,
Where oft the Muſe has led the favourite Swain,
And warm'd his Soul with Heav'n's inſpiring Light,

Beneath the Covert of the Sylvan Shade,
Where deadly Cypreſs, mix'd with mournful Yew,
Far o'er the Vale a gloomy Stillneſs ſpread,
Celeſtial Genius burſt upon the View.

The Bloom of Youth, the Majeſty of Years,
The ſoften'd Aſpect, innocent and kind,
The Sigh of Sorrow, and the ſtreaming Tears,
Reſiſtleſs all, their various Pow'r combin'd.

In her fair Hand a Silver Harp ſhe bore,
Whoſe magic Notes, ſoft-warbling from the String,
Give tranquil Joys the Breaſt ne'er knew before,
Or raiſe the Soul on Rapture's airy Wing.
By Grief impell'd, I heard her heave a Sigh,
While thus the rapid Strain reſounded thro' the Sky,

Haſte

Haſte ye Siſter Powers of Song,
Haſten from the ſhady Grove,
Where the River rolls along,
Sweetly to the Voice of Love.

Where, indulging mirthful Pleaſures,
Light you preſs the flow'ry Green,
And from *Flora*'s blooming Treaſures
Cull the Wreath for Fancy's Queen:

Where your gently-flowing Numbers,
Floating on the fragrant Breeze,
Sink the Soul in pleaſing Slumbers,
On the downy Bed of Eaſe.

For graver Strains prepare the plaintive Lyre,
That wakes the ſofteſt Feelings of the Soul,
Let lonely Grief the melting Verſe inſpire,
Let deep'ning Sorrow's ſolemn Accents roll.

Rack'd by the Hand of rude Diſeaſe,
Behold our fav'rite Poet lies,
While every Object form'd to pleaſe,
Far from his Couch, ungrateful, flies.

The bliſsful Muſe, whoſe favouring Smile
So lately warm'd his peaceful Breaſt,
Diffuſing heavenly Joys the while,
In Tranſport's radiant Garments dreſt,
With darkſome Grandeur and enfeebled Blaze,
Sinks in the Shades of Night, and ſhuns his eager Gaze.

The gaudy Train, who wait on SPRING*,
Ting'd with the Pomp of vernal Pride,
The Youth who mount on Pleaſure's Wing†,
And idly ſport on THAMES's Side,

* Ode on SPRING. † Ode on the Proſpect of ETON COLLEGE.

With

With cool Regard their various Arts employ,
Nor rouſe the drooping Mind, nor give the Pauſe of Joy.

Ha! what Forms with Port ſublime†,
Glide along in ſullen Mood,
Scorning all the Threats of Time,
High above Misfortune's Flood.

They ſeize their Harps, they ſtrike the Lyre,
With rapid Hand, with Freedom's Fire.
Obedient Nature hears the lofty Sound,
And SNOWDON's airy Cliffs the heavenly Strains reſound.

In Pomp of State, behold they wait,
With Arms outſtretch'd, and Aſpects kind,
To ſnatch on high, to yonder Sky,
The Child of Fancy left behind:
Forgot the Woes of CAMBRIA's fatal Day,
By Rapture's Blaze impell'd, they ſwell the artleſs Lay.

But ah, in vain they ſtrive to ſoothe,
With gentle Arts, the tort'ring Hour,
ADVERSITY*, with rankling Tooth,
Her baleful Gifts profuſely pours.

Behold ſhe comes, the Fiend forlorn,
Array'd in Horror's ſettled Gloom,
She ſtrews the Briar and prickly Thorn,
And triumphs in th' infernal Doom:
With frantic Fury and inſatiate Rage,
She gnaws the throbbing Breaſt, and blaſts the glowing Page.

† BARD, an Ode. * Hymn to ADVERSITY.

No

No more the ſoft EOLIAN Flute‡
Breathes through the Heart the melting Strain,
The Powers of *Harmony* are mute,
And leave the once delightful Plain;
With heavy Wing I ſee them beat the Air,
Damp'd by the Leaden Hand of comfortleſs Deſpair.

Yet ſtay, O ſtay, celeſtial Pow'rs,
And with a Hand of kind Regard,
Diſpel the boiſt'rous Storm that lours
Deſtructive on the fav'rite Bard;
O watch with me his laſt expiring Breath,
And ſnatch him from the Arms of dark oblivious Death.

Hark! the FATAL SISTERS join§,
And with Horror's mutt'ring Sounds,
Weave the Tiſſue of his Line,
While the dreadful Spell reſounds.

"Hail ye Midnight Siſters, hail,
"Drive the Shuttle ſwift along,
"Let our ſecret Charms prevail
"O'er the Valiant and the Strong.

"O'er the Glory of the Land,
"O'er the Innocent and Gay,
"O'er the Muſes tuneful Band,
"Weave the fun'ral Web of GRAY."

'Tis done, 'tis done—the Iron Hand of Pain,
With ruthleſs Fury and corroſive Force,
Racks every Joint, and ſeizes every Vein,
He ſinks, he groans, he falls a lifeleſs Corſe.

‡ The PROGRESS of POETRY. § The FATAL SISTERS, an Ode.

Thus

Thus fades the Flow'r, nipp'd by the frozen Gale,
Tho' once ſo ſweet, ſo lovely to the Eye:
Thus the tall Oaks, when boiſt'rous Storms aſſail,
Torn from the Earth, a mighty Ruin lie.

Ye ſacred Siſters of the plaintive Verſe,
Now let the Stream of fond Affection flow,
O pay your Tribute o'er the ſlow-drawn Hearſe,
With all the manly Dignity of Woe.

Oft when the Curfew tolls its parting Knell,
With ſolemn Pauſe yon CHURCH-YARD's Gloom ſurvey,
While Sorrow's Sighs and Tears of Pity tell
How juſt the Moral of the Poet's Lay ‡.

O'er his green Grave, in Contemplation's Guiſe,
Oft let the Pilgrim drop a ſilent Tear,
Oft let the Shepherd's tender Accents riſe,
Big with the Sweets of each revolving Year,
Till proſtrate Time adore his deathleſs Name,
Fix'd on the ſolid Baſe of adamantine Fame,

‡ Elegy in a Country CHURCH-YARD.

O D E

TO

SIMPLICITY.

(By the ſame.)

SIMPLICITY! thou lovely Fair,
To thee the Muſe devotes her Song,
To thee directs her ardent Pray'r;
For thee ſhe leaves the civic Throng,
Who vainly chaſe the baſeleſs Joys,
Which every empty Breeze deſtroys.

To gain the Courtier's faithleſs Smile,
Amid the Glare of Courts to ſhine,
Let giddy Mortals idly toil;
I'll ſeek thy calm ſequeſter'd Shrine,
Where Health, Content, and Peace unite,
To give the Soul ſupreme Delight.

How ſweet, fair Nymph, with Thee to dwell!
Where vernal Beauties clothe the Field;
How ſweet to view thy rugged Cell,
Beneath the moſs-grown Rock conceal'd;
Where Contemplation's powerful Beam
To Fancy gives the vagrant Dream.

How

How ſweet with *Innocence* to rove!
Amid thy ſoft bewitching Throng!
Who tread the pleaſing Paths of Love,
And often raiſe the rural Song,
Which ſoothes the fondly-liſtening Ear,
And melts the Souls of thoſe who hear.

Haſte then, dear Nymph, with Brow ſerene,
Conduct me to thy Sylvan Seat;
Haſte, lead me to the peaceful Scene,
Where thou haſt fix'd thy bleſt Retreat,
And there with fond Regard I'll pay
The Tribute of a ruſtic Lay.

Beneath yon Shade, beyond yon Thorn,
Where Nature's Songſters raiſe the Strain,
With Thee I'll paſs the chearful *Morn*,
Remote from Sorrow, Grief, and Pain,
Save when the ſadly-plaintive Note
Burſts from ſweet *Philomela*'s Throat.

Oft on yon blooming Bed of Flow'rs,
Whoſe balmy Fragrance ſcents the Gale,
With Thee I'll paſs the *Noon-tide* Hours,
Intent to hear the Shepherd's Tale,
Which flows from thy exhauſtleſs Store,
Diffuſing Joys unknown before.

Oft when the Shades of *Evening* fall,
And *Cynthia* ſhines with doubtful Light,
On Thee, delightful Nymph, I'll call,
To ſhow the Rock's ſtupendous Height,
Where all thy Beauties ſtrike the Eye,
With Grandeur, Pomp, and Majeſty.

And to these Vallies oft I'll rove,
Where *Midnight* Fairies join the Ring,
Led on by Freedom, Mirth, and Love,
Inspir'd by Fancy when they sing;
And there from Pride, from Envy free,
I'll dedicate myself to thee.

O D E

TO

SYMPATHY.

(By the ſame.)

HAIL ye SYMPATHETIC Pleaſures,
Soft Deluders of the Mind,
Your's are *Fancy*'s glowing Meaſures,
Your's are *Virtue*'s Joys refin'd.

Your's are *Pity*'s kindred Sorrows,
Your's are *Mercy*'s chearing Smiles,
Your's the Form which *Tranſport* borrows,
Where no ſelfiſh Bliſs beguiles.

Haſte, ye pleaſing Powers, and baniſh
From my Breaſt each partial Care,
Let th'unſocial Purpoſe vaniſh
In the boundleſs Fields of Air.

Give

Give my Soul each raptur'd Feeling,
Which thy generous *Joys* beſtow;
And when *Sorrow*'s Tears are ſtealing,
Touch my Heart with manly Woe.

Then through Life, without repining,
In an even Courſe I'll ſtray,
Till with hoary Age declining,
Death proclaims his deſtin'd Prey.

SYMPATHETIC BLISS.

(By the AUTHOR of *The Cave of MORRA*.)

WHEN balmy Zephyr's gentle Breeze
Proclaim'd the welcome Spring,
When blooming Verdure cloath'd the Trees,
And Birds began to sing,

Charm'd with the Scene, in mute Surprise
The young PASTORA stray'd,
Till tender Looks and broken Sighs
The *feeling* Breast display'd.

'Hail, hail,' she cry'd, 'ye blissful Pow'rs,
'Of SYMPATHETIC Joy,
'Tis your's to fill the fleeting Hours
'With Sweets that ne'er can cloy.

'In this Retreat with you I'll dwell,
'Remote from mortal Care,
'Content shall guard the humble Cell,
'And Health the Feast prepare.

'Oft as the happy rural Throng,
'With frolic Freedom gay,
'To Mirth devote the artless Song,
'I'll join the sprightly Lay.

'When

' When pale Diſtreſs, with fault'ring Voice,
' Demands the friendly Tear,
' In bliſsful Pity's native Guiſe,
' Her drooping Heart I'll chear.

' Nor ſhall my Breaſt defy the Flame
' That ſpeaks the Power of Love,
' For oft with DAMON's favourite Name
' I'll charm the liſtening Grove.'

She ceas'd the Strain—Swift from the Shade
The happy DAMON flew,
With eager Arms he preſs'd the Maid
So gentle, kind, and true.

To quell the Rage of Love's Alarms,
He ſlily ſnatch'd a Kiſs——
She bluſh'd, and own'd ſhe felt the Charms
Of SYMPATHETIC BLISS.

ODE

TO THE

LARK

(By the AUTHOR of *The Cave of MORAR.*)

SWeeteſt Warbler of the Wood,
Raiſe thy ſoft bewitching Strain,
And in Pleaſure's ſprightly Mood,
Free from Sorrow, free from Pain,
Thro' thy airy Manſions ſtray,
Full of Sport and full of Play.

When the Sun's returning Beam
Darts propitious from the Eaſt,
Dimpling every limpid Stream,
Gilding Nature's flowery Veſt,
Thro' the calm protecting Grove,
Chaunt the welcome Songs of Love.

When the Evening's Clouds prevail,
And the chearing Sun retires,
When the Shadows mark the Dale,
And the Beam forſakes the Spires,
Highly mounting from our View,
Give him ſtill the laſt Adieu.

As

As you ſkim the verdant Lawn,
Let the youthful Virgin Band,
Early as the Morning's Dawn,
Tripping light with Aſpects bland,
Guided by thy artleſs Note,
Thro' the graceful Meaſure float.

Thus on Freedom's eaſy Wing,
Let the Muſe, with raptur'd Song,
Hail the firſt Approach of Spring,
And the grateful Strain prolong,
Till ſurly Winter's harſh Decree
Reſtrain her Verſe, and baniſh thee.

SIMPLICITY.

A PASTORAL.

(By the AUTHOR of *The Cave of MORAR.*)

YES here in the Sylvan Retreat,
Where INNOCENCE carelesly strays,
SIMPLICITY fixes her Seat,
And numberleſs Beauties diſplays.

How ſweet are the Nymphs in her Train,
While Modeſty leads them along;
How pleaſing the Notes of the Swain,
Who warbles her elegant Song.

The Arbours that wave in the Gale,
The Warblers that ſing on the Boughs,
The Flow'rets that bloom on the Dale,
The Stream that enchantingly flows,

The Grotto's impervious Glooms,
Where thick-throbbing Terror alarms;
The Rock where the Jeſſamine Blooms,
Acquire from her Bounty their Charms.

Her Manner is ſoft and refin'd,
She's free from affected Diſguiſe;
She's gentle, ſhe's friendly, ſhe's kind,
And Sympathy beams in her Eyes:

She's

She's deck'd in the Garments of Eaſe,
She ſmiles with an innocent Air,
With Sweetneſs that always muſt pleaſe,
With Softneſs becoming the Fair.

Would CHLORIS more lovely appear,
And Beauty's bright Graces improve,
Theſe magical Robes let her wear,
And yield to the Impulſe of Love.

Would DAMON to Glory aſpire,
And ſwell with true Ardor, the Strain,
Simplicity's Charms muſt inſpire,
And ſoften the Breaſt of the Swain.

PRE-

PREFACE

TO A

DICTIONARY OF COMMERCE.

NO Expectation is more fallacious than that which Authors form of the Reception which their Labours will find among Mankind. Scarcely any Man publiſhes a Book, whatever it be, without believing that he has caught the Moment when the public Attention is vacant to his Call, and the World is diſpoſed in a particular Manner to learn the Art which he undertakes to teach.

The Writers of this Volume are not ſo far exempt from epidemical Prejudices, but that they likewiſe pleaſe themſelves with imagining, that they have reſerved their Labours to a propitious Conjuncture, and that this is the proper Time for the Publication of a DICTIONARY OF COMMERCE.

The Predictions of an Author are very far from Infallibility; but in Juſtification of ſome Degree of Confidence it may be properly obſerved, that there was never from the earlieſt Ages a Time in which Trade ſo much engaged the Attention of Mankind, or commercial Gain was ſought with ſuch general Emulation. Nations which have hitherto cultivated no Art but that of War, nor conceived any Means of increaſing Riches but by Plunder, are awakened to more inoffenſive Induſtry. Thoſe whom the Poſſeſſion of ſubterraneous Treaſures have long diſpoſed to accommodate themſelves by foreign Induſtry, are

at

at last convinced that Idleness never will be rich. The Merchant is now invited to every Port, Manufactures are established in all Cities, and Princes, who just can view the Sea from some single Corner of their Dominions, are enlarging Harbours, erecting mercantile Companies, and preparing to traffic in the remotest Countries.

Nor is the Form of this Work less popular than the Subject. It has lately been the Practice of the Learned to range Knowledge by the Alphabet, and publish Dictionaries of every Kind of Literature. This Practice has perhaps been carried too far by the Force of Fashion. Sciences, in themselves systematical and coherent, are not very properly broken into such fortuitous Distributions. A Dictionary of Arithmetic or Geometry can serve only to confound. But Commerce, considered in its whole Extent, seems to refuse any other Method of Arrangement, as it comprises innumerable Particulars unconnected with each other, among which there is no Reason why any should be first or last, better than is furnished by the Letters that compose their Names.

We cannot indeed boast ourselves the Inventors of a Scheme so commodious and comprehensive. The *French*, among innumerable Projects for the Promotion of Traffic, have taken Care to supply their Merchants with a *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, collected with great Industry and Exactness, but too large for common Use, and adapted to their own Trade. This Book, as well as others, has been carefully consulted, that our Merchants may not be ignorant of any Thing known by their Enemies or Rivals.

Such indeed is the Extent of our Undertaking, that it was necessary to solicit every Information, to consult the Living and the Dead. The great Qualification of him that attempts a Work thus general, is Diligence of Enquiry. No Man has Opportunity

or

or Ability to acquaint himself with all the Subjects of a Commercial Dictionary, so as to describe from his own Knowledge, or assert on his own Experience. He must therefore often depend upon the Veracity of others, as every Man depends in common Life, and have no other Skill to boast than that of selecting judiciously, and arranging properly.

But to him who considers the Extent of our Subject, limited only by the Bounds of Nature and of Art, the Task of Selection and Method will appear sufficient to overburthen Industry and distract Attention. Many Branches of Commerce are subdivided into smaller and smaller Parts, till at last they become so minute as not easily to be noted by Observation. Many Interests are so woven among each other, as not to be disentangled without long Enquiry; many Arts are industriously kept secret, and many Practices necessary to be known are carried on in Parts too remote for Intelligence.

But the Knowledge of Trade is of so much Importance to a maritime Nation, that no Labour can be thought great by which Information may be obtained; and therefore we hope the Reader will not have Reason to complain, that, of what he might justly expect to find, any Thing is omitted.

To give a Detail or Analysis of our Work is very difficult; a Volume intended to contain whatever is requisite to be known by every Trader, necessarily becomes so miscellaneous and unconnected, as not to be easily reducible to Heads; yet, since we pretend in some Measure to treat of Traffic as a Science, and to make that regular and systematical which has hitherto been to a great Degree fortuitous and conjectural, and has often succeeded by Chance rather than by Conduct, it will be proper to shew that a Distribution of Parts has been attempted, which, though rude and inadequate, will at least preserve

some

ſome Order, and enable the Mind to take a methodical and ſucceſſive View of this Deſign.

In the Dictionary which we here offer to the Public, we propoſe to exhibit the *Materials*, the *Places*, and the *Means* of Traffic.

The Materials or Subjects of Traffic are *whatever is bought and ſold*, and include therefore every Manufacture of Art, and almoſt every Production of Nature.

In giving an Account of the Commodities of Nature, whether thoſe which are to be uſed in their original State, as Drugs and Spices, or thoſe which become uſeful when they receive a new Form from human Art, as Flax, Cotton, and Metals, we ſhall ſhew the Places of their Production, the Manner in which they grow, the Art of cultivating or collecting them, their Diſcriminations and Varieties, by which the beſt Sorts are known from the worſe, and genuine from fictitious, the Arts by which they are counterfeited, the Caſualties by which they are impaired, and the Practices by which the Damage is palliated or concealed. We ſhall likewiſe ſhew their Virtues and Uſes, and trace them through all the Changes which they undergo.

The Hiſtory of Manufactures is likewiſe delivered. Of every artificial Commodity the Manner in which it is made is in ſome Meaſure deſcribed, though it muſt be remembered, that manual Operations are ſcarce to be conveyed by any Words to him that has not ſeen them. Some general Notions may, however, be afforded: it is eaſy to comprehend, that Plates of Iron are formed by the Preſſure of Rollers, and Bars by the Strokes of a Hammer; that a Cannon is caſt, and that an Anvil is forged. But as it is to moſt Traders of more Uſe to know, where their Goods are well wrought, than by what Means; Care has been taken to name the Places where every Manufacture

nufacture has been carried furtheſt, and the Marks by which its Excellency may be aſcertained.

By the *Places of Trade* are underſtood all Ports, Cities, or Towns, where Staples are eſtabliſhed, Manufactures are wrought, or any Commodities are bought and ſold advantageouſly. This Part of our Work includes an Enumeration of almoſt all the remarkable Places in the World, with ſuch an Account of their Situation, Cuſtoms, and Products, as the Merchant would require, who, being to begin a new Trade in any foreign Country, was yet ignorant of the Commodities of the Place, and the Manners of the Inhabitants.

But the chief Attention of the Merchant, and conſequently of the Author who writes for Merchants, ought to be employed upon the *Means* of Trade, which include all the Knowledge and Practice neceſſary to the ſkilful and ſucceſsful Conduct of Commerce.

The firſt of the *Means* of Trade is proper Education, which may confer a competent Skill in Numbers; to be afterwards completed in the Counting-houſe, by Obſervation of the Manner of ſtating Accompts, and regulating Books, which is one of the few Arts which, having been ſtudied in Proportion to its Importance, is carried as far as Uſe can require. The Counting-houſe of an accompliſhed Merchant is a School of Method, where the great Science may be learned of ranging Particulars under Generals, of bringing the different Parts of a Tranſaction together, and of ſhewing at one View a long Series of Dealing and Exchange. Let no Man venture into large Buſineſs while he is ignorant of the Method of regulating Books; never let him imagine that any Degree of natural Abilities will enable him to ſupply this Deficience, or preſerve Multiplicity of Affairs from inextricable Confuſion.

This

This is the Study, without which all other Studies will be of little Avail; but this alone is not sufficient. It will be necessary to learn many other Things, which however may be easily included in the preparatory Institutions; such as, an exact Knowledge of the *Weights* and *Measures* of different Countries, and some Skill in Geography and Navigation, with which this Book may perhaps sufficiently supply him.

In Navigation, considered as Part of the Skill of a Merchant, is included not so much the Art of steering a Ship, as the Knowledge of the Sea-coast, and of the different Parts to which his Cargoes are sent, the Customs to be paid, the Passes, Permissions, or Certificates, to be procured; the Hazards of every Voyage, and the true Rate of Insurances. To this must be added, an Acquaintance with the Policies and Arts of other Nations, as well those to whom the Commodities are sold, as of those who carry Goods of the same Kind to the same Market, and who are therefore to be watched as Rivals endeavouring to take Advantage of every Error, Miscarriage, or Debate.

The chief of the *Means* of Trade is *Money*, of which our late Refinements in Traffic have made the Knowledge extremely difficult. The Merchant must not only inform himself of the various Denominations and Value of foreign Coins, together with their Method of counting and reducing; such as the Millereis of *Portugal*, and the Livres of *France*; but he must learn what is of more difficult Attainment, the Discount of Exchanges, the Nature of Current Paper, the Principles upon which the several Banks of *Europe* are established, the real Value of Funds, the true Credit of Trading Companies, with all the Sources of Profit, and Possibilities of Loss.

All

All this he muſt learn merely as a private Dealer attentive only to his own Advantage; but as every Man ought to conſider himſelf as Part of the Community to which he belongs, and while he proſecutes his own Intereſt, to promote likewiſe that of his Country, it is neceſſary for the Trader to look abroad upon Mankind, and ſtudy many Queſtions which are perhaps more properly political than mercantile.

He ought therefore to conſider very accurately the Balance of Trade, or the Proportion between Things exported and imported; to examine what Kinds of Commerce are unlawful, either as being expreſsly prohibited, becauſe detrimental to the Manufactures or other Intereſt of his Country, as the Exportation of Silver to the *Eaſt-Indies*, and the Introduction of *French* Commodities; or unlawful in itſelf, as the Traffic for Negroes. He ought to be able to ſtate with Accuracy the Benefits and Miſchiefs of Monopolies, and excluſive Companies; to enquire into the Arts which have been practiſed by them to make themſelves neceſſary, or by their Opponents to make them odious. He ſhould inform himſelf what Trades are declining, and what are improveable; when the Advantage is on our Side, and when on that of our Rivals.

The State of our *Colonies* is always to be diligently ſurveyed, that no Advantage may be loſt which they can afford, and that every Opportunity may be improved of increaſing their Wealth and Power, or of making them uſeful to their Mother Country.

There is no Knowledge of more frequent Uſe than that of Duties and Impoſts, whether Cuſtoms paid at the Ports, or Exciſes levied upon the Manufacturer. Much of the Proſperity of a trading Nation depends upon Duties properly apportioned; ſo that what is neceſſary may continue cheap, and what is of Uſe only to Luxury, may, in ſome Meaſure, atone to the

the Public for the Miſchief done to Individuals. Duties may often be ſo regulated as to become uſeful even to thoſe that pay them; and they may be likewiſe ſo unequally impoſed as to diſcourage Honeſty, and depreſs Induſtry, and give Temptation to Fraud and unlawful Practices.

To teach all this is the Deſign of the Commercial Dictionary, which, though immediately and primarily written for the Merchants, will be of Uſe to every Man of Buſineſs or Curioſity. There is no Man who is not in ſome Degree a Merchant, who has not ſomething to buy and ſomething to ſell, and who does not therefore want ſuch Inſtructions as may teach him the true Value of Poſſeſſions or Commodities.

The Deſcriptions of the Productions of the Earth and Water, which this Volume will contain, may be equally pleaſing and uſeful to the Speculatiſt with any other Natural Hiſtory; and the Accounts of various Manufactures will conſtitute no contemptible Body of Experimental Philoſophy. The Deſcriptions of Ports and Cities may inſtruct the Geographer as well as if they were found in Books appropriated only to his own Science; and the Doctrines of Funds, Inſurances, Currency, Monopolies, Exchanges, and Duties, is ſo neceſſary to the Politician, that without it he can be of no Uſe either in the Council or the Senate, nor can ſpeak or think juſtly either on War or Trade.

We therefore hope that we ſhall not repent the Labour of compiling this Work, nor flatter ourſelves unreaſonably, in predicting a favourable Reception to a Book which no Condition of Life can render uſeleſs, which may contribute to the Advantage of all that make or receive Laws, of all that buy or ſell, of all that wiſh to keep or improve their Poſſeſſions, of all that deſire to be Rich, and all that deſire to be Wiſe.

TO A

BUSH FIGHTER.

IN Rancour's dark, obſcene, ſequeſter'd Seat,
Where Pride and Dulneſs, Spleen and Envy meet,
Critic, thy Stink-pot Batteries prepare,
No Friend of Learning, Heir of Genius ſpare.
But when thy mighty Conqueſts thou haſt made,
What are the Gains of thy illicit Trade?
Hated by all, and hating all, to live,
Is a worſe Puniſhment than Hell can give.

TO

TO

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH,

ON THE

SUCCESS OF HIS COMEDY,

CALLED THE

MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

LONG have our Comic Writers try'd to move
With Tales of Pity and chaſte Scenes of Love;
On Stilts ſublime the laughing Muſe they raiſe,
For nothing low our Taſte refin'd can pleaſe.
Nor Wit, nor Humour, ſuch grave Preachers knew
The maudlin Houſe reſembles *Whitfield*'s Crew.
No Burſts of Laughter ſhake the merry Pit.
In ſolemn Silence all attentive ſit;
Till ſome ſad Story, big with tragic Woe,
From the touch'd Boxes cauſe the Tear to flow.
So deep the Comedy, it makes you ſtare
To find no poiſon'd Bowl or Dagger there.
Gay Mirth and honeſt Joke are in Diſgrace,
Melpomene uſurps her Siſter's Place.
Let Sentiment but ſtiffen ev'ry Line,
The raptur'd Audience cries, That's fine! that's fine!
Goldſmith at length, warm in *Thalia*'s Cauſe,
Broke the dull Charm, and reſcu'd Nature's Laws.

PROLOGUE

To the Revived TRAGEDY of

TIMOLEON.

SPOKEN

By Mr. REDDISH, at *Drury-Lane* Theatre, in 1771.

Written by Mr. CRADDOCK.

TOO long had *Corinth* wept her evil Hour,
Too long had *Corinth* felt a Tyrant's Power,
Too long had groan'd in Chains—her Fate deplor'd,
Ere fam'd *Timoleon* Liberty reſtor'd.
He, like ſome Rock the Billows laſh in vain,
Still tow'rs aloft, and overawes the Main:
In vain the Surges roar, the Clouds impend,
The Thunder rolls, the forked Fires deſcend.
He like their fam'd *Coloſſus* awful ſtood,
A ſteady Patriot for the public Good.
A *Grecian* Daughter too demands Applauſe,
Who nobly combats in a Parent's Cauſe.
O ſpare—in Mercy ſpare—ſhe trembling pleads,
And Pity ſtruggles tho' a Tyrant bleeds:
View well the Motives all their Actions move,
Timoleon Wonder claims, *Euneſia* Love.
Ye generous Bulwarks of the *Britiſh* State,
Who live again thoſe Wonders we relate,
Who ſtill the bright Career of Glory run,
Tranſmit the Laurels that yourſelves have won,

With

With unabating Zeal your Courſe purſue,
Ye keep not *Corinth*, but yourſelves in View.
Nor think ye Fair, your Glories more confin'd,
Who ſoothe the Heart, or humanize the Mind;
The generous Labour will at length recoil,
The generous Labour well repays your Toil:
Succeeding Annals trace *Euneſia*'s Fame,
Succeeding Annals bleſs *Timoleon*'s Reign.
The World perceives that Influence ye bring,
From great Examples future Heroes ſpring;
Heroes with more than mortal Ardour fir'd,
When Beauty crowns that Virtue ſhe inſpir'd.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

PROVOK'D HUSBAND,

Spoken laſt CHRISTMAS, at

CASHIOBURY,

THE

SEAT of the EARL of ESSEX.

Written by the ſame.

WHATEVER Ills affect our wayward State,
We juſtly lay each deep Miſtake to Fate;
If poor Sir *Francis* loſt his mighty Boon,
He only liv'd ſome twenty Years too ſoon.
'Twas long ago our Author drew, from Life,
A ſober Huſband, and a fickle Wife.
Oh! could he now the living Draught renew,
He would be firſt, ye Fair, and picture you;
Allow more Scope, yet wiſer Maxims trace,
And give us ſomething more than Lady *Grace*.
The Knight's fair Lady too might hold her Sway,
And teach her good Sir *Francis* to obey:
Nor *Manly* ſour his deep-laid Schemes deplore,
Thank Heaven the Race of *Wrongheads* are no more.
Expell'd the Houſe—He's in a bitter Taking,
Expulſion—now perhaps had been his Making:
Tho' loſt his Glories in St. *James*'s Air,
The laviſh City would thoſe Wrongs repair,
Be-fur'd, be-chain'd—He ſtruts the new *Lord-Mayor*.

If

If to the Senate *then* he chance to go,
He gets his Leſſon well, and cries out—No.
The Crowd ſtraight hail an Idol of their own,
Made of the true Materials—Wood or Stone:
Him the loud Voice of glowing Fame purſues;
Nay more—thoſe Oracles of Truth—the News:
For him rich Steams of fragrant Incenſe riſe,
And ſmoky Off'rings reach the vaulted Skies.
Unknowing then deſpiſe no earthly Clod,
For Crowds have chang'd a BULLOCK to a God.

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF A BOOK, CALLED

THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THE Original of this celebrated Performance lay in Manuſcript above a Century and Half. Though it was read with the greateſt Pleaſure by the Learned of *Italy*, no Man was hardy enough, during ſo long a Period, to introduce to the World a Book, in which the Succeſſors of St. *Peter* were handled ſo roughly: A Narrative, where Artiſts and Sovereign Princes, Cardinals and Courtezans, Miniſters of State and Mechanics, are treated with equal Impartiality.

At length, in the Year 1730, an enterprizing *Neapolitan*, encouraged by Dr. *Antonio Cocchi*, one of the politeſt Scholars in *Europe*, publiſhed this ſo-much-deſired Work in one Volume Quarto. The Doctor gave the Editor an excellent Preface, which, with very ſlight Alteration, is judiciouſly preſerved by the Tranſlator, Dr. *Nugent*: The Book is, notwithſtanding, very ſcarce in *Italy*: The Clergy of *Naples* are very powerful; and though the Editor very

very prudently put *Colonia* inſtead of *Neapoli* in the Title Page, the Sale of *Cellini* was prohibited; the Court of *Rome* has actually made it an Article in their *Index Expurgatorius*, and prevented the Importation of the Book into any Country where the Power of the Holy See prevails.

The Life of *Benvenuto Cellini* is certainly a Phenomenon in Biography, whether we conſider it with reſpect to the Artiſt himſelf, or the great Variety of hiſtorical Facts which relate to others: It is indeed a very good Supplement to the Hiſtory of *Europe* during the greateſt Part of the ſixteenth Century, more eſpecially in what relates to Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, and the moſt eminent Maſters in thoſe elegant Arts, whoſe Works *Cellini* praiſes or cenſures with peculiar Freedom and Energy.

As to the Man himſelf, there is not perhaps a more ſingular Character among the Race of *Adam*: The admired Lord *Herbert* of *Cherbury* ſcarce equals *Cellini* in the Number of peculiar Qualities which ſeparate him from the reſt of the human Species.

He is at once a Man of Pleaſure, and a Slave to Superſtition; a Deſpiſer of vulgar Notions, and a Believer in magical Incantations; a Fighter of Duels, and a Compoſer of Divine Sonnets; an ardent Lover of Truth, and a Retailer of viſionary Fancies; an Admirer of papal Power, and a Hater of Popes; an Offender againſt the Laws, with a ſtrong Reliance on Divine Providence. If I may be allowed the Expreſſion, *Cellini* is one ſtriking Feature added to the human Form—a Prodigy to be wondered at, not an Example to be imitated.

Though *Cellini* was ſo blind to his own Imperfections as to commit the moſt unjuſtifiable Actions, with a full Perſuaſion of the Goodneſs of his Cauſe and the Rectitude of his Intention, yet no Man was a keener and more accurate Obſerver of the Blemiſhes

Blemiſhes of others; hence his Book abounds with ſarcaſtic Wit and ſatirical Expreſſion. Yet though his Portraits are ſometimes groteſque and overcharged, from Miſinformation, from Melancholy, from Infirmity, and from Peculiarity of Humour; in general it muſt be allowed that they are drawn from the Life, and conformable to the Idea given by cotemporary Writers. His Characters of Pope *Clement* the Seventh, *Paul* the Third, and his Baſtard Son *Pier Luigi*, *Francis* the Firſt, and his favourite Miſtreſs Madam *d'Eſtampes*, *Coſmo* Duke of *Florence* and his Ducheſs, with many others, are touched by the Hand of a Maſter.

General Hiſtory cannot deſcend to minute Details of the domeſtic Life and private Tranſactions, the Paſſions and Foibles of great Perſonages; but theſe give truer Repreſentations of their Characters than all the elegant and laboured Compoſitions of Poets and Hiſtorians.

To ſome a Regiſter of the Actions of a Statuary may ſeem a Heap of unintereſting Occurrences; but the Diſcerning will not diſdain the Efforts of a powerful Mind, becauſe the Writer is not ennobled by Birth, or dignified by Station.

The Man who raiſes himſelf by conſummate Merit in his Profeſſion to the Notice of Princes, who converſes with them in a Language dictated by honeſt Freedom, who ſcruples not to tell them thoſe Truths which they muſt deſpair to hear from Courtiers and Favourites, from Minions and Paraſites, is a bold Leveller of Diſtinctions in the Courts of powerful Monarchs. Genius is the Parent of Truth and Courage; and theſe, united, dread no Oppoſition.

The *Tuſcan* Language is greatly admired for its Elegance, and the meaneſt Inhabitants of *Florence* ſpeak a Dialect which the reſt of *Italy* are proud to imitate. The Stile of *Cellini*, though plain and familiar,

familiar, is vigorous and energetic. He poſſeſſes, to an uncommon Degree, Strength of Expreſſion, and Rapidity of Fancy. Dr. *Nugent* ſeems to have carefully ſtudied his Author, and to have tranſlated him with Eaſe and Freedom, as well as Truth and Fidelity.

AN

AN

EPITAPH

ON

MISS DRUMMOND,

DAUGHTER to the ARCHBISHOP of YORK.

By the Reverend Mr. MASON.

HERE ſleeps—what once was Beauty, once was Grace,
Grace, that with Senſe and Tenderneſs combin'd,
To form that Harmony of Soul and Face,
Where Beauty ſhines the Mirror of the Mind.

Such was the Maid, who, in the Morn of Youth,
In Virgin Innocence, in Nature's Pride,
Bleſt with each Art which owes its Charm to Truth,
Sunk in her Father's fond Embrace, and died.

He weeps—O venerate the holy Tear!
Faith lends her Aid to eaſe Affliction's Load.
The Parent mourns his Child upon her Bier,
The Chriſtian yields an Angel to his God.

Some

Some ACCOUNT of the

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. JOHN EACHARD.

THE Lives of learned Men, and eſpecially Philoſophers and Divines, are generally ſpent in the Shade of Obſcurity; amongſt Books and Manuſcripts, in Schools and Colleges; amongſt Men unacquainted with the Intrigues of Courtiers and Schemes of Stateſmen; amongſt ſuch as are Strangers to all the Noiſe and Parade of the military, and the Tumult and Buſtle of the buſy and commercial Part of the World: The ſole Ambition of ſtudious Men is, generally at leaſt, to make literary Conqueſts, and to extend the Boundaries of Science.

From a Life thus private and inactive, no Materials can be obtained to amuſe the common Readers of Biography, who require Actions more ſplendid and vigorous, and Occurrences more varied and ſtriking. They can find little or no Entertainment in ſuch Narratives as rarely contain more than Accounts of learned Controverſies acutely managed, or of clerical Duties faithfully diſcharged.

All that we can gather relating to the Life of Dr. *John Eachard*, may be comprized in a very narrow Compaſs.

He

He was born of a good Family in the County of *Suffolk*. After being instructed in the first Elements of Learning at a Grammar-School, he was sent to *Catharine Hall*, in the University of *Cambridge*, where he was admitted *May* 10, 1653; and was elected Fellow, *July* 9, 1658. He took the Degree of Batchelor of Arts in 1656, and that of Master in 1660.

In 1670, he published his celebrated Work, called, *The Grounds and Occasion of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion enquired into*. It was attacked by an anonymous Writer, the following Year, in an *Answer to a Letter of Enquiry into the Grounds*, &c. And by *Barnabas Oley* and several others; and amongst the rest the famous Dr. *John Owen*, in a Preface to some Sermons of *W. Bridge**.

Eachard replied to the first, in *Some Observations upon an Answer to his Enquiry*; and in a few Letters printed at the End of his Book, intituled, *Mr.* Hobbs's *State of Nature considered, in a Dialogue between* Philautus *and* Timothy, he took Notice of the rest of his Opponents, whom he treats with less Ceremony than his first Answerer, though he does not consider him as a Person of great Importance, or as a fair and candid Enemy.

Soon after our Author published a ‡ second Dialogue between *Philautus* and *Timothy*; called, *Some Opinions of Mr.* Hobbs's considered ‖.

In this, as well as the former Dialogue, he has employed all the Powers of his Wit to expose the false Reasoning and specious Sophistry of the Philosopher of *Malmesbury*. And surely the gravest Reader cannot help being highly diverted with the happy Strokes of fine Humour and keen Raillery, with which he has attacked, and entirely confuted the absurd and dog-

* Formerly of *Emanuel* College, *Cambridge*.

‡ This Second Dialogue was never published in any Edition of the Author's Works, the last of which was the twelfth.

‖ Dedicated to Archbishop *Sheldon*, *May* 20, 1673.

matical

matical Lectures of this inveterate Enemy of true Religion and ſound Morals. All the ſerious and ſyſtematical Books, written by the moſt eminent and learned of our Divines, could never have rendered the Philoſophy of *Hobbs* ſo contemptible as the incomparable Dialogues of *Eachard*, which contain the moſt judicious Arguments, united with the moſt ſpirited Satire, and the livelieſt Mirth.

Upon the Deceaſe of Dr. *John Lightfoot*, 1675, *John Eachard* was choſen in his Room Maſter of *Catharine-Hall*; and in the Year following he was created Doctor of Divinity by a royal Mandate.

It cannot be doubted, but that *Eachard*, who was Maſter of ſuch admirable Wit and fine Fancy, united to a very competent Share of Learning, with a Temper equally chearful and benevolent, muſt have been a moſt agreeable Companion, and a welcome Gueſt, wherever he went; yet that grave Antiquary *Antony Wood*, in ſome Part of his Diary, inſinuates, that one of the greateſt Prelates of that Age, Archbiſhop *Sheldon*, preferred the Pleaſure of his Society to the Enjoyment of our Author's chearful and ſpirited Converſation. Take the Story in his own Words.

'*Sunday* Sir *Leol. Jenkyns* took with him in the 'Morning over the Water to *Lambeth*, *Antony Wood*; 'and after Prayers, he conducted him up to the 'Dining-Place Room, where Archbiſhop *Sheldon* 'received him, and gave him his Bleſſing. There 'then dined among the Company *John Eachard*, 'the Author of "*The Contempt of the Clergy*," 'who ſat at the lower End of the Table between 'the Archbiſhop's two Chaplains, *Sam. Parker* and '*Tho. Tompkins*, being the firſt Time the ſaid *Eachard* 'was introduced unto the ſaid Archbiſhop's Com-'pany. After Dinner the ſaid Archbiſhop went 'into his Withdrawing-Room, and *Eachard*, with 'the Chaplains and *Ralph Snow*, to their Lodgings,

'to

'to drink and ſmoak. Sir *Leol. Jenkyns* took then
'*A. Wood* by the Hand, and conducted him into
'the Withdrawing-Room to the Archbiſhop.'

From this invidious Narrative of the vain and conceited *A. Wood*, the very learned and reverend Commentator of *Pope*'s Works has been induced to charge Archbiſhop *Sheldon* with Want of Diſcernment and Taſte; and to repreſent him as a Man, who could prefer the Society of the dulleſt Fellow in the Univerſe to that of one eminently diſtinguiſhed for his Vivacity and Wit. With Submiſſion to ſo great a Writer, I muſt beg Leave to ſay, that it is not difficult to make ſuch Obſervations, nor very eaſy to ſupport them.

From the Diary itſelf, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe that the Archbiſhop, who was a Friend and Patron of the Univerſity of *Oxford*, might think himſelf under a Neceſſity to pay a little Compliment to the Man who was employed in writing the Hiſtory of that learned Society, and to encourage him in the Proſecution of the Undertaking; and ſurely ſome Marks of Civility were due to a Writer, who, by indefatigable Induſtry, had almoſt accompliſhed a very laborious as well as uſeful Work. It is very evident, that this Prelate was a firm Friend to our Author, and, as far as I can gueſs from his own Words, a bountiful *Mæcænas* to him; nay, in the Dedication of his firſt Dialogue, he produces his Grace as a ſtrong Inſtance of the great and noble Qualities inherent in human Nature, in Oppoſition to the Philoſopher *Hobbs*, who endeavours to degrade her nobleſt Works: Such a Man then as *Sheldon*, who was univerſally acknowledged to be a moſt generous and munificent Patron of Learning; who was a Stateſman, a Courtier, and an accompliſhed Gentleman, certainly knew how to diſtinguiſh between the dull, though uſeful Qualities of

an

an *Antony Wood*, and the brighter Talents of a *John Eachard*.

It may not perhaps be unentertaining to the Reader to give some Account of an old Custom, which gave Rise to Dr. *Warburton*'s Reflection.

It was, a Practice, I suppose, from Time immemorial, when any Guests dined at *Lambeth*, for the Archbishop, when Dinner was over, and after drinking two or three loyal Toasts, to invite some Part of the Company into a Withdrawing-Chamber. The rest went up with the Chaplains into their own Room, situated in the highest Tower of the Palace, where they amused themselves with a Pipe of Tobacco, as honest *Wood* says, and a sober Glass, till the Bell invited the Family to Prayers.

In Archbishop *Potter*'s Time, I am told, this Custom received some small Alteration. After the usual Toasts, that Prelate invited such of the Company as chose it, to drink Coffee in another Room, and immediately withdrew.

At length Archbishop *Secker* made a very considerable Alteration in the Etiquette of the Palace of *Lambeth*, so far at least as regards the Matter in Question. He broke through the strange and unpolite Practice of distinguishing one Guest from another. He laid aside the Austerity of the high Sacerdotal Character, as unfit for Festivity, and conversed at his Table with the Ease and Freedom of a private Gentleman. His constant Method of entertaining his Guests, was such as became the Primate of all *England*, who ought to be at once a Pattern of Hospitality, and an Example of Sobriety. His Meals were chearful, and always seasoned with Discourse equally agreeable and instructive to all who were invited. When the Hour of Parting arrived, all the Company went away together.

Dr. *Eachard* died in 1697, and was succeeded in the Mastership of *Catharine-Hall* by Sir *William Dawes*.

Eachard's Works, (and particularly his Contempt of the Clergy with his Defence of it) we have Reason to believe, were for a long Time the favourite Companion both of Divines and Laymen. *Swift* speaks of them with Respect. He seems indeed to have read our Author with Attention, and to have greatly profited by him. An ingenious Gentleman assured me, that some Outlines of the *Tale of a Tub* might be traced in the Writings of *Eachard*. This I am afraid is going too far. Certain it is, that this Writer was endowed with a very large Share of Wit, which he employed to the best and noblest Purposes, to the Defence of Religion and Morality when attacked by a Philosopher, who laid Claim to the Reputation of a great Scholar, and a profound Mathematician. *Eachard* had besides a Vein of Humour peculiar to himself, much useful Learning, a strong Manner of Reasoning, without the Appearance of it; and, above all, an uncommon Skill in turning an Adversary into Ridicule, in which no Writer has since exceeded, nor perhaps equalled him. Let us not forget too, that he possessed an inexhaustible Fund of Good-nature, with the most easy and laughing Pleasantry; Qualities which the haughty and splenetic *Swift* could never enjoy.

The celebrated Dean of St. *Patrick* turns his Pen too frequently into a Scalping-knife, and makes his Wit the Executioner to his Ill-nature. Not content to overcome his Antagonist by the Strength of his Abilities and the Force of his Argument, *Swift* treats him, as if he were not only the dullest, but the vilest of Mankind. It is not enough for him to conquer, unless he tramples too upon his Enemy: He frequently selects the most opprobrious Terms and shocking Expressions he can find in the *English* Language, and throws them about at Random on Persons in the most exalted, as well as the lowest Stations; on Princes and Stock-jobbers; Chancellors and Printers; Dutchesses and Coiners; States-

men

men and News-writers; Biſhops and Uſurers; fine Ladies and lewd Rakes.

Eachard contents himſelf with hunting down the Argument of his Opponent, and rarely meddles with the Man: He thinks it ſufficient, if he can prove him to be a dull and affected, a foppiſh and pedantic, an ignorant and a fooliſh Reaſoner. He wiſhes not to render him hateful to the Populace, or obnoxious to the Government. He laughs in his Antagoniſt's Face at the very Time he diſarms him; then helps him to his Sword again, and humourouſly rallies him for not knowing how to uſe it. In ſhort, *Eachard*'s Diſcuſſion of an Argument or Confutation of a Book, diveſted of that Severity and Acrimony with which theological Diſputes are too often maintained, reſembles a Feaſt, where eaſy Wit, ſprightly Humour, Good-nature and good Senſe, form the moſt agreeable Part of the Entertainment.

The Inſcription on Dr. *Eachard*'s Tomb will ſhew his Character in a new Light. A Wit is ſuppoſed by ſome People to be a worſe Member of Society in Proportion to the Share he poſſeſſes of that dangerous Quality, which as often excites our Hatred as our Admiration. This amiable Man was as reſpectable for the Benevolence of his Mind, as the Extent of his Capacity. He executed the Truſt repoſed in him of Maſter of his College with the utmoſt Care and Fidelity, to the general Satisfaction of the Fellows, and with the Approbation of the whole Univerſity. He was extremely anxious to rebuild the greateſt Part, if not the whole of *Catharine-Hall*, which had fallen into Decay; but unhappily for the College, he died before he could accompliſh his generous Deſign. However, he lived long enough to give that beautiful Front, which the Inſcription ſo juſtly celebrates; and this he effected by the moſt painful Aſſiduity in procuring liberal Contributions

from his learned Friends, and conſiderable Largeſſes from his rich Acquaintance, who could not reſiſt the Power of his perſuaſive Eloquence; and laſtly, by beſtowing the little All he was Maſter of.

He lies buried in the Chapel of *Catharine Hall*. Over his Tomb is the following Inſcription, which will be a laſting Monument of Dr. *Eachard*'s Worth, and of the Gratitude of the learned Society to which he belonged.

Tibi habeas, Catherina, hoc mortale depoſitum;
Et in penetralibus tuis requieſcere ſinas
Viri vere magni
Tenues haſce exuvias:
Si quæras cujæ ſint, vix lapides tacere poterunt,
Fundatorem ſuum
Johannem Eachard S. T. P.
Academiæ Cantabrigienſis bis Pro-Cancellarium,
Hujus aulæ cuſtodem vigilantiſſimum,
De utraque optime meritum.
Videſne lector, novam hanc collegij faciem
Quam pulchra ex ruinis aſſurgit!
Totum hoc muſarum non indecorum domicilium,
Secundus hujus Romæ Romulus
Poſſet vocare ſuum.
Huic operi intentus, liberalitate partim ſua
Illaque maxima, (cum pauperis inſtar viduæ
In hoc Gazophylacium totum ſuum conjeciſſet)
Partim alienâ, quam vel amicitia inter doctiores
Vel ſuadela (quâ plurimum pollebat)
Inter divitiores unde quaque acciverat,
Huc uſque reſtauravit collegium.
Et ſi diutius fata peperciſſent
Antiqua Ædificia diruendo,
Nova extruendo,
Nullum non movendo lapidem,
(Quæ erat optimi hominis indefeſſa induſtria,)
Quod ſordidum, ruinoſum

Et

Et vix collegij nomine indigitandum
Invenerat,
Elegans, magnificum
Et ab omni parte perfectum
Reliquisset.
Obijt Julij 7mo, 1697.
Ætatis LXI.

N. B. The greatest Part of the historical Facts in this Narrative are taken from the Account of Dr. *Eachard*'s Life, in the General Dictionary. The Reverend Mr. *Farmer* of *Emanuel-College*, has enabled the Editor to correct some Mistakes, and supply some Deficiencies of that Work.—The Reader is likewise obliged to him for the elegant Inscription on the Tomb of Dr. *Eachard*.

T. D.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER I had finiſhed what I had to ſay concerning the Life and Writings of Dr. *Eachard*, a Gentleman of the greateſt Eminence in the learned World acquainted me that Mr. *Dryden*, in his Life of *Lucian*, prefixed to the Tranſlation of his Works, had beſtowed a very great, as well as juſt Encomium on our Author's Dialogues againſt *Hobbs*.

I read the Paſſage in Queſtion with great Pleaſure. Nothing could afford me more Satisfaction, than to find my Opinion of theſe Dialogues confirmed by the Teſtimony of ſo diſtinguiſhed a Writer, and ſo conſummate a Judge as Mr. *Dryden*. He very happily compares *Eachard*'s Manner of attacking the Philoſopher, to the Skill of a complete Fencer, who, by his nimble Paſſes, runs his Sword into his Enemy's Body, before he has Time to make his Defence. The *Scotch* have a proverbial Expreſſion ſtill more applicable to the ſly Raillery and quick Wit of *Hobbs*'s merry Antagoniſt:

"He cuts your Leg, Sir, without touching your "Stocking."

In tranſcribing what Mr. *Dryden* has ſaid of Dr. *Eachard*, I ſhall make the Reader ſome Amends for troubling him with ſo many trite Obſervations of my own.

"The Way which *Lucian* choſe of delivering "theſe profitable and pleaſing Truths, was that of "Dialogue. A Choice worthy of the Author, happily

" pily followed by *Eraſmus*, and *Fontenelle* particu-
" larly, to whom I may juſtly add a Triumvir of
" our own, the reverend, ingenious, and learned
" Dr. *Eachard*, who, by uſing the ſame Method,
" and the ſame Ingredients of Raillery and Reaſon,
" has more baffled the Philoſopher of *Malmeſbury*,
" than thoſe who aſſaulted him with blunt heavy
" Arguments drawn from orthodox Divinity: For
" *Hobbs* foreſaw where thoſe Strokes would fall, and
" leapt aſide before they could deſcend; but he
" could not avoid thoſe nimble Paſſes, which were
" made on him, by a Wit more active than his
" own, and which were within his Body before he
" could provide for his Defence." *Dryden*'s Life of *Lucian*, p. 44, 45.

FINIS.